WEEK ENDING AUG. 11, 1928

5c

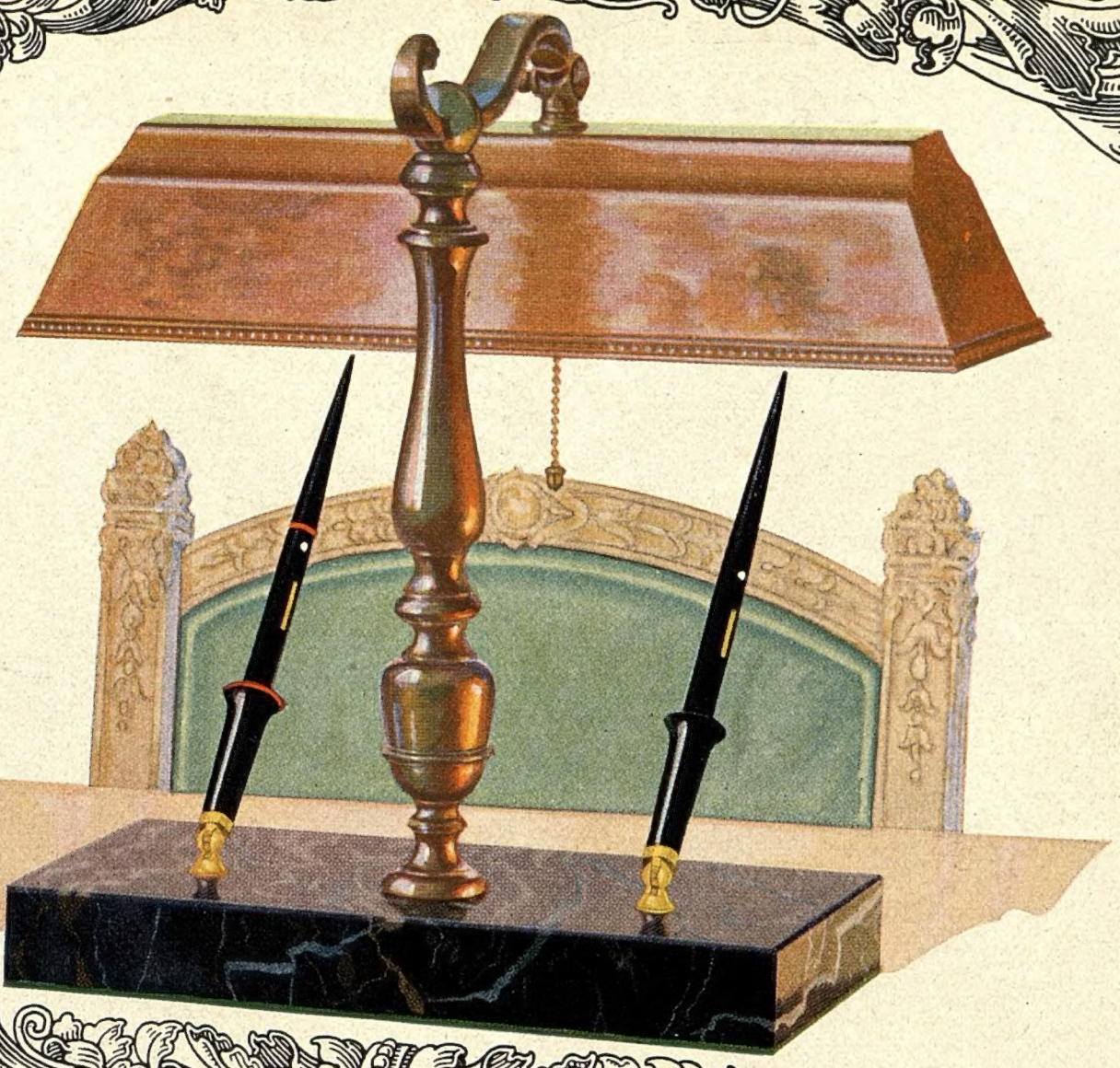
Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

Nimrod

WAR BUGS *by*

CHARLES MACARTHUR ~ *also* HOPPER ~ PALMER ~ SPRINGS



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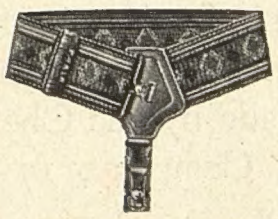
LSB

—and he wonders why SUCCESS NEVER ARRIVES

DEJECTED! BLUE! Just chasing rainbows! Bad Luck! A hundred different emotions seized him! Always seemed to "almost get there", but never connected! Success just failing to arrive—year after year. Great fellow; hard worker; honest. But careless beyond belief. His careless (garterless) fallen socks are an excellent example of his "What do I care?" attitude. And he wonders why success never arrives.

No SOX Appeal Without



SINGLE GRIP

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NO METAL CAN TOUCH YOU

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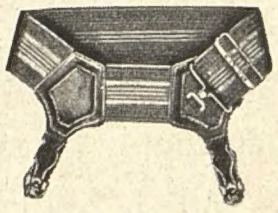

DOUBLE GRIP

Dress Well and Succeed

L-3

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IT'S NATURAL TO HAVE DANDRUFF

even on a healthy scalp

BUT YOU CAN
control IT
WITH THIS
CORRECT
TREATMENT

SO MUCH has been said about "curing" dandruff, that many people have come to think of it as a scalp disease.

Actually dandruff is a perfectly normal condition. It's no more a disease than, say, perspiration. The healthiest scalps have it. Except in extreme cases, it doesn't harm the scalp or interfere with the healthy, natural growth of hair.

Even so, nobody likes dandruff. It's most unsightly and embarrassing. You naturally want to get rid of it just as fast as it appears. There is no known "cure" for dandruff. You can no more get rid of it, once and for all, than you can permanently check any other natural body process.

But you *can* control dandruff. Remove it as it forms. Keep it from getting abnormal.

The oldest and best treatments for dandruff were all based on "Vaseline" Petroleum Jelly. The newest effective treatment is "Vaseline" Hair Tonic. With this famous preparation you can easily give your scalp and hair the kind of professional care that you used to get only at a hairdresser's. Here is the treatment, step by step:

First: Part the hair and apply "Vaseline" Hair Tonic directly to the scalp with a piece of absorbent cotton. Massage it in well with the finger tips. This softens and loosens any dandruff that may be encrusted on the scalp; stimulates circulation; opens up the pores; and encourages normal activity on the part of the scalp glands.

"Vaseline" Hair Tonic comes in bottles with a special shaker top that makes it convenient and economical to use. Sold at all the better druggists.

Next: Leaving the tonic on, *steam the head* for fifteen or twenty minutes by wrapping it in towels that have been wrung out in hot water. (This is similar to the famous "hot oil treatments" that leading hair experts use.)

And then: Shampoo your head and rub it dry. A brushing with a stiff brush will remove any loose particles of dandruff that may be in the hair.

Repeat this treatment every time you shampoo your hair. If you have a very dry scalp, give yourself an extra massage with "Vaseline" Hair Tonic between shampoos —without the steaming.

Dry scalps are apt to get scaly and shed the dry skin—a condition that's often mistaken for dandruff. Regular massage with "Vaseline" Hair Tonic will do a lot to prevent this.

Buy a bottle of this Tonic today and start to *control* dandruff intelligently. It is the safest possible way. See if it doesn't help keep your scalp clean and healthy, and your hair free from embarrassing traces of dandruff. Made by the Chesebrough Manufacturing Company, 17 State St., New York City.

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Vaseline
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HAIR TONIC

AUG. 11, 1928

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

VOL. 5 No. 32

Editorial, Executive, and Advertising Offices: 247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y. Telephone: Ashland 4160.

Branch Offices—Chicago: Tribune Tower, Tribune Square. Detroit: General Motors Bldg. Boston: Rice Bldg. San Francisco: Kohl Bldg.

Please address all communications to 247 Park Avenue, New York City

"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong."
—Stephen Decatur.

GRADES

Traffic congestion grows continually in importance as the automobile industry's greatest enemy, as well as a most discomfiting thing to the automobile owner.

In areas of dense traffic, such as certain crossroads in and near New York and Chicago, it has been found that a divided grade at the crossover is the best means of relieving highway tangles. Road engineers are tending more and more to bisect grades, not only at railroads but also at other intersections.

We can foresee for the air how easy it will be to prescribe certain air lanes for traffic in various directions. Unfortunately this is not as easy on the ground.

But a great deal can be done, particularly in new construction. In Westchester County, just outside New York City, most new highways are now being built with the number of grade crossings reduced almost to nothing. On some it is possible to drive for miles without encountering a crossroad at the same level. You go under or over them. Entrances to the main highway are "staggered," coming in from one direction but not continuing on the other side.

It is a good thing also to widen existing roads.

Automobile manufacturers used to talk of a saturation point—i. e., they used to fear the day when everyone who could afford a car would have bought one. We believe limitations are going to be put on the automobile business, but not pocketbook limitations. It will be because Sunday driving is less and less of a pleasure, particularly in the cities.

Indeed, some of the great cities are strangling themselves to death with high buildings, old, narrow streets left unwidened, and limited arteries for automobile traffic.

It is when new construction is under way that these things ought to be considered. There should be some sort of central engineering board, with or without governmental assistance, to tackle these problems that are hampering one of our greatest industries.

READING TIME

We are sometimes asked how we compute the reading time which appears at the start of each story and article in LIBERTY.

Well, obviously it is impossible to arrive at any exact figure. Some people read more rapidly than others.

But there is a time within which, if you are an average person, you should be able to assimilate a certain number of words, and this time we aim to present.

When the plan was inaugurated we distributed the stories and articles for each issue among the members of the staff—stenographers, clerks, editors, and copyreaders alike. Each was asked to note by the clock his own individual time. After some weeks we took an average and made it the official reading time. This is used except in the case of technical or particularly thoughtful articles which, presumably, take a little longer than average things to read.

The average, we found, is about 225 words per minute. This short editorial contains 170 words. Did you read it in 45 seconds?

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The Rival Dummy, a tale of a madman's revenge, by
Ben Hecht

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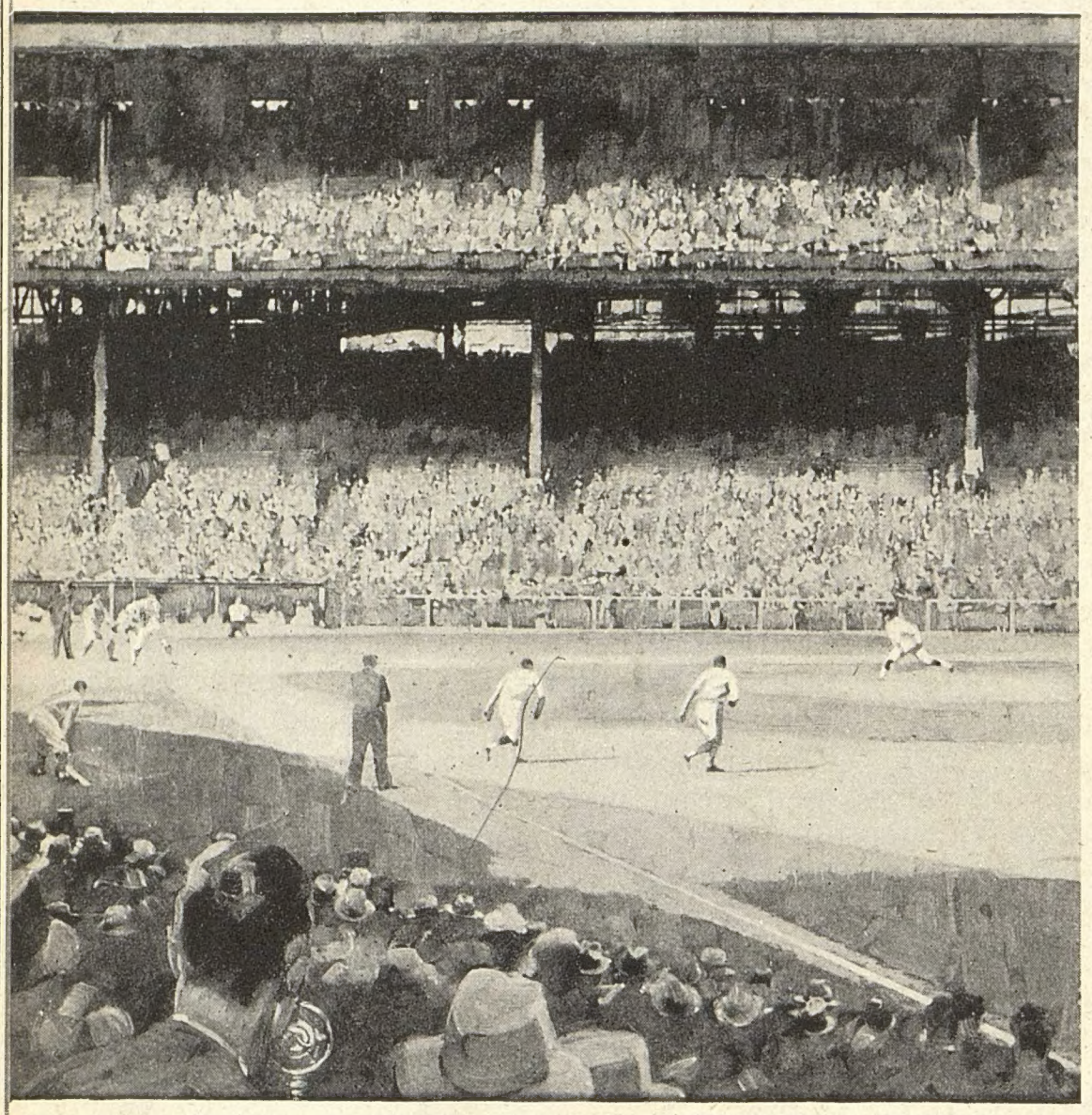
With a Radiola in your home you can hear all the big games



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Radiolas are the achievement of the same engineers of General Electric, Westinghouse and the Radio Corporation of America, who build the great broadcasting stations. Your Radiola and RCA Loudspeaker are expertly designed by them to get the finest results from broadcast reception.

Radiolas—operated from your electric light circuit, or by batteries (if your home isn't wired)—range in price from $69.50 to $895. They embody all the world's knowledge of radio—and are the acknowledged standard of excellence.

RCA Radiolas and Loudspeakers may be purchased through RCA Authorized Dealers on the RCA Time Payment Plan.

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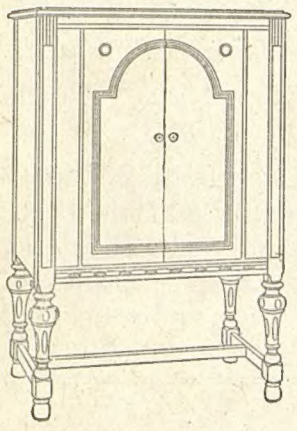

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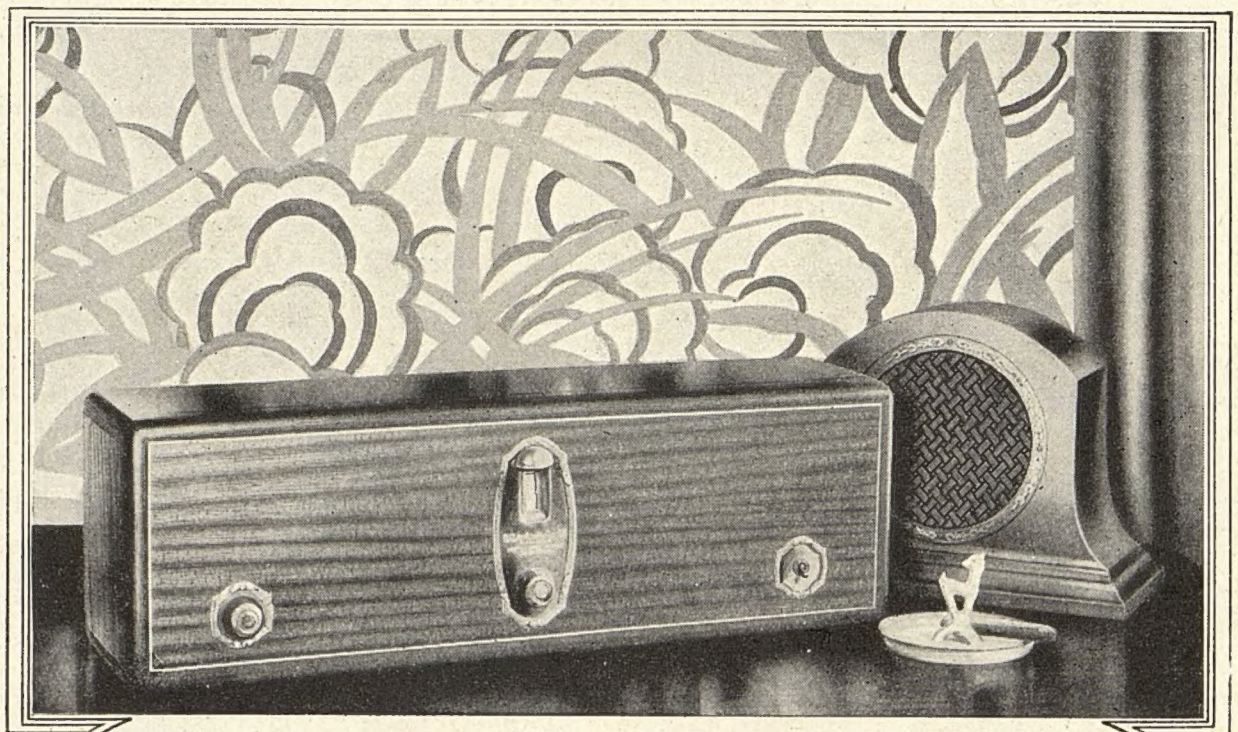
Famous RCA Super-Heterodyne with RCA Loudspeaker in special cabinet



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RCA RADIOLA 51
Cabinet model of Radiola 18 with RCA Loudspeaker

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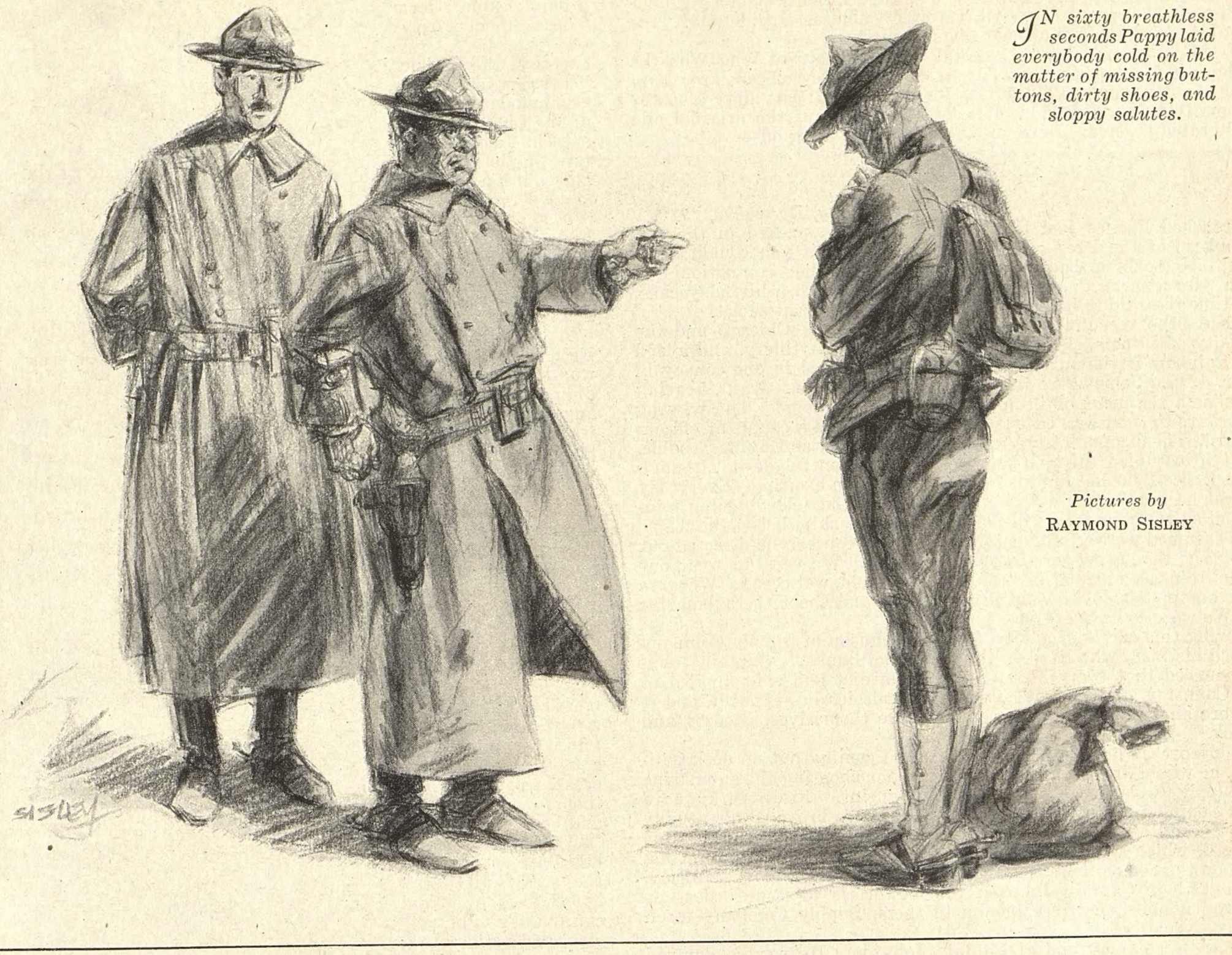

IN sixty breathless seconds Pappy laid everybody cold on the matter of missing buttons, dirty shoes, and sloppy salutes.

Pictures by
RAYMOND SISLEY

WAR BUGS

(Reading time: 27 minutes 10 seconds.)

[EDITOR'S NOTE: This is a buck private's story of the World War. The writer was no particular hero; just one of the millions in the Big Push. He isn't interested now in who won the war, or why. His only aim here is to give a buck private's side—to set down what he saw, what he heard, and what he did along with his buddies there in the mud and blood of France. That was *plenty*.]

Being a Worm's-Eye View of the War to End War

By

CHARLES MACARTHUR
Formerly Private, Second Class, Battery F, 149th Field Artillery, 42d (Rainbow) Division, A.E.F. Afterward Co-Author of Lulu Belle

IN my own defense, I would like to explain that a long while ago I wrote a book called A Bug's-Eye View of the War.

I didn't write it on purpose. We were on the Rhine. The captain was nabbing me for extra detail every time I turned around. I got sick of it, and when the fellow saviors of my country elected me as historian of their heroic deeds, I jumped at the chance. After all, life is short and one gets fed up grooming eight mules a day.

I forgot that the book might fall into the hands of our wives and sweeties and went the whole hog, at first. Nothing was soft-pedaled; nothing left out. At last the proof sheets were ready. In a spirit of good, clean fun, I sent them to the colonel for his approval. He let out a yell that could be heard as far as the Lithuanian cemetery, and began jumping up and down on my stomach. It was too bolshevik, he thought; too disrespectful, too disorderly, too everything.

I have a weakness for the colonel—he was a swell soldier—so I lopped ten good pages out of the manuscript.

The captain came next. He seemed to feel that I had pounded a little on the subject of wine and women. I toned *that* down. And after corresponding interviews with the major, the Y. M. C. A., the Red Cross, and several ministers of the gospel, the record got to be something like The Rover Boys in the White Mountains.

It was privately published and achieved a circulation of nearly 400 copies, all subscribed for. The men were sore as goats. They felt the revised version made them look like little ladies and gentlemen, whereas in the history of the entire world there was never such a husky horde of heroes. Although most of them were college men, it wasn't their fault, and they met the disadvantage by growing whiskers, spitting through their teeth, and remaining in the ranks until the end of the war.

They played dirty in and out of action, and ate up the war. With half a chance, the Rainbow Division could have busted through Berlin in 1917 and eaten Armistice Day dinner in China—the eastern part of China. That's why the Allies put up all those barbed wire entangle-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[WAR BUGS
Continued from page seven]

ments—to keep them back. Ask the Germans. Ask anybody. Ask *us*.

Those Germans had pet names for us beside which Devil Dog sounds like Sissy. The most conservative was Cholera. Incidentally, the Marines made up the name Devil Dogs themselves.

If a simple record of what we did will demonstrate Who Won the War, here it is as originally written, with no nosey officers around to rewrite it. Personally, I'm against its publication; but since LIBERTY threatens to print it anyhow, it might as well have the original and unadulterated version. Here goes. One side or a leg off—

PART ONE

Bingen, Germany, December, 1918.

WE reached France just like ordinary soldiers, packed in the coal bunkers of the President Lincoln so tight that you couldn't talk without biting off somebody's ear, and a man had to be a contortionist to make a pass at craps. We slept in four layers, like a birthday cake. Every time the ship rolled, the entire battery did a trapeze act.

We had been recruited during the summer from Chicago and the University of Illinois, christened the 149th Field Artillery, and added to the Rainbow Division. The entire division sailed in one convoy in October, 1917. Somewhere in midocean the President Grant, bearing the Alabama regiment of infantry, turned again home. The wigwag rumors were to the effect that the boys had chucked a couple of officers overboard. The disappointing explanation later on was Engine Trouble.

The trip occupied thirteen days—rather uneventful days, although Captain Bruce Benedict did his best to make them exciting. Every day and night he predicted a submarine attack for the following ten minutes; and as we were in the direct center of the ship, below the water line, he assumed we were it for tag. With real concern he directed our course. The Strong were to rescue the Weak. We were to wear our woolen mittens as a means of coping with the cold, wet ocean. We were to draw our pistols as we went over the side and shoot the submarine crew. We were to be brave.

Following this excellent advice, Captain Johnson of Supply Company addressed his men, who lived in the same coal bunker. Captain Johnson announced that everything Captain Benedict had said applied to Supply Company *except:* that he wanted no sissies in his outfit, and if there were any weak guys who couldn't save themselves, good-by and good luck.

Furthermore, if he caught any of his men coming out on deck with mittens, he would drown them himself. As for shooting the submarine crew, Supply Company could use its judgment. Fists, in Captain Johnson's opinion, were better. Captain Johnson's brave words usually came to an end at this point, due to the frequent dislodgment of his false teeth, which were often found a good thirty-five feet from his position on the companionway. Of course, they were seldom returned, as without them Captain Johnson was powerless to issue orders or deliver reprimands. By freezing on to them, Supply Company often got a day's vacation.

All of us were very fond of Captain Johnson. He was so damned fierce and soldierly. Every morning he descended the companionway and bawled: "Supply Company! ALL OUT!" And every morning the boys would throw shoes and mess kits and tell him to soak his head. A pause invariably followed—it was too dark to identify any of the hooligans—and then, more softly:

"I'll give you five minutes more."

Another barrage of equipment. Another pause. The inevitable end was:

"Aw, fellows, won't you please get up for poor old Captain Johnson?"

From the beginning of the war, Colonel Henry J. Reilly did his best to scrape him off. Not because of his character—he was a fanatic hero, always seeking chances to die gloriously, charging into exploding ammunition dumps, rushing to exposed points, doing his damnedest to become a hero or an angel—he didn't care which. He was physically unfit, however. Occasionally he was transferred, but a cable to Jim Ham Lewis, then Senator from Illinois, invariably conquered all.

"Dear Jim," you would hear him dictating to the company clerk. "I have just come back from the front, and my boots are bloody with the blood of my own men."

Such messages usually came from the training sector, with saloon fights representing the only known carnage. But they always worked. As quickly as Captain Johnson was relieved, he was back on the job, blinking.

We reached St. Nazaire October 31, with only two men under arrest. They had been caught fishing through the ventilating funnels in the cook's galley with a rope and a bent nail. With this primitive instrument a large sausage vat could be completely emptied before the cooks called out the guard.

Five days after the ship had docked, we were still under quarantine on board, lowering dollar bills in campaign hats in exchange for apples and bars of chocolate, watching the accompanying destroyers slide into the locks of the Loire, and wigwagging to the sailors on shore for definite information as to whether champagne was really ninety-five cents a quart. Interest was continually excited by the countless women in black, the long gray green caterpillars of German prisoners on their way to work, and the red legged French territorials who escorted them.

After the first day in port, dock details gave ambitious members of the battery a chance to say they had touched foot to French soil first—as if there was a chance that the boat would turn back to the States without allowing them to land.

At last debarkation orders came down. The regiment marched off the boat. We cheered the sailors. The sailors cheered us. Commander Sterling of the Lincoln made a speech. Little Sylvester, the band leader, blew out his chest and started up *Sambre et Meuse*. The band had been practicing it every day since we mobilized, in anticipation of this great moment.

Apparently the French, although it was their own music, didn't think it was any great shakes. They watched us curiously and without applause while we slogged up a four kilometer hill to a so-called rest camp—hep, hep, hep—with that damned Frog music running 165 steps to the minute.

That rest camp was hot stuff. It had been raining for weeks and we sagged knee-deep in soupy mud. In the barracks the mud was a foot deep. Unaccustomed to hiking after a *bon voyage* on the ocean wave, our first thoughts were of beds and beans.

We got the beans, but Battery D found the straw pile first, and that led to a tired cat and dog fight. We won, and retired in a variety of straw chowder at 6 P. M. For the first and last time in the history of the organization, passes to town were turned down. This despite early soap bubble stories of cognac, wild women, and pretty scenery.

Early the next morning some bright baby with stars on his shoulders and mush in his head—a wife beater in his heart—ordered us to march on a reservoir five miles from camp with picks, shovels, water wings, and boots. There the axiom that "you'll never get rich, you so-and-so," was richly rubbed in.

HEROES? In a pig's eye! We dug like dagos at that grand cañon among reservoirs for three days, with a lot of regular army officers yapping at us to dig faster. The reservoir had been started by the first contingent of Marines—gold-bricks who later swelled around in Paris, pinching honest privates; and our completion of the task led to the supposition that again the National Guard was being called upon to finish something the Marines began.

Spare time at this garden spot was filled with hard-tack, corned willie, drills, details, and lectures on the Perils of Pleasure by Eminent Y. M. C. A. Workers. It wasn't until November 11 that we got a break and were ordered to the training camp.

This was Coetquidan in Brittany—the most godawful blight in all geography. Getting there was pleasant enough. The magic lantern railroad trains with their "*Hommes 40, Chevaux 8*," were new then, and strange. Every silly toot and squeal of the engine was imitated vocally down the line of cars. As long as daylight held out, we poked our heads through each other's shins, and every farmer and crossing guard got a yell and a "*Veev la France!*"

Such girls as we rattled past (provided they were from six to sixty) were treated to endearments that varied with individual enthusiasts. Cush Pryor, our most effective Romeo, was hoarse in an hour and had to revert to sign language. Windmills, canals, and châteaux were loudly pointed out as windmills, canals, and chat-oos by the better informed.

The next day we hit Coetquidan, a pile of tar paper sheds floating in a mud puddle. We were given a set of shacks lately inhabited by German prisoners, and put to work cleaning them out. They were lousy, wet, and cold. For three days we struggled, digging up the dirt floors

THE French commandant screamed that we were pro-German, and scattered the hungry Heinies with violent kicks in the pants.

and spraying them with disinfectant, whitewashing and spraying the walls, paper windows, and paper ceilings, and fumigating the results.

Since vermin habitually dropped from the ceiling, we had our heads shaved; which inspired some of the boys to leave scalp locks and fancy designs. Until they were seized and forcibly barbered, Buck Somers and Red Lawrence wrought emotional havoc among the native women by palming themselves off as Red Indians. Every woman in Brittany seemed consumed with a movie fostered passion for Heap Big Chiefs at the moment, and Buck and Red maintained an unbeatable edge for a week.

A FEW days later we had our first mail. Concerning this event all the hooplas of stage and screen and story are true. We went wild. Our feelings weren't at all affected by the assurances of our friends and relatives—all of them right on the Inside—to the effect that the Rainbow Division would spend the winter right on Long Island, that the war was virtually over, and that we would never see France, etc. These bright hunches had been addressed to Camp Mills and forwarded on.

In November, 1917, Rennes—forty kilometers from camp—was a swell place to visit, with or without leave. The people were hospitable; the town was picturesque; the hotels were good. Moreover, the women were not any too good.

By doing a fast 220 yard dash from the railroad station to the town, the privates usually beat the officers to the most desirable places, which contributed a great deal to the pleasure of the trip. Baths were there, too—*bains,* if you would rather—with great tubs, lined with muslin and brimming with hot water. If curiosity moved you to press the bell that dangled in front of your nose, a girl popped in and began rubbing your back, a phenomenon that caused an abominable stage fright among the men. They complained that it was indecent and just like the Frogs.

For no reason, a passion for omelets developed among visitors to Rennes. Literally, one man thought nothing of a twelve egg omelet, and where two or three were gathered together, fifty and sixty egg omelets were often demanded, to the amazement of the French. On top of this, a small dinner party could easily handle a dozen fried squab and live to make overtures toward the waitress. This was done as a matter of course, and had nothing to do with the intentions, good or bad, of the dinner party. It was part of the evening—like cognac and cigars.

No record of the war is complete without at least one variant of the following episode:

Throughout one of these little celebrations Bud Boyles entertained four or five of the boys with various speculations on an extremely charming waitress. It was decided that she was the modern counterpart of *Camille,* and, under pretense of complaining about the service, Bud got pretty hot and bothersome in his talk.

Army life simplifies amusement, and the boys were suffocating until Bud tried to light a cigarette with a trick French briquet. Pausing in his appraisal of the young lady, he observed that the French ought to lose the war for that one invention, the briquet. Whereat the waitress said, in exquisite English:

"Perhaps it is because you have no essence."

Five soldiers, who really were gentlemen under their tan, died on the spot. Mademoiselle explained that she was born in Canada and educated at St. Agnes'.

That was *always* happening—as, for instance, when one of the boys, counting on his horrible English, gravely asked an elderly Frenchwoman where he could find some wild women. With perfect composure and in perfect measures, the old lady told him: "Two blocks down and to the right. Ask for Marie."

At this distance of months and battles, we regard Rennes as the scene of our salad days. Getting there was such a picnic. The only means of transportation was a narrow gauge railroad, eighteen inches between the rails, and sporting a conductor who wore more gold lace than Foch. The hoodlums soon discovered how to kick over the air brake on the back platform at a point in the journey where the train did a regular roller coaster dip. With no air, the toy engine would rush down the grade until it reached the upward incline, then roll back and forth on both slopes like a rocking-chair until the engineer jumped out and put a rock on the track.

For fifteen minutes thereafter he was sure to wave his arms and scream at the gold plated conductor, who waved his arms and screamed back. Expert translators informed us that both engineer and conductor regarded the entrance of America into the war as the worst lot of boloney they had ever heard of, that Lafayette was a chump, Wilson a maniac, Pershing a pest, and so on, until the air brake was repaired. This performance went on every night at the same steep valley—although the joke was always reserved for the ride home: none of us wanted to be late for Rennes.

There wasn't much fun at the camp. At the bottom of the hill on which we sweated and drilled and dug was a ring of the usual put-up-in-a-hurry shacks for the sale of licker at prescribed hours. These were operated by thrifty coin shepherds of a doubtful class, who wreathed their establishments patriotically with French and American flags and proceeded to gyp the pants off of us. There were the Franco-American Bar, the Lafayette Bar, the Star Spangled Banner Saloon, and others still more vociferously pro-Ally. Before we had been in camp a week a real enterprising gentleman moved in and opened up the Stars and Stripes Saloon—a hard boiled egg free with every drink.

The opening was a pretentious affair, and when it was discovered that this Foxy Grandpa among saloonkeepers had installed a wooden rail in front of the bar and mirrors in back of it, he couldn't handle the business.

OF course, there were some nondrinkers in the outfit. They were big idealists, mostly; men like Addie Moore and Carroll French, who could tell you what the war was about from a standpoint of anthropology, philosophy, and evolution. And Art Williams, a Y. M. C. A. worker by choice, who chided the boys gently for singing Jesus Wants Me for a Sunbeam and making light of Things Eternal. Somehow, Art managed to spread morality and remain popular—a rare stunt for a corporal. Also Kenneth MacFarland, who increased the battery's rating On High by intensive study of the Bible and the classics. Kenneth could recite all of Paradise Lost—and *would* if we weren't careful. And the officers

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Five days after the ship had docked, we were still under quarantine on board, lowering dollar bills in campaign hats in exchange for apples and bars of chocolate.

[WAR BUGS Continued from page nine]

confided that the most rowdy were given to the most Christian letters home.

The great event of those early days was the arrival of the guns—four sweet little 75s, painted green and buff and black. Wicked little babies, the counterparts of our clumsy 18-pounders. Before the war was over we'd learned to fire them at the rate of thirty-two shells a minute. Now there was great excitement and bitter competition for places on the gun crews. A tentative firing battery was selected, and we spent endless days "firing" with wooden shells. Tiresome, and endurable only because of nightly drinking and the possibilities suggested by the Field Artillery Drill Regulations.

This invaluable little book virtually prescribes when and how and in what order a cannoneer must die. Number One man, according to the book, falls first. He is succeeded by Number Two, then Three, then Four, who is ordered finally to draw his pistol, blow up the gun by a device with which we were acquainted, and then "to sell his life as dearly as possible." It is all very grim and real and, under its spell, tentative Number One men took on a look of too good for this world that got them many a sock on the nose before they had fired a shot.

The seriousness of dummy drill was fantastic and furiously fanatic. It was lightened only by small and slightly social events within the battery. Captain Benedict was ordered to the staff officers' school and First Lieutenant Howard R. Stone took charge.

THANKSGIVING came and went, and everybody got a pound of real turkey—present from the War Department. We prowled the reputed Forest of Merlin near by for holly and mistletoe. Harry Papolis, operator of a one arm lunch in Illinois, who had been brought to France under the impression that Greeks were good cooks, managed to make the turkey edible; and enough beer and light wine were on hand to complete the celebration.

Over in D Battery street, the band played the damned *Sambre et Meuse* and the wastrels got fried. A pageant of the drinking element was formed, and wound through the barracks with an idea of harassing the temperance group. It was led by Joe Yacullo, representing himself as an Italian organ grinder, with Cush Pryor scampering about in the rôle of monkey. When the God-fearing few objected, they were thrown out of their quarters bodily. MacFarland, up to his old tricks of reciting poetry, got some triple sec in his eye, which dampened his intellectual ardor for at least three days.

Drills, drills, drills, drills, and finally December 5, when we did our first firing. Early in the afternoon we set out for the range. Two circumstances are noteworthy. One was that the cannoneers rode out on top of the carriages. Had a cannoneer climbed on a gun carriage in the last days of the war, when our horses were dying faster than we could cut them out of the harness, he would have been shot, then court-martialed at the first stop. Second was the pep of our horses, which couldn't be held. Just before the Armistice the last horse died and went to heaven, and we hauled our guns around by hand—miles sometimes.

We fired from a hillside three kilometers from camp. Lines were strung, trail circles dug, and the cannoneers looked as important as possible. So did the general and Pappy Le Prohon, the genial cannibal who was our first lieutenant, firing executive, father, and friend. The order came down. Pappy repeated it as if the world would be destroyed by the subsequent salvo. The guns went off. So did the gunners, who thought the little iron saddles on the trail were things to sit on. It is no fun getting thrown off a 75, but Pappy didn't take that into consideration. He yelled terrible things in his funny French Canuck accent (most of them threats to kill).

"My Gawd!" he bawled, as the cannoneers displayed a little more reserve in their art. "Git back on them guns! Ride 'em! Tame 'em! You so-and-so-and-so!"

And, smiling, the boys fell dead—or wished they had. There wasn't enough liniment in France to heal the hinter anatomies of those unhappy pioneers; nor did they feel any better when a committee of French soldiers, who had been watching the firing, asked them—in their quaint broken English—why in hell they sat on the guns. It seemed that the French never did.

SLOW times until Christmas. More drills. Double stable duty with mean horses. The only compensation we had for their bites and sneaking kicks was that horse meat mysteriously began to appear as an item of the daily menu. Apparently, the Service of Supply had failed, and when in France one does what the horse eaters do.

The camp was visited by two Australians who were playing hookey from their outfit. Bitterly they sought to enlighten us as to the real causes and conduct of the war; and in a fit of patriotism Chick Buell called out the guard and ran them ragged.

The camp was quarantined for two weeks, for no reason. The general who issued the order discovered that it was intended for another camp down in Marseilles, and lifted the quarantine.

Quartermaster Sergeant Jones discovered that his shack wouldn't accommodate all the battery supplies, and the men were ordered to move them to a new quartermaster's office four blocks away. Having accomplished this one Sunday, it was decided to move the anvils, kegs of nails, saddles, and so on, back again—because of a fancied lack of ventilation. The third Sunday was used up moving the tons of property to still another office adjoining that of the regimental quartermaster sergeant (supposedly because he was an old friend with whom Jones loved to talk while pairing up Size 44 shirts with Number 18 drawers).

Christmas. Dissipation started after morning stables and lasted until sometime the following morning. In each barracks there were piles of wrapping paper, excelsior, and red ribbon at least ten feet high. Gifts from home consisted of everything for which we had no possible use—joke books, hymn books, necktie racks, stomach warmers, electric toasters, cuff links, and Paris garters.

Herb Mooney received a Sam Browne belt from a highly optimistic admirer. He traded it to Lieutenant Stone for a safety razor and a pass to Rennes. George Daugherty's box from home contained several cans of corned beef—our deadly daily diet for more than a month. He had to be strapped down.

Dinner was a terrific affair. Ross Brown, a baker in civil life, worked all night long making doughnuts and pie, and Scotty Langlands brought out the jam he had been hiding for six weeks—thereby acquitting himself of certain dark suspicions. (It was the custom of mess sergeants and Greek cooks to make great headway with the local ladies by presents of army dainties. It was a rare virtue that could resist a quarter of beef during the war.)

The German prisoners, who played the garbage cans daily for titbits not included in the French *table d'hôte*, went crazy. They stood about us, knee-deep in mud, as we tore into the turkey, and there wasn't a man in the battery who didn't split a wishbone with a Kraut.

Well, one man. George Daugherty, embittered by his present of monkey meat, and having the issues of the war deep in his heart, dear (music), presented a mess kit filled with spare parts of turkey to two prisoners, and, just as they reached for it, hurled it into the garbage can with a rousing, "*Deutschlander Schwein!*"

George's bitterness was shared by the French commandant, who paused in his rounds, screamed that we were pro-German, and scattered the hungry Heinies with violent kicks in the pants. Otherwise, it was a Day of Love. Even the little Greek was affected by the Christmas spirit, and offered a second helping without once reaching for the cleaver.

A War College was formed in the evening to work out certain reforms in the administration of the A. E. F. Measures involving the sale of alcoholics were discussed (due to the regimental restrictions, some of us were then drinking horse liniment, cut with water) and many improvements in our relations with the officers were voted upon. All was harmonious until it was discovered that Bud Huling, Bob Barnes, and Johnny Foster wanted to play General Pershing at the same time. All refused to resign. Calm was restored by commissioning everybody present with the full rank of general. The paramount question of the evening was: What Shall We Do with the Buck Private? And the answer, somewhat confined to the verbiage of war, became our slogan thereafter.

Three days after Christmas 100 men from the battery were ordered to St. Nazaire to rustle 470 wild horses for the regiment. Captain Irving

Odell was in charge. The trip was made by rail, the detail arriving in St. Nazaire late at night. Here we were met by Pappy Le Prohon, who had been assigned to remount work; and, lest we had forgotten his admirable discipline, he began yelling his heart out on all subjects. In sixty breathless seconds Pappy employed 100 beautiful although unnecessary expressions, impossible to repeat or remember, and laid everybody cold on the matter of missing buttons, dirty shoes, and sloppy salutes. Then his affection for us got the upper hand, and he was Old Pie again.

We visited the remount station and got four horses apiece. The next job was to saddle without getting kicked out of the corral. A few accomplished it by dint of slugging the horses on the nose. There were never such horses. They kicked, bit, reared, tied themselves into lovers' knots, and unwound miraculously into four heel kicks if you so much as looked at them. Some of the men had never seen a horse before; but then, some of the horses had never seen an artilleryman before—so it was an even break.

Under the eye of Pappy, though, anything was possible, and before long we had them saddled and roped, and were charging through the business section of St. Nazaire. Here the horses went completely pro-German, running up and down the sidewalks, kicking in the plate glass windows, knocking over vegetable stands, and winding the string horses around every telephone pole in town. The natives—those who didn't run to their cellars—joined with the gendarmes in re-forming the parade, and the march resumed.

Once out of the city limits—God knows how we got there—the horses became attracted by the green fields and began jumping fences and ditches with an agility that was wonderful to behold. When one horse got into a field of expensive vegetables, he whistled for his pals and the round-up began all over again. Jake Anshel found himself sitting on a saddle in the middle of the road with no horse under the saddle. It was a regular game of tag. Ray Quisno was unwrapped from every telegraph pole on the road.

Herb Mooney was sometimes on his horse and sometimes on various bushes and barbed wire fences. Every time he pulled himself together he complained bitterly of the war and J. P. Morgan, who supposedly had ordered our participation in it. The eighth time he sailed over the head of his nag he said he didn't know that transfer to the flying corps could be made without the consent of the soldier.

Brick Bristol had the worst time. Every time he began chasing his steed, the horse turned around and chased him.

We slept in four layers, like a birthday cake.

THE trip took three days and nights and did a lot to explode the old theory that if a man doesn't like a horse there is something the matter with him. We had a diverting set-to with Captain Odell in a town called La Gacilly when he announced that we might patronize the town's one restaurant, provided that we made no noise and allowed him to eat first. The razzberry was deafening and he had an omelet hung on his ear.

Further fun was the organization of medieval troubadour parties by Cush Pryor. Slightly boiled, we visited people's houses, rapped on the windows, and sang good old American ditties like the Raggedy Cadets and Never Trust a Soldier. Charmed, the natives asked us in and poured extensively. We explained that the ballads were mammy songs and finished with The Cannoneers Have Hair in Their Ears to the tempo and expression of My Old Kentucky Home. Our hosts were much moved.

We got back to camp New Year's Eve and celebrated in the traditional way. Nobody got to bed. In the morning Lieutenant Stone began the year right by presenting Pocket Testaments. On the flyleaf of each was a confession of faith, newly signed with our names by the good ladies of the Champaign Home Missionary Society, donors of the Testaments. They had been shipped under the label of Ordnance.

On January 5, eleven days late, Santa Claus gave us five new officers. They were First Lieutenants Walter Erlich, Ralph Kelly, and Hugh Webster, and Second Lieutenants Walter Radford and Andrew Webster. The last named suffered from acute sensibilities and a perpetual desire to assert his rank. It was rumored that he had caused himself to be tattooed with gold bars before leaving America, for fear of sleepwalking or something. The day he joined the battery he was required, in discharge of his duties as censor, to run over a letter written by Andy Gartner to a girl friend in the United States. To insure its original contents, Andy added this postscript:

"If anything is cut out of this letter, let me know and I will soften the censor's skull with my bare hands till you can hang it up with clothespins. I'll sock him on the nose," etc.

Lieutenant Webster crashed into the battery street, demanding to know who was going to punch his nose. Unwilling to lose out on something good, a dozen volunteers ran for Gartner. In the interim, the boys proposed 75s at ten paces with disinterested crews. But Lieutenant Webster was holding out for an apology. Gartner refused. It ended in a tie.

Since our first range fire, early in December, the battery had been firing on an average of three times a week, drills and details filling up holes in the program. When we fired, it was at 3 in the morning, so that we might simulate sneaking up on the enemy when he wasn't looking. Nine times out of ten it rained. But we were getting good and were itching for war. More doldrums. An E Battery man died and Sylvester got a chance to play Chopin's Funeral March, which he had been dismally practicing for weeks. Of course *Sambre et Meuse* was spilled again on the way back, although there wasn't a Frenchman in miles.

Marking time. On January 11 Lieutenants Newton Kimball and George Wegner were assigned to the battery. We had more officers than men by this time. Lieutenant Clarence Skinner, God's Gift to the A. E. F., was wished on us the same day. A bath book was established whereby the Spartan souls who doused themselves in one of the water buckets at headquarters could immortalize themselves by signing their names. We whiled away the boredom with interbarracks pillow fights after taps, loading the pillows with mess kits, rocks, and horseshoes.

Not a night passed without several warriors getting knocked cold. One barracks invaded another, which called for sly plans and nifty strategy. Such pillows as were captured were kept as trophies until the next night.

These battles, which became quite vicious as barracks spirit developed, were ended by rumors that at last we were going to the front. New activities confirmed it. We were worked twenty-six hours a day, with inspections under full pack in our spare time. There were gas mask drills and we were led through gas filled dugouts to get used to the sensation. We simulated loading gun carriages on flat cars by staking out rectangular patches of grass and pretending they represented the Paris-Orléans limited. Barracks bags were packed with extra clothes, boots, and cartons of cigarettes for use in the trenches. Naturally, we never saw them again.

ON February 10 we began moving battery equipment to the town of Guer to be loaded on flat cars. The work went on until 4 o'clock the next morning. The same day we had a stiff hike with full equipment. The men were so bushed on their return that they flopped on their cots without removing their haversacks. It began to look like war.

All kinds of quarantines were established. All kinds of rumors went the rounds. Finally February 18 rolled around, as it has a habit of doing every year, and we got under way. There was an impromptu farewell party at the officers' mess—conveniently deserted for the occasion. Porch Climber MacMillan, once a piano player in Chicago, banged out some swell ragtime. Clarence Soderlund and Carroll French, both æsthetes, played a Chopin duet. Everybody yelled and made all the noise possible. Speeches were made and applauded wildly.

The top blew his whistle in the battery street. We formed and started down the long hill, singing That's Where My Money Goes. At last we were getting somewhere.

Now for the Big Show. Thrills mingle with laughs—and danger—and death, in the second installment of War Bugs in next week's Liberty.

The Fastest LAP in Lapland

A Flight of the Imagination

By

ELLIOTT WHITE SPRINGS

Pictures by JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

(Reading time: 15 minutes 40 seconds.)

I DROPPED in to see Mr. Augustus Travis in Jonesburg last week. I found him stretched out on a divan, with his right foot clothed in bandages and his face showing acute pain. In response to my query, he told me he had forgotten it was frostbitten and had just tried to kick a radio salesman out of the house.

"There's a nigger in the woodpile somewhere!" I exclaimed. "Because I know you are a radio fan. And as for the frostbite—say, it's been so hot this year that you couldn't go to hell from this town without catching pneumonia. You must have been trying to thaw out a blonde."

He regarded me with a tolerant smile and replied:

Each time he kissed his new found squaw, the igloo would begin to thaw.

"I broke the ice all right, old chap—but up North with a dark eyed Lapp."

I eagerly pulled up a chair and urged him to give me the facts. Speaking in his usual rhyme, he related the following:

You know about the tragic fate that ruined me and Terry Pate the day that flapper, Nancy Green, messed up our flight to Argentine. Well, after that ill timed event, Pate's wife gave him a cranium dent. As soon as he recuperated, he looked me up one day and stated:

"My life, Gus, is one round of hell. My wife just waits to sound the bell so she can start our daily bout and floor me with a good knockout. I know where I would place my money if she should get a match with Tunney."

"Oh, well," I said, "you should be glad that she has not picked up this fad of sending hubby to the chapel with wire prints on his Adam's apple."

"No matter," sighed he, with a groan. "Much dripping soon wears down the stone. I'm much too young to get the crape—and, Gus, there's only one escape. Our hapless flight to Argentine makes us as welcome as gangrene around this little stiff-necked town. We've got to win ourselves renown and rid ourselves of such a stigma. I think I've solved this deep enigma.

"Now, I'm a good blacksmith by trade, but I have sold spiked lemonade till I have cash enough at home to get a lease on Teapot Dome. I have a plan. If you are game, I'll finance our pursuit of fame.

"Now polar flights are quite the fad. They drive the press and public mad. The gossip of the common herd consists of arctic hops by Byrd and Wilkins', jump across the Pole. To get on this immortal scroll, one only needs a sealskin coat and some old prewar flying boat. So I've been delving into books and picking out a few safe nooks where we could play this headline game and take a nice short cut to fame.

"Now, here's how we'll erase this blot by striking while the iron is hot. We'll sail for Sweden Sunday night. That's where we'll have to start our flight. We'll buy a big balloon up there, then wire the papers everywhere that we are going out in search of Lars Dupress and Bjorsten Burch, the famed explorers who were lost sometime ago in Lapland's frost.

"These two explorers, you remember, disappeared in late November just about two years ago, and never came back from the snow. The world will call us brave heroes to challenge Lapland's cold zeros to find a pair of lunatics who doubtless skated 'cross the Styx. The press thrives on this kind of stuff. But this bold flight will be a bluff, for when we reach some open ground, we'll land at once and stick around until the headlines flash the tale, "Balloonists Lost on Icy Sail." We'll bum a sleigh ride then to Nome and catch the packet boat back home. The world will marvel at the search we made for Lars Dupress and Burch, and folks who long since thought us dead will clap the halos on our head.

"On that day you can pay your debts indorsing soup and cigarettes, and make your wife recall the day she sighed that nuptial word 'obey.'"

NOW Terry had a tragic dearth of facts about old Mother Earth. He always thought a hemisphere a rare species of Texas steer; and latitude and longitude he thought were brands of breakfast food. Four thousand miles upon the map seemed but a stone's throw to this sap. But my wife, to my deep chagrin, had bought a brand new rolling-pin. Unless I rustled up some dough, the next thing bred would sure be woe. With things at home in such a state, I cast my lot with Terry Pate.

Two weeks later there we were up in the Northern Lights' pale blur, our big balloon tied to a stump and all set for our polar jump. We carried beer, not sand, for weights; our ballast would be empty crates.

"Countless Swedes stood round it gaping, listening to the gas escaping. Wild geese flew close down to see what sort of egg the thing could be. Reporters with a foreign screech cheered us when I made a speech. 'Twas hard to gather from my quack which spilled more gas, me or the sack. The flags were hoisted. Hats were thrown. The band wore out a saxophone. When food and booze were stored on board, the old gas bag was soon unmoored.

There sat Pate and his Lapp chum—dividing up a quart of rum. "How come," I asked, "we're on the lawn? For Pete's sake, where's the igloo gone?"

She grunted twice, then cleared the trees, and sailed off on a northeast breeze.

For hours I was so full of beer I thought that I was Paul Revere. But Pate soon said, "Lay off the cup before you drink the ballast up." We found we'd drunk the kite so dry we'd risen more than two miles high. At this bad news I sobered some and asked how far he thought we'd come. He scratched his head and said, "Old chap, it's sad but true—I left the map!"

"Don't tell me, Pate," I sickly grinned, "we're at the mercy of the wind?"

"Yes, sir," he sighed, a little paler; "your name is now Sindbad, the Sailor. While we were wrestling with the brew, God only knows how far we flew. In fact, my friend, yon distant knoll, for aught I know, may be the Pole. Our only guide here is a book on polar trips by Doctor Cook, who never saw a real good freeze. He got cold feet at ten degrees."

Now, right here let me stress the fact that this world is a boundless tract. From looking at the wide terrain we might have been in Greece or Spain, Australia, France, or close to home—or inside Pate's great vacant dome. We might have thought the place Brazil, had not a sudden burst of chill made Terry scream out with despair, "My kingdom for fur underwear!"

"Ye gods!" I cried. "It's two degrees—and me here in my B. V. D's. There's only one thing I can find that you forgot to leave behind. Uncork that batch of rye and gin and chase these goose bumps from my skin."

THAT bolstered up our nerves a notch. Then Terry said he'd take the watch. The Midnight Sun went slowly down on our rash scheme to win renown. A cold wind soon began to blow. First came the sleet. Then came the snow. I could not sleep. I rolled and tossed. My adenoids were caked with frost. I clicked my teeth and shook my knees. My coughs were followed by a sneeze. Icicles hung in stately rows from both sides of my frozen nose, and all the rye that filled my craw was not enough to make me thaw. Hoarfrost was forming on my side when Terry turned around and cried:

"Eight bells, my lad, and all's not well! Polecat ahoy! I catch the smell. Methinks we've played a fatal rôle—for we have drifted to the Pole."

"Horsefeathers!" said I. "That's the bunk. The Arctic never saw a skunk."

"Well, I see something far below—it's two queer shapes upon the snow. Ye gods! They must be pink hyenas! I've had too many tonsil cleaners."

I then took out the telescope and gazed below to learn the dope. I saw two shining upturned faces—two pretty girls with luring graces. Terry Pate then took a look. He yelled:

"I read an arctic book in which such lovely forms and shades were classified as Lapland maids. Of charms the Lapp belle has her share. Dark sparkling eyes and brunette hair, high temperature and low morale characterize the young Lapp gal. Their photographs look very fine: each one is a clinging vine. Judging by their rare physiques, Lapland needs two first-class sheiks. Let's kiss the old balloon good-by and grab a Lapland Lorelei! The Lapp girls don't know right from wrong—and nights up here are six months long!"

I argued with the mad galoot, but still he donned his parachute. So, rather than be left behind, I said, "I'll jump; I am resigned."

We each picked up a case of rye and boldly stepped upon the sky. The rip cords worked. The chutes spread out. I landed on my chronic gout, and saw more stars and colored sights than ever were in Northern Lights.

WE came down near a small snow hut. The entrance was a tiny rut. The two Lapp girls that we had spied had seen us fall and gone inside.

Our campaign plans were then rehearsed, and Pate said he would crawl in first. I did not have so long to wait, for I was soon rejoined by Pate.

"Whoopee!" he whispered in my ear. "It may be cold, but spring is here! I want to do the flower dance. I hear the whisper of romance. If King Ben saw those two cute Lapps, he'd sure crawl from his funeral wraps, and justify the folks who said that he would rise up from the dead. They'd make a blind man wink his eye. Let's go on in, and take the rye."

SO in we crawled. And Pate was right. Inside by the blubber light the two young girls in snow white coats would make Methuselah sow wild oats. They had dark eyes and soft black hair; clothes made from the polar bear; complexions of a light tan hue; and lips that spelled our Waterloo.

Judging by their sparkling eyes, our visit proved a nice surprise. They thought us angels from the sky. We looked the part—weighed down with rye. We set the booze upon the floor, and Terry said, with smiles galore:

"I gather from your arctic wraps that you two girls are local Lapps. My name is Mr. Terry Pate. Gus Travis, here, I'd like to state, is my companion on a trip through Lapland in a big airship. We mean no harm. We're frozen pink. Will you two join us in a drink?"

"Iglu-glu!" they cried with glee.

"By gosh," said Pate, "I'm up a tree! That may mean yes—it may mean no. I don't quite get this Eskimo."

"I knew," I sighed in deep despair, "there was a catch in this somewhere! I might as well go take a walk—for I don't know this Lapland talk."

"You do not have to strain a lung—booze speaks a universal tongue," was Terry Pate's astute retort, as he uncorked a handy quart.

The Lapp girls lapped it up with vim. They nigh bit off the bottle rim. After several drinks were downed, the party picked up with a bound. The girls then brought us two fur frocks and two warm pairs of sealskin socks. They helped us in, then got some thread and sewed us up from foot to head.

I then recalled that Eskimos were seldom known to change their clothes; and Pate, who knew this to be true, exclaimed: "This makes me pretty blue. The party will be stale, I guess, with me sewed in a one-piece dress."

But things had not a chance to drag, for we began a game of tag, and ran the girls all round the place. At one point in the ribald chase Pate's partner had a slight mishap. She slipped and fell into his lap.

"This proves," said Pate, with great delight, "that we're in Lapland now, all right!"

But Terry's humor stopped at that. The

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

The "drift" on which the two had sat awoke with roars that rent the air. Their nice seat was a polar bear!

[THE FASTEST LAP IN LAPLAND]
Continued from page thirteen

"drift" on which the two had sat awoke with roars that rent the air. Their nice seat was a polar bear! The startled beast, keen for a meal, thought Terry was an arctic seal, and when he smelled the sealskin boot he bit the seat from Pate's fur suit.

Then Pate went fluttering down the hill, his rear end freezing in the chill, first upside down, hind part before, then right side up and down once more. At last the steep descent was made. He landed on his shoulder blade, and cried, "I couldn't help but flutter! The damn bear bit me on the rudder!"

I rushed him back into the hut to patch the hole the bear had cut. The needle slipped a bit, I fear. I took two stitches in his rear. Pate must have thought the bear was back, for out he scrambled from the shack. He no doubt would have reached the Pole had not his quick start from the knoll caused such a vacuum at his stern he did a half roll and a turn, and skidded rather out of plumb right back where he started from.

About that time the two young Lapps, who'd looked on during these mishaps, suggested by a certain motion that they desired some more hair lotion. So back inside the quartet went, and after that the time was spent in warming up our diaphragms with some of Terry's Swedish drams.

With each skull buster Pate would get a little more inclined to pet, and both the Lapp girls, rather stewed, were in a good receptive mood. But, though the Lapps seemed full of pep, we found ourselves far from adept at thrashing out a clear translation of their Lapland conversation.

I did not want to cramp Pate's style, and so I told him with a smile, "I think, old scout, I'll take a snooze. I can't stay 'wake when full of booze."

I FINALLY woke up with a yawn. And then I gasped! The hut was gone! But there sat Pate and his Lapp chum—dividing up a quart of rum.

"How come," I asked, "we're on the lawn? For Pete's sake, where's the igloo gone?"

"Alas!" sighed Terry with a frown. "The damn snow house has melted down! A long kiss made us both so hot we caused a big thaw round this spot!"

"Hell's bells!" I cried. "Your reckless vice will make us all a block of ice! If we sit in this arctic breeze—no hot mamma can stop my sneeze."

"We'll build another house," said Pate. "Let's get to work. My love can wait."

In just two hours the hut was done. The deck was cleared for further fun. When Terry once more hit the rye, his temperature became so high, I had to rub his chest with snow to get him back around zero. Each time he kissed his new found squaw, the igloo would begin to thaw, and I would have to make a dart to pull these turtledoves apart. Unless I saved him from his jane, he'd melt the snow house down again. A referee at a boxing bout would think my job hard work, no doubt.

All of us were quite pie eyed, when several dogs barked just outside. We heard somebody stamp his feet as if to shake off surplus sleet.

"I hope," said Terry, with a grin, "a good interpreter drops in!"

And, sure enough, two burly chaps, all muffled up in sealskin wraps, crawled in the hut and stood erect. I did not know what to expect. But Pate sprang up, while I retired. "Do you speak English?" he inquired.

"Quite well," they scowled. "And Lappish, too. But what in hell is that to you?"

"Eureka!" Pate cried. "Two good cat's-paws! I knew there was a Santa Claus! Well, gentlemen, these two Lapp dames are all but bursting out in flames. The heavenly way in which they neck has turned my conscience to a wreck. If you two guys speak Eskimo—then ask the girls how far they'll go."

The strangers reeled with shocked surprise. They both had murder in their eyes.

"You bums," they roared, "will lose your lives! For these two women are our wives!"

That's all the news I stayed to hear. I made a high dive to the rear, let out one unearthly squall, and busted through the snow house wall. Pate followed one jump after me. Both right and left hand clutched a ski, and luck was with me when I spied another pair of them outside.

His only drawback to renown was that he skied by upside down.

We started off like two reindeers. There was no shifting of our gears. I never knew that Pate could ski, but when I saw him sail by me, I was convinced he knew the ropes in going down these arctic slopes.

His only drawback to renown was that he skied by upside down.

We often passed a group of seals, or showed a polar bear our heels, and skidding on a few ice floes expertly balanced on a nose meant little to us in our flight to get out of this six months night.

We knew if we could hold the pace we'd finally get to some safe place.

Pate yelled, while skidding on his cheek, "We've got the speed, but no technique."

"And furthermore," I cried with heat, "I have the trousers—but no seat."

The miles flew past. Our breath gave out. We passed right by the Pole, no doubt; but we were much too rushed to lag in order to tack up a flag. Let all the glory go to Peary. We had to catch the Greenland ferry. We skied on kneecaps, backs, and scalps like snowballs coming down the Alps.

The fifth day Pate and I slowed down, and Pate cried: "Look, I see a town! For all I know, we're in Nebraska." We found, though, it was Nome, Alaska.

They offered us the city key, but Terry Pate agreed with me that all we wanted there in Nome was just a one way ticket home.

The folks, though, gave us both a token. The world's ski record had been broken. Of all fast Lapps who crave their fun—this last lap was the fastest one.

And then the mayor came to beseech that I get up and make a speech. He told me: "We will let you rant down at the Nome broadcasting plant. The people with their radios can listen to you brave heroes, as you tell of the valiant search you made for Lars Dupress and Burch. Too bad you could not find a sign. Dupress and Burch were friends of mine."

Pate whispered: "Take him up in this. The chance is much too good to miss. Just spread the hokum on so thick that Lindbergh will look rather sick."

So, standing in the public square, I put this speech upon the air:

"Gus Travis and his comrade, Pate, have just escaped a tragic fate. While we explored the universe, our folks had dusted out the hearse, but we outran the great wolf pack and finally managed to get back.

"We did not find Dupress and Burch, although we made an endless search, but found an unknown continent, and for our last meal ate our tent.

"After our balloon had busted, did we come back home disgusted? No, my friends; despite the freeze, we wandered round like Ulysses, uprooting icebergs and auroras, looking for the lost explorers.

"I have among my souvenirs a pair of badly frozen ears, and both of Pate's big toes were lost while out sleepwalking in the frost. Imagine our distressed condition—no food on hand—no ammunition—out there in that frigid air dressed in summer underwear! Our sleep consisted of nightmares in which we fought the polar bears; our waking hours were marked by croup and tasteless meals of shoe tongue soup—"

At this point Terry stopped my bleat, and yelled, "Look—coming up the street! No wonder they could dog our tracks, the way we skied upon our backs!"

Ere Pate and I could make a lurch, the mayor cried: "Dupress and Burch! Welcome back to Nome at last! Come, mount the platform and broadcast."

I looked at Pate. He looked at me. This bad news had us up a tree. The lost explorers were the two that chased us from their rendezvous! With Lapp vampires beyond restraint, with a polar night to spread red paint, and no policemen on their track—no wonder they had not come back.

Before we could begin to hike, they saw us standing on the mike.

"You thought you'd get away!" they cried. "But we will take you for a ride. We'll teach you with our bowie knives the proper fate for stealing wives!"

Before they could secure our pelts, we both found business somewhere else. In checking out of that foul mess, we did not leave our home address. The mercury registered minus three, but Nome was much too hot for me.

MR. TRAVIS suddenly stopped talking and assumed an expression of melancholy. Why was he so sad?

To be safely home after such an experience should make anyone elated.

"What's eating on you, Mr. Travis?" I questioned. "You ought to be thankful you weren't packed in ice and shipped back to Jonesburg in a casket. Besides, aren't you the first man to ski across the Pole?"

He gave me a hopeless glance, and said:

"I travel fast, but always find that hard luck follows close behind. When we got home and told the woe of our long search through ice and snow, our wives cried, to our great despair, 'We tuned in on that Nome affair!'

"Pate did not tarry to hear more. He made a quick dash for the door. But ere he reached the vestibule his wife had crowned him with a stool. Although he made one last brave stand, he got his throat caught in her hand. After one long choking session, Terry made a clean confession.

"You see this big hole in my vest? That's where an ice pick rammed my chest. I guess my wife used this device to make me lose my taste for ice.

"But if I knew that Lapland talk, I'd go back, if I had to walk. For I have since learned something new—the English phrase for 'Iglu-glu'!"

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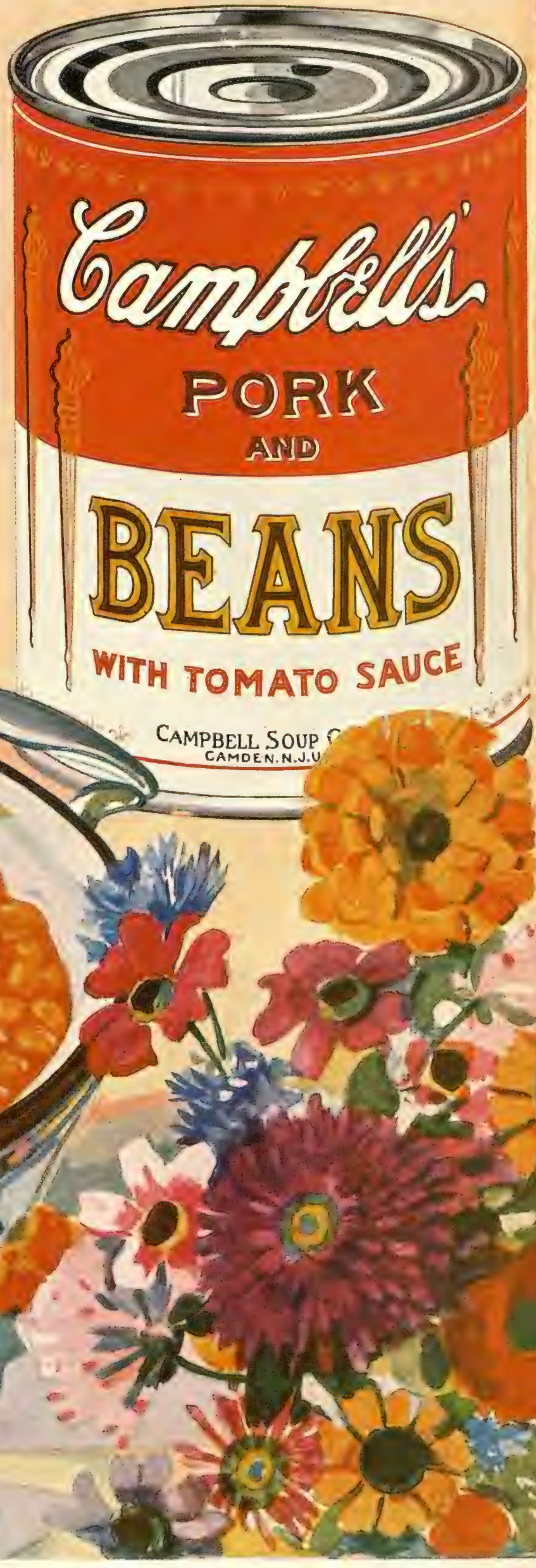

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A Natural STORY TELLER

A Portrait of Viña Delmar

By
GRACE ROBINSON

(Reading time: 22 minutes 40 seconds.)

VIÑA DELMAR is only twenty-three. Her mother couldn't read or write. Viña herself has had almost no formal schooling.

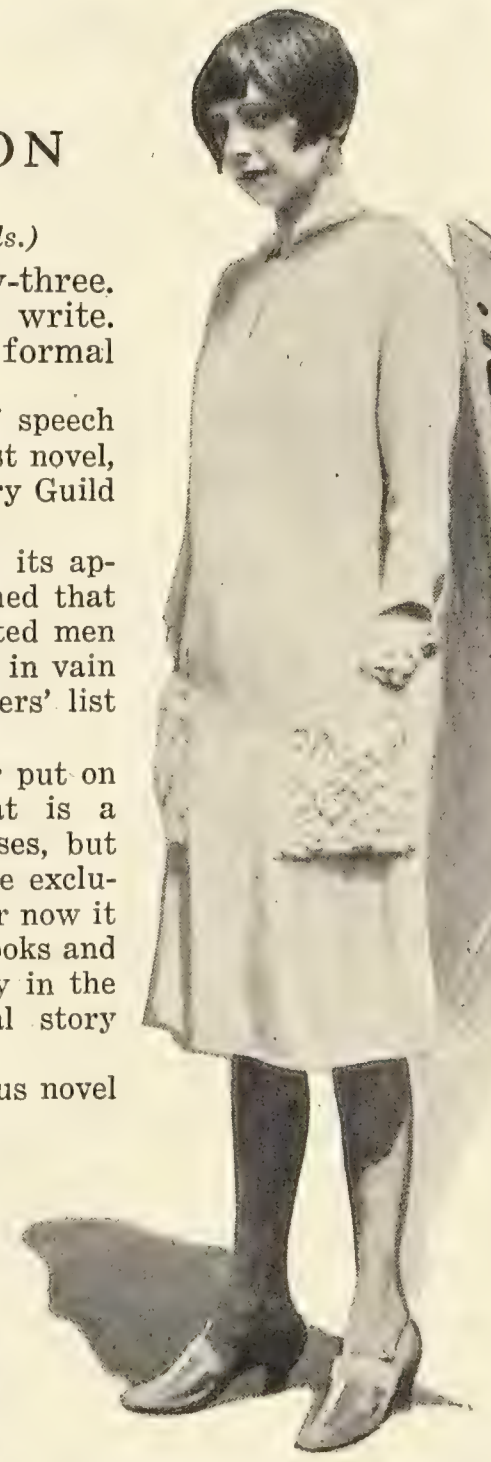
Today she doesn't know a figure of speech from an *omelette soufflée*. Yet her first novel, Bad Girl, was sponsored by the Literary Guild as the best book of the month.

And six weeks after the book made its appearance on the fiction stands it reached that coveted eminence for which many gifted men and women have battled all their lives in vain—it reached the top of the book dealers' list and became a best seller!

Not only has this black eyed author put on a popular literary performance that is a dazzling piling up of youthful successes, but she has also stirred a furor among the exclusive brains within the book world. For now it appears that this red lipped girl who looks and laughs like a child is really that rarity in the great realm of literature—a natural story teller.

When she started to write her famous novel she had only two tools—an average English vocabulary and a feeling for people and things that are commonplace. Possessing no self-consciousness, she wasn't aware she had even these.

She had no rules of grammar. She knew less of history and the classics than a seventh grade pupil. She had never heard of style, except as applied to dress. The literary devices familiar to most authors—known, indeed, to all public school students of composition—were nonexistent so far as Mrs. Viña Delmar was concerned.



Mrs. Delmar, out for a stroll at her summer home, looks more like a schoolgirl than a successful author.

She had been hard up. She had married. She had lived in the fifty dollar flats of uptown New York, with plasterers, bricklayers, taxicab drivers, and their families. Finally she had had a baby.

Oilcloth on the kitchen floor. Stationary tubs for the family washing. A white tile bathroom. And a radio.

Perhaps to you that wouldn't be thrilling—but to Viña it was! Out of that material she made a best seller. From that prosaic existence she wrote a novel which some critics say compares with the best of O. Henry's stories. With those commonplace people and their commonplace lives she did what few Americans have succeeded in doing—what Tolstoy did in superb fashion. She portrayed a great social order.

She hadn't even known about realism.

"When I was three-quarters through my book, I read Sister Carrie, by Theodore Dreiser," Mrs. Delmar says now. "I had heard the word realism applied to Dreiser's work. I suddenly woke up to the fact that my book was realistic, too, because it was like Dreiser's.

"Well, I don't give myself any airs about belonging to the intelligentsia. It's only a few years since I thought George Bernard Shaw was a movie actor or something like that."

The expert technique of Bad Girl, however, is no accident. Mrs. Delmar wrote her first story at seven. At nine she wrote stories with sex in them. At eleven she did one which years after she rewrote and sold to *Snappy Stories*. For the last two years her fiction has appeared in LIBERTY.

She is a tiny thing—five feet two inches in height and weighing ninety-eight pounds. She loves bizarre effects in jewelry, always wearing a ring on each forefinger, and generally earrings. The pupil of one dark eye is blacker than the other, giving her bright glance that stimulating quality that irregularity in beauty sometimes bestows.

Townsend photo

Viña Delmar, whose first novel became one of America's best sellers. She is only twenty-three years old.

Life began happening in dead earnest to Viña Delmar when she was very young. That may explain why she is an accomplished novelist at twenty-three, and why already little gray hairs gleam in her straight black bob.

To begin with, she was a stage child—a genuine trunk tray baby. When she was only sixteen she married Eugene Delmar, a young actor. Three years later her baby came. This youngster, affectionately known as Gringo, made his appearance in the world in the same manner that attended the birth of *Dot's* baby in Bad Girl.

Poverty, hunger, discouragement—and contact with others who were poor, hungry, and discouraged—did more to make a successful

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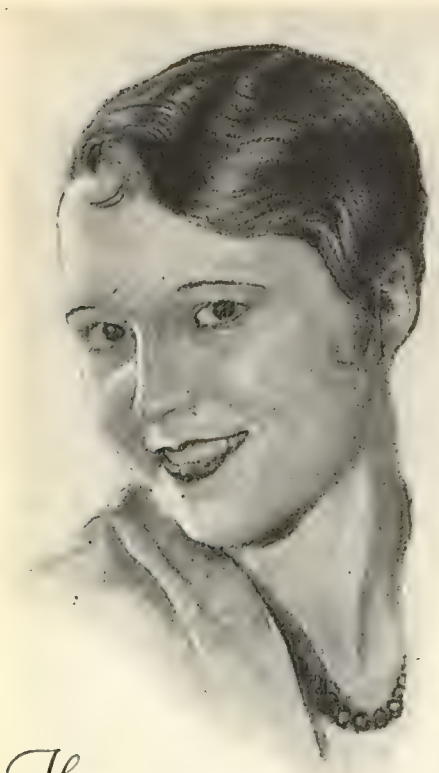

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[A NATURAL STORY TELLER
Continued from page seventeen]

novelist out of Viña Delmar than a dozen college educations could have done. She was raised to be an actress. "And if I could have got work on the stage at seventy-five dollars a week I would have persisted in being an actress. But I was so terrible—and there was so little work—that I couldn't get engagements. Gene was also out of work."

So she ushered in a theater by night, while her husband addressed envelopes by day. They cooked their poor meals in a hall bedroom — "Horrible chopped meat from Tenth Avenue, that we could get two pounds for a quarter—it finally gave me ulcers of the stomach."

They slept in a single bed, because they couldn't afford a large room with a double bed even in the wretched theatrical rooming house in Forty-fifth Street just off Broadway which was their home.

Every night the chopped beef, fried on a one-burner gas stove. And every night—more ghastly still—the fretful complaints of other actors who had vainly tramped the burning asphalt looking for work, while the landlady yowled for her rent.

Then Viña sold a story—to *Snappy*. At that moment life for her and Gene veered sharply. The new road proved broad and pleasant. It has proved delightfully adventuresome ever since.

LET us flash back a few years and see a precocious young author in the making. Viña is a little girl. We see her in a bedroom in a second-rate hotel. Stiff, unfeeling furniture. A worn, old-fashioned carpet. A steam radiator that spits and rumbles and shakes. The cold gaslight falls on the spare features of a young man—Viña's father. His eyes have that dreamy touch so often seen in those of Polish origin. His hair, once coal black, is quite gray around the temples—obviously premature. He is the comedian on the bill playing at the local Orpheum Theater. Comedian, but his face is far from merry. Like most comedians he has always wanted to play Shakespearean tragedy.

In the middle of the bed sits the small black haired Viña, her dark eyes wide with admiring attention.

Striking an attitude and addressing an imaginary person, her father declaims, in a voice that rings with hatred and loathing:

"Hadst thou been kill'd when
first thou didst presume,
Thou hadst not liv'd to kill a
son of mine."

Her dad is *King Henry*, in the Tower of London, reviling the perfidious *Gloucester*, who has come to slay him. The great death scene from King Henry VI—high hope of aspiring tragedians. The little girl listens, fascinated, and once she shivers slightly as the dreadful denunciation goes on:

"The owl shrieked at thy birth,
an evil sign;
The night-crow cried, aboding
luckless time;
Dogs howl'd, and hideous tempest shook down trees;
The raven rook'd her on the
chimney's top,
And chattering pies in dismal
discords sung.
Thy mother felt more than a
mother's pain,
And yet brought forth less
than a mother's hope;
To wit an indigested and deformèd lump,
Not like the fruit of such a
goodly tree.
Teeth hadst thou in thy head
when thou wast born,

Eugene Delmar, the husband of the young author, when he was a radio announcer.

To signify thou cam'st to bite
the world:
And, if the rest be true which
I have heard,
Thou cam'st—"

The child on the bed knows her part, often rehearsed. She interrupts in a high, thin treble:

"I'll hear no more: die, prophet,
in thy speech."

Her father enacts the death of the unfortunate king who has just been stabbed, with many lingering gasps and sighs and rolling of eyes toward the imaginary *Gloucester*.

Viña can repeat the dramatic lines now. She didn't read Shakespeare, but got him from the living voice. She recalls how she clapped her little hands, saying:

"You oughta act Shakespeare, daddy. You really oughta. You do it *wonderful*, daddy!"

"MY father seemed a great man to me," says Mrs. Delmar now. "I wanted to know all he knew, and I thought it would take years and years to accumulate all that knowledge. In reality he hadn't much education, although once, when teaching requirements were lighter than now, he had taught school for a while on Staten Island. He was a crack mathematician, though, and greatly interested in United States history. I devoured everything he said. He taught me to read. At three I could read quite a lot. When I was five he read O. Henry's Four Million aloud to me. His taste in books was all current fiction—O. Henry, Opie Read, and Zane Grey.

"Once my father bought all the Waverley Novels from a neighbor who wanted to sell them cheap. They stood on a shelf in our house in Brooklyn. Nobody ever thought of opening them. One night (I was about nine) my father took me to see a movie, Ivanhoe, playing at our neighborhood theater.

"'It's one of those Walter Scott things,' he said.

"We went in late, and for three reels all we saw was a lot of men in armor chasing each other. We finally left in disgust, and decided to let the Waverley Novels gather dust on the shelf forever."

Mrs. Delmar was born January 29, 1905, in a ramshackle theatrical hotel at Fourteenth Street and Irving Place, New York. That is hardly a swanky address today, and it was not a great deal more splendid twenty-three years ago.

We have said her father was a comedian who eternally lamented that fate hadn't cast him for heavy Shakespearean rôles. Her mother—of Scotch antecedents—was an illiterate dancer who thought she was wasting her time when she didn't sing.

"She sang terribly," Viña admits.

She was fair on her toes, however, going in for Spanish and Oriental dances. She called her child Viña, not because of any Castilian blood in the family, but merely to satisfy her craving for unusual names. Perhaps she got it from a map. Strangely enough, there is a city, Viña del Mar (Wine of the Sea), down in Chile. She had worked in a factory, and somehow or other got on the stage.

"MY father went on the road to fill his engagements on the Keith and Orpheum circuits, and my mother was left behind to bear her child as best she might. Shortly after I came, a man in our hotel died. My mother, fearful of the supernatural, was afraid to stay there any longer. When I was seven weeks old I had crossed the continent and we were in California with my father.

"During part of those early years my mother stayed in Brooklyn. That was 'home.' Every other place was 'on the road.' Which was silly, because half the time we didn't have a home in New York.

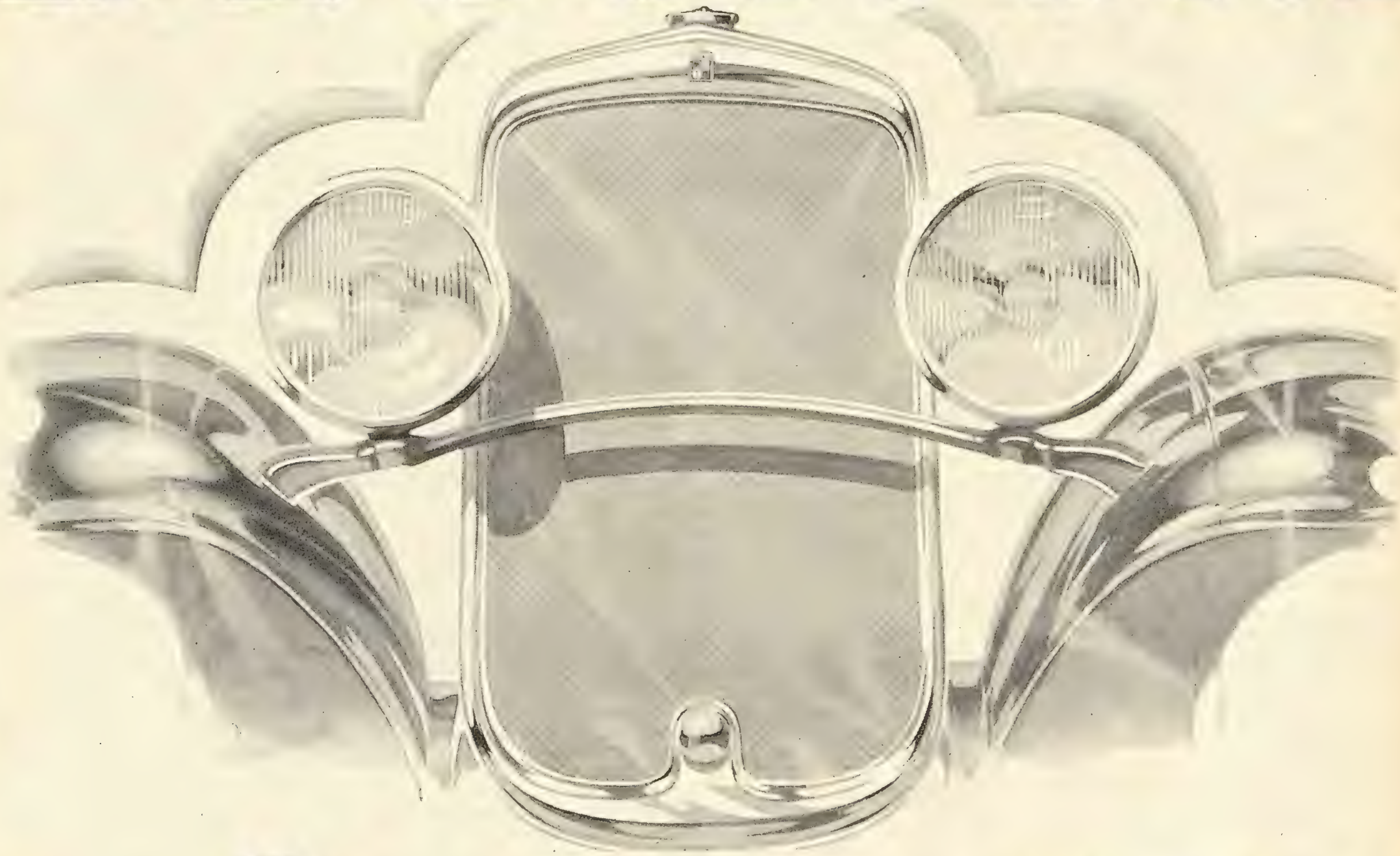
"When I was about six my father started to take me on the road without my mother. She was sickly—doubtless it was a relief to her to have me gone. My father and I used to play pinochle together and go to the movies. We were great pals. Most stage people talk stage and baseball. He also talked books—the modern kind of fiction to which he was addicted. I'm sure he never toted me about with any idea that the experience was broadening. He simply liked to have me along."

She was away half the year. In Brooklyn she attended Public School 89. Starting when she was eight, she read and spelled so well that she went right into the second grade. In four and a half years she got as far as the seventh—and has never gone beyond.

"I read most everything that came my way. My mother liked Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth and

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY]

DE SOTO SIX



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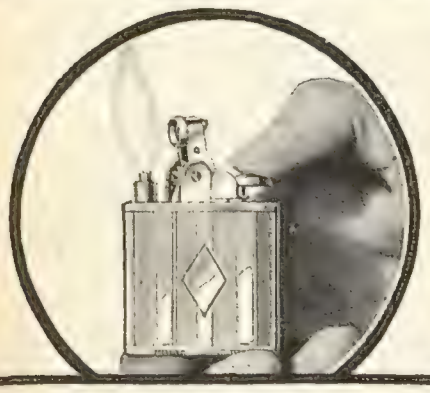


THE WORLD'S GREATEST LIGHTER

[A NATURAL STORY TELLER Continued from page eighteen]

Bertha M. Clay. Since she couldn't read I often read these authors aloud to her. They gave her a great kick."

Soaked in these masters of the tear jerking school, but with O. Henry as her model, small Viña started writing. She wrote madly. Her father criticized her work. For years she wrote, but never tried to sell anything. Unfortunately those early Delmars have been lost. Left in a trunk that was left with a landlady—show girl fashion. When the owner went to reclaim her property, the trunk and its contents had vanished without trace.

When the embryo author was eleven, her mother died. After that she was always with her father. He never married again.

Back stage was her familiar life. All that colorful life was little Viña's twice a day fare. Small wonder that people spoke of her "future on the stage" as if it was all cut and dried and there was nothing else for her to do.

At thirteen she played in an act in Chicago called The Devil's Hour. Her father was on the same bill. A girl had been needed suddenly—the management hated to take one sight unseen from New York. "Try Viña," prompted her dad.

Viña had long hair. In an evening dress she passed for seventeen—the age of the part. For six weeks she played innocent youth lured to evil in the form of a millionaire's apartment—an allegorical presentation. Then came other acts.

"Because I always thought I'd be important and make a lot of money, I thought I'd be a great actress. How I figured this, I don't know. On the stage I'm terrible. I've no voice and no presence. I just amble on and off in the most haphazard way."

SOMEHOW she landed a part in the Revue of Revues, in rehearsal at the Greenwich Village Theater. She played a tough maid.

Gene Delmar had also had a part, but was fired before the show started. On the opening night he stood in the wings, and saw a young person in white cap and maid's black dress moving mechanically about the stage and reading lines like a second-hand phonograph. He realized, however, that she was enduring that agonizing ordeal that sometimes comes to actors—choking a cough. When she finally stepped off, he came to her.

"Can I get you a drink of water?"

"Hell—yes!" gasped the red faced girl. Those were the first words she ever addressed to Gene.

Their first date was at the Studio, a dancing place on Sixth Avenue, near Fourth Street.

The show died in a week, and shortly after its demise the two were married "at high noon" at City Hall. Michael J. Cruise did the trick. Nowadays he marries only celebrities. He was in the act of stepping from Deputy City Clerk to City Clerk, his present office, when these young people appeared. He married them—and now, at least, they are celebrities.

"I wore a blue serge dress covered with stains," laughs Mrs. Delmar. "And a fourteen dollar hat left over from more prosperous days. I had a bridal bouquet—lilies of the valley and sweet peas. I still have the green ribbon, tied around the first story I ever sold.

"Then to Drake's for lunch, where we shot the bank roll. Gene had hocked his watch so we could get married. And did we have a stack of pawn tickets before our first month was over!

"Our marriage was May tenth.

Gray, nicknamed Gringo, who is the baby of the Delmar household.

The dull summer season had set in. We became Automat patrons. We lived in a twelve dollar a week room, across from the Lyceum Theater. Finally we moved to the six dollar hall room. If we got a dollar we spent fifteen cents on dinner each—ham sandwich and coffee—and blew seventy cents on Loew's American Roof. If we hadn't gone there we'd have lost our minds looking at that room. Then came the era of the putrid chopped beef."

Viña became ill. A doctor was needed. To the average mind, the getting of a doctor may not seem difficult. Doctors are humanitarian men. It is part of their ethics that they must minister to the ill when summoned, even though there is no money in sight. But not in Broadway's theatrical hive. Money first, ministration afterward, is the code there.

"I was desperate," says Gene Delmar, now. "There was Viña lying sick. I was afraid she'd die. But we had no money. I went out, with a sharp jackknife open in my pocket, all set to kill the first son of a gun that wouldn't come to her."

Crude, real—the realism of White Harlem, of Viña's book.

"I walked into a doctor's office in the Fitzgerald Building, Forty-second and Broadway. I saw the doctor. He wore a silver pin—the badge of those who were wounded overseas. I wore a silver pin, too. I told him I was down and out and broke. He looked at my pin, and came. I never showed the knife."

Young man or woman—you who have striven in a big city to write, to paint, to sing, or whatever your ambition may be—you may have been hungry and cold in pursuit of your art. But have you ever been more desperate than Gene and Viña Delmar?

Things had now reached a pass where there was nothing to do but go to Philadelphia and stay with Gene's folks.

Then came the worst blow of all. The father whom Viña had loved so devotedly died unexpectedly in New York. She raced to the metropolis, and attended the funeral. Nothing more could happen now. Her father—who had been teacher and father, and often mother, in one—dead. Gone out of her life forever.

When she returned to Philadelphia, the first object that greeted her swollen eyes was the bulky envelope containing the first manuscript she had ever submitted to a publisher—an 18,000 word novelette she had thought *Snappy Stories* might buy. Inside the despised story she found a printed rejection slip.

The Delmars returned to New York. Mrs. Delmar got a job ushering in Keith's Eighty-first Street Theater. This yielded twelve dollars a week, and sometimes three dollars more in tips. Gene found work addressing envelopes. In time, by schooling himself to be a machine, he was able to make forty dollars a week.

"A girl friend broke up housekeeping and gave us her furniture," recalls Mrs. Delmar. "So we started housekeeping, way uptown, just as *Dot* did in Bad Girl. Yes, my living room was done in delft blue, the same as hers. Delft blue voile curtains at the window—and all the colors of the rainbow everywhere else.

"Some rich friends—rich to me—gave me a typewriter, but it went into hock almost immediately. I wanted to try to sell a short story, so I went from one theatrical press agent to another, using typewriters. As soon as I would get nicely started on my work, the man would want his typewriter, and I would have to move on to another. There were a dozen different kinds of type in that manuscript.

"I TOOK the story, called Tony Checks Out, to *Snappy*. I suppose I was pathetic, wearing an old sport coat someone had given me the previous winter so I wouldn't freeze, and a brown suède hat with a similar past.

"The girl clerk looked at me sympathetically. The editor was preparing to dash off on his vacation. He refused to look at another manuscript. The kind-hearted girl read my story and stuck it under his nose—made him read it. He took it. They saw how shabby I was, and rushed through a check for seventy dollars, while I waited—extraordinary proceeding for a magazine!

"They wanted more. Later I sold them the story that came back when dad died. That first blessed check enabled us to pay back rent

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-TWO]

DENTISTS KNOW THE SECRET of dazzling white smiles. "Keep dull film off your teeth," they say. That's why Pepsodent is recommended.

THE LADY WINS or the gentleman lags, in this race in the ground pool of the Grand Hotel, Mackinac Island. Both, however, possess those gleaming smiles that make you think of Pepsodent. Their names are Betty Frye and Donald Royce.

VELOZ AND YOLANDA, now playing in "The Love Call," have become tremendously popular. Their smiles, which Pepsodent keeps charming, are a major asset.

Those Smiles You Envy

Reveal Film-Free Teeth So White and Sparkling

Now dentists tell you how to brighten smiles and largely ward off tooth and gum disorders

THE way to gain clearer teeth, says modern dental science, is simple—*keep your teeth film free.*

Ordinary brushing fails in properly combating film—the stubborn film to which many of the commoner tooth and gum disorders, and most causes of "off-color" teeth are charged.

To accomplish that end, authorities urge the use of Pepsodent, a tooth paste different from all others. A tooth paste compounded in consultation with world's dental authorities as a *Special Film-Removing Agent.*

Run your tongue across your teeth. Note the film—the slippery coating—that you feel. Note how your present method may be failing in its duty.

That film is the great enemy of teeth and gums. It clings to teeth, breeds germs by the millions and invites the acids of decay. It absorbs discolorations from food, smoking, etc.; makes teeth look dingy and "off color."

SMILES ON THE AIR cannot be seen, but Stewart Dawson, announcer at WIBO, tells us they are present nevertheless. He writes, "Everyone that I know depends on Pepsodent to keep smiles brilliant."

Film, too, is the basis of tartar. And tartar, with germs, is a proved cause of pyorrhea. You must remove film twice a day, EVERY DAY, dentists say. Pepsodent removes that film. It functions to firm the gums. It keeps the mouth clean by multiplying the flow and alkalinity of the saliva. It meets in almost every way the exactments of highest dental requirements in a quality tooth paste.

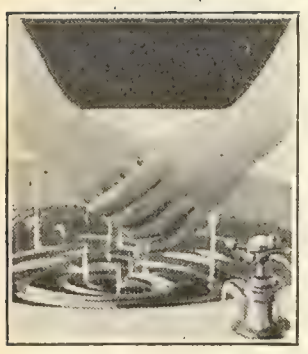
Please get a tube at your druggist's—not expensive. Or write to nearest address below for free 10-day supply. Results will amaze you.

The Pepsodent Co., 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.; 191 George St., *Toronto* 2, Ont., Can.; 42 Southwark Bridge Rd., *London*, S. E. 1, Eng.; (Australia), Ltd., 72 Wentworth Ave., *Sydney*, N. S. W.

Pepsodent
PAT. OFF.
REG. U.S.

The Quality Dentifrice—Removes Film from Teeth

To Prove the Remarkable Results of the New Linit Beauty Bath—



Make This Simple Test On Your Hands

SIMPLY swish a few handfuls of LINIT Starch in a basin of warm water—then wash your hands, using your favorite soap. The instant your hands come in contact with the water you are aware of a delightful smoothness—and after you dry your hands, INSTANTLY your skin feels soft and smooth.

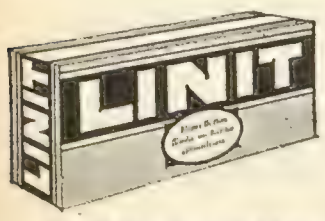
THAT is also the immediate and startling effect of LINIT in your bath. Merely dissolve half a package or more of LINIT in the tub, bathe as usual—and then feel your skin.

This satiny smoothness that you feel after the LINIT Beauty Bath comes from a thin layer of LINIT that is left on the skin. This almost invisible "coating" of LINIT absorbs perspiration, eliminates shine from the skin and in cases of irritation is most soothing.

STARCH from Corn is the main ingredient of LINIT. Being a vegetable product, LINIT contains no mineral properties to irritate the skin. In fact, the purity and soothing quality of Starch from Corn are regarded so highly by doctors and dermatologists that they generally recommend it for the tender and sensitive skin of young babies.

LINIT Starch is so economical that at least you should give it a trial. Let results speak for themselves.

LINIT IS SOLD BY YOUR GROCER



ON HOT NIGHTS
A* LINIT *Bath is Cooling and Refreshing!

THE BATHWAY TO A SOFT SMOOTH SKIN • •

[A NATURAL STORY TELLER Continued from page twenty]

and get the typewriter out of hock. *Snappy* immediately took another yarn, and put me on a drawing account—thirty dollars a week and one and one-half cents a word for stories. I sent for my check every week, and wrote to liquidate the debt."

She was seventeen then. There have been no money troubles since. For three and a half years she sold exclusively to *Snappy*. She had read Elmer Davis' novels, and one day in a moment of enthusiasm she sent him a fan letter. He asked her to lunch. He had read her stuff in *Snappy*, and asked her why she didn't send to the better paying magazines. He spoke to Putnam's literary agency about the new girl author, and they asked her to submit manuscripts. She took them It's a Tough Life, which came into the hands of Mabel McElliott Clarke, a reader on LIBERTY. It was good, Mrs. Clarke declared, but who was Viña Delmar? She passed the little story along, wishing it Godspeed.

Most editors like big names. Sheppard Butler—now executive editor, then fiction editor, of LIBERTY—saw the Delmar manuscript and, contrary to the legend about editors, purchased a good story by an unknown author. LIBERTY paid her $300.

"It was the first big money I ever got," she says now. Since then she has written steadily for LIBERTY, and has sold also to *Cosmopolitan*, *Red Book*, and the *Bookman*.

ALTHOUGH success was coming now, Mrs. Delmar continued to live in Inwood—that tediously conventional section of uptown New York which extends from 198th Street to 210th, and across town from the Hudson to the East River. There she sunned small Gray Delmar on the sidewalks. There she wrote Bad Girl.

To her, the ordinary is rich, strange, dramatic. Above all, she writes about what she knows at first hand.

"I'm not conscious of studying a girl," Mrs. Delmar says. "But when I go to write about her I'm surprised to find that I know what she eats, what kind of shows she likes, and all about her. I've no imagination. I can't write about things I've never seen. People have told me about Paris. I couldn't write a line about Paris, because I've never been there.

"I've no desire to go to strange lands for material. I find plenty right in Inwood. Just the other day I met a young woman who in the first breath told me her husband's salary and the fact that she was going to have a baby. She'll make marvelous material."

Gene and Gringo Delmar, the husband and son, discussing the mysteries of fishing.

Mrs. Delmar had little education, and her friends are people who think Victor Hugo is the newest movie scenarist. How, then, does she get her literary allusions? In Companionate, a recent story in LIBERTY, why does she remark that the inferiority crushed heroine knew "her face had never even launched one little mean canoe"?

"Of course, I haven't read the classics; but a man I knew told me about Christopher Marlowe—is it Marlowe or Morley? It's Marlowe. Told me about Christopher Marlowe and how he died in a brothel. (I would be just nasty enough to remember that about him!) Well, this man read me from Marlowe's Dr. Faustus, and in it was the line, 'Was this the face that launched a thousand ships?'

"I'd never heard of the Trojan War, but I liked the line.

"THEN sometimes there were interesting people on the bill with us. When I was ten, there was a man dancer who used to come early to the theater to play the piano before the evening performances. He would sing Who Is Sylvia? He told me Shakespeare wrote that, and that Anne Hathaway was Shakespeare's wife, and that Shakespeare lived at Stratford—Stratford, is it? No, that's a town in Jersey. Stratford-on-Avon, it was, where Shakespeare lived.

"He also told me the story of *Ulysses* and *Penelope*. I didn't know it was Greek history, but I liked the story. That dancer was on our bill three weeks, and he told me a lot.

"I often think of myself as a sponge—absorbing from other people all the time. It's disgusting—like a parasite. But for years I wanted to know things and there was no one to tell me.

"Perhaps, though, it's just as well that I had so little education. Once I made myself read a whole history of the world, just on principle, and at the end I didn't remember a thing.

"I'm primitive," she finished, shrugging her slender shoulders. "I have to get things first hand."

Her manner of writing is simple. No frantic inducing of a mood. No shaded lights. No supplications to the Muse. (I doubt if Mrs. Delmar ever heard of Muse.)

"I work at night, after the baby is in bed. I simply sit here on the sofa, with a pile of cheap white typewriting paper clamped on a file board, and write in my lap. I write longhand—very large—so Gene can read it easily when he types the story. I average more than a thousand words at a sitting—but

[CONCL'D ON PAGE TWENTY-FOUR]

He had to fight himself so hard...

he didn't put it over

YES, he was his own worst enemy. His appearance was against him and he knew it. Oh why had he neglected the bath that morning, the shave, the change of linen? Under the other fellow's gaze it was hard to forget that cheap feeling. There's self-respect in soap and water. The clean-cut chap can look any man in the face and tell him the facts—for when you're clean, your appearance fights *for* you.

THERE'S SELF-RESPECT IN SOAP & WATER

PUBLISHED BY THE ASSOCIATION OF AMERICAN SOAP AND GLYCERINE PRODUCERS, INC., TO AID THE WORK OF *CLEANLINESS INSTITUTE*

Makes dull mornings brighter—

AQUA VELVA

for After-Shaving!

A splash of Aqua Velva after the shave gives you a good day's start this summer weather. First, an invigorating tingle. Then, grateful coolness.

Made expressly to treat the newly shaven skin, Aqua Velva cares for tiny nicks and cuts; protects sensitive facial tissue; tones up; invigorates; helps to keep skins flexible, free from stiffness. *Keeps* the face all day as Williams lather *leaves* it, supple, Fit!

Not alone after shaving but now and again through the day turn to Aqua Velva. When you feel a bit fagged, wash your face and apply it, generously. There's refreshment in every drop of it.

A helpful summer friend is Aqua Velva. Make acquaintance with it!

50 cents for a 5-oz. bottle. Or a Free Trial Size if you ask for it.
Address: Dept. L68, The J. B. Williams Co., Glastonbury, Conn., and Montreal, Can.

Williams Aqua Velva

For use after shaving

[A NATURAL STORY TELLER]
[Continued from page twenty-two]

I have it all blocked out in my head first.

"I only work about four evenings a week. I'm no good at rewriting. When I polish I ruin.

"Gene often suggests changes, and gives me most all my man stuff. I got all the mechanical stuff on radios—for *Eddie's* conversation in Bad Girl—from Gene. We frequently battle over lines. Sometimes I wouldn't want the neighbors to hear what we say."

Mrs. Delmar finds marriage convenient and satisfying.

"I don't see much difference between marrying a man and merely living with him. But marriage is convenient—especially if you want a child. Although, personally, I've no prejudice against illegitimate children.

"As for a career—I don't think I would have had one if Gene and I had not been married. When he was a radio announcer and away three or four nights a week, I used to sit at the window waiting for him to come home. When I am writing, it gives me a calm, steady feeling to know he's in the room.

"Sinclair Lewis is my favorite American author. I thought Elmer Gantry an exquisite joke on the people who criticized it. All those in the book who scoffed at God got dirty breaks, except *Elmer Gantry* himself. But his story is not finished when the book closes."

SHE considers Edith Wharton's Ethan Frome the best story ever written by an American woman. She admires Willa Cather for her dignified place in American letters. She can't read Edgar Allan Poe because he scares her to death with his employment of the supernatural. This dread of unseen forces is an obsession with her—so firmly implanted that she tries always to live in new houses, or at least houses the former inhabitants of which she has known.

She recently read Tennyson's Idylls of the King, but can't make much of it. Nan Britton's book, The President's Daughter, dealing with Miss Britton's association with the late President Harding, is "the most obscene book I've ever read. Theirs was an affair of base materialism. She wanted a bank roll; he wanted a young girl in his bed. When Nan joins him in New York, he immediately asks a taxi driver for the name of a hotel where they can register as man and wife. That gesture from a man who has known refinements, seems to me the dregs of obscenity."

MRS. DELMAR'S views on obscenity are interesting, in view of the fact that Bad Girl raised a hue and cry in the Watch and Ward Society in Boston and its sale in the Hub was forbidden by the booksellers' association there.

"I don't know whether it was the seduction scene in my book, or the introduction of the disgusting abortionist, or the frank treatment of maternity that caused Boston to list it as 'actionable,'" she said. "There are no passion provoking passages. It glorifies motherhood. I don't understand how Boston gets away with the Bible and Shakespeare."

Writing is Mrs. Delmar's sole æsthetic outlet. She can't dance—has no sense of rhythm; gets little or nothing from sculpture or art. Yet I have seen her eyes light up with pleasure over a sunset.

She enjoys her uptown friends, and has never entered into the life of Greenwich Village. The uptowners—the subjects of her stories—rate feminine virtue above generosity, loyalty, and all other qualities. The men, she says, are faithful to their wives because they can't afford to spend money on other women. The women are faithful because their housework leaves no time for temptation.

Mrs. Delmar started writing Bad Girl when she was nineteen. Three publishers rejected it outright; another temporized so long that she lost patience and sent it on to Harcourt, Brace & Co. They accepted it within twenty-four hours. The book has made a small fortune for its young author. It had not been out six weeks before 50,000 copies had been sold, not to mention the 41,000 that went to members of the Literary Guild.

The book is being dramatized for stage production in the fall.

"Writing stuff I'm not ashamed of"—that's Mrs. Delmar's sole code of literary ethics. By that standard she has written her 200 or more short stories. And by that rule came a slip of a girl to write an American best seller.

THE END

TWENTY QUESTIONS

(Answers will be found on page sixty-four)

1—For whom is the month of August named?
2—What determines the number of a State's votes in the Electoral College?
3—What is the symbol for water?
4—What is the boll weevil?
5—What river runs through the Grand Cañon of the Arizona?
6—On what river is the British Henley Regatta rowed?
7—How many masts has a barkentine?
8—What is the name for a number divided by another?
9—According to a Bible narrative, what happened to Shadrach, Meshac, and Abednego?
10—What is called the Wolverine State?
11—What is ramie?
12—How many dominoes in a set?
13—What device was invented by Alexander Graham Bell?
14—What is the distinction between a prison and a reformatory?
15—What river is called the Father of Waters?
16—What bark is chiefly used in tanning leather?
17—What monarch of the last 100 years reigned longer than Victoria?
18—Who wrote Gulliver's Travels?
19—What is meant by Greenwich time?
20—What is Volapük?

An Adventure in DEMOCRACY

Mr. Shaw Comes to the Aid of a Not-so-Good Picture

A Movie Review by

FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

(Reading time: 3 minutes 48 seconds.)

THE movie camera is the great leveler. When the eminent George Bernard Shaw, an ex-wrestler, and a former protégée of Harry Thaw stand out of a single batch of celluloid, you can appreciate the democracy of the films.

George Bernard Shaw is appearing in ten minutes of Movietone. The celluloid was sighted and sounded at Shaw's home in Surrey and presents the famous author-playwright giving a gently satiric imitation of Mussolini. Shaw, too, explains that he is not an ogre at all, but really a very pleasant fellow. No wonder the great silent host of Hollywood is worried over what the sound films will do. Here is the elderly Mr. Shaw filming as handsome and personable, with the adroit dramatic instinct of an Emil Jannings and the IT of a Clara Bow. The boy is there—if he ever cares to invade Hollywood.

Mr. Shaw did not receive a single cent for his film appearance. In fact, he volunteered, shrewdly and cannily offering his services to coincide with the appearance of his newest printed work. Now he is cabling for another chance at the sound films, so enthusiastic is he over his début.

Mr. Shaw's Movietone appearance was used in New York to bolster up the première of another version of the Russian Revolution. This, called The Red Dance, comes from the Coast studios of William Fox and was directed by Raoul Walsh.

The Red Dance is not a good picture any way you look at it. Hollywood's stock Russian theme—the peasant in love with the lovely royal countess—is reversed here. This time the *Grand Duke Eugene* has lost his heart to the peasant girl *Tasia*. She works her way up to be a principal dancer in Moscow, but all the time she lives only for revenge. The authorities killed her mother and father, you know. In the end, *Tasia* and *Eugene* find happiness, for the revolution has leveled all barriers.

The Red Dance is told slowly, with a completely confused idea of the Russian overturn. Trotzky, the Czar Nicholas, the Czarina, and Rasputin move through the strange maze of jumbled ideas. The acting is none too good, either. Charles Farrell is a wooden grand duke and Dolores Del Rio does not achieve much as *Tasia*.

Ivan Linow stands out of the cast as a hulking Russian oaf who clumsily tries to win *Tasia*. The fellow becomes a general in the revolution and he saves his royal rival from a bolshevik firing squad.

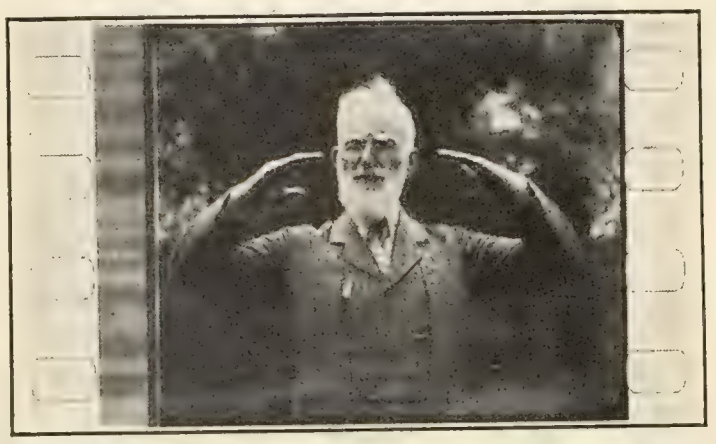
Linow used to be a wrestler. He always invested his toe holds with a sense of humor. Linow affected a strange bark which used to delight his observers.

Dolores Del Rio and Ivan Linow in one of the latest of Hollywood's Muscovite movies, The Red Dance.

Linow, who is six feet eight, has been in pictures since the wrestling game curdled some years ago, but his peasant giant of The Red Dance is his first big rôle. Los Angeles went wild over him at the California première and the Fox studios gave him a five-year contract.

Linow was born in Riga forty-one years ago. He was raised on a farm. His parents wanted him to be a doctor, and he was about to go to a seminary when his father died.

Then the Russo-Japanese War broke out and Linow was ordered to join the colors. Ivan, however, secreted himself in the coal bunkers of a steamer and emerged in England. After eight months in a London cabinet factory, he decided to take up boxing and wrestling in a serious way.



George Bernard Shaw as he appears in a strip of Movietone film. Note the sound track on left margin.

Anita Page, who plays the feminine lead in Telling the World.

Now to turn to Mr. Thaw's protégée, Anita Page, who makes her film début opposite Bill Haines in Telling the World.

The Metro-Goldwyn powers seized upon the idea of relating how the world's news is gathered, how it comes to your front page from the ends of the earth.

Don Davis, a brash young man of wealth, is cast off by his father. He goes to work as a newspaper reporter and falls in love with a cabaret cutie. She mistakes his wedding ring intentions as something quite different and runs away with a theatrical troupe to tour China. Revolution breaks out, and *Don*, who has followed the girl, saves her—and gives his paper a beat on the civil war there.

They are ruining Haines with these insufferable wise-cracking rôles. *Don Davis* would not have lasted four minutes in any city room. *Don*, you know, makes faces at the city editor and cuts up generally.

Miss Page, who appears as the night club heroine, has possibilities. Her real name is Anita Pomeres and she is of Spanish ancestry. She was born seventeen years ago on Long Island and attended Washington Irving High School. Later she studied screen acting at the Milton-Anderson School and she then played bits at the Long Island Paramount studios.

About this time a company called Kenilworth Productions was organized. Anita Page, then called Anita Rivers, was signed. The company started westward. In Chicago Harry Thaw joined the organization. It developed that he was the backer of Kenilworth.

Thaw was about as welcome in Hollywood as a prohibition officer in Maryland. Kenilworth never did make a film in California. The company faded—but Miss Page remained and took a test at Metro-Goldwyn.

Miss Page is naïve and blonde—a dangerous combination, indeed.

Do you know that—

Out of the 700 film productions of next season, 125 will have synchronized scores or dialogue sequences?

DON'T FOOL YOURSELF

Since halitosis never announces itself to the victim, you simply cannot know when you have it.

They talk about you *behind your back*

And rightly so—halitosis is inexcusable.

HALITOSIS (unpleasant breath) is the one unforgivable thing—because it is *inexcusable.*

"But how is one to know when one has halitosis?" both men and women ask.

The answer is: *You can't know.* Halitosis doesn't announce itself to the victim. That's the insidious thing about it. So thousands go through life ignorant of the fact that they are offending others to whom they desire most to appeal.

Don't fool yourself about this matter. Eliminate the risk entirely by using Listerine systematically. Every morning. Every night. And between times before meeting others. Keep a bottle handy in home and office for this purpose. It puts you on the polite—and popular—side.

Listerine ends halitosis instantly, because, being an antiseptic, it attacks the bacteria which cause it. Then, being a deodorant, it destroys the odors themselves. Even those of onion and fish yield to it.

For your own best interests, use Listerine every day. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

The new baby—
LISTERINE
SHAVING CREAM
—you've got a treat ahead of you.
TRY IT

LISTERINE—
The safe antiseptic

READ THE FACTS
1/3 had halitosis

68 hairdressers state that about every third woman, many of them from the wealthy classes, is halitoxic. Who should know better than they?

Fathers *are* FUNNY

THEY were all excited, with Ted Dooley slapping him on the back.

(Reading time: 22 minutes 23 seconds.)

The Story of a Family Man's Rebellion

By

JAMES HOPPER

Pictures by W. B. KING

IT is difficult for any of us to defeat Nature. Not so much the lady in her heroic rôle, looming catastrophic and huge, as Nature in her more subtle shape, slyly insinuating herself into our very hearts—every fiber and cell and secret nook of us.

When, in the formative period of my teens, I set about the serious task of determining once for all what my life should be, there was one irrevocable decision I swiftly came to. I would never be domestic.

I would *never* be domestic. I held in my mind a picture vivid of that state. It was of a fattish, dry scalped man of forty, sitting by the fire in a room smeared with bread and butter, his feet incased in a pair of ignoble and flaccid slippers.

The slippers, especially. They were the symbol of the abomination in which I would never allow myself to be submerged.

I carried another picture in my mind. Of what I *would* be. This picture was less clear in line than the other, but had more color. Light sparkling blues, dancing golds. Movement—a *svelte*, dashing mobility. I would travel much. I'd be romantic, adventurous, and elegant. I was not sure I might not be a rake.

My chum in college shared my views. Neither of us would ever be domestic. To make sure of that, we would never have children. To assure that, we would never marry. Between venturings and voyages we would live together in a cabin placed in a green meadow of the high Californian Sierras. Just we two, with guns, fishing tackle, a piano, a guitar, and some books.

That fellow has since married—or been married—four times. And I, though I've been married only once, am willing to wager I have been married four times as much as he.

It happened just like a thunderbolt, when I was twenty-three. I met the golden haired, brown eyed little lady, and immediately was done for. Just as immediately, so was she; at least, that is what she confesses now and then.

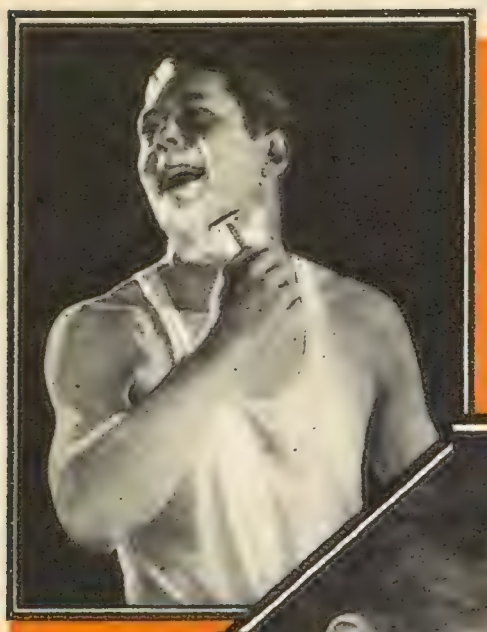
And we have stuck. About us we have seen a considerable number of unions dissolve, but we have stuck. In spite of all the modern facilities—Renos, Sonoras, and Yucatans. Happy? Happy? Hu-u-u-u-ummmm. I'll say this: we have quarreled. Yes, we have quarreled. Good *Lord,* how we've quarreled!

You see, I am a blond, and she is a blonde. She has brown eyes, but she is a blonde.

And it is this way. In many spheres she is a most capable little lady; but there exist spheres where she is—well, less so. But in all spheres—those in which she is most capable and those in which she is—well, less so—she is very, very sure of herself. Gosh! *There's* one who knows what she wants, and when she wants it, and how she is going to get it!

Whilst I—I also have my efficiencies, balanced, I suppose, by what I may call my lesser

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



MOLLÉ (MŌ-LAY)

has made shaving as simple as washing your face . . . . . .

In and out of the bath-room *ten minutes quicker* in the morning when you shave with MOLLÉ. For you save two minutes of rubbing in, you speed the shave itself three minutes, and cut five minutes more, cutting *out* steaming, lotions, powder.

Try MOLLÉ (MŌ-LAY)

Wash the face, apply MOLLÉ and Shave! . . . Shave quicker and easier than ever before, without danger of cutting the face.

MOLLÉ means *healing* (from "emollient"). A skin-specialist physician's formula, unlike any other shaving method.

MOLLÉ makes your face feel like a million dollars, all day.

For a Week, at Our Expense

The things we tell you about MOLLÉ Shaving may seem "too good to be true". So we offer you a week of MOLLÉ shaves absolutely free, as proof.

See why a million men have switched permanently to MOLLÉ. Find out what we mean when we say MOLLÉ *lubricates the shave* with a protective film of healing cream, so you can shave faster than you ever did before, without danger of cutting the skin.

Above all, we want you to know how wonderful MOLLÉ makes your face feel AFTER shaving. For that "million-dollar" feeling simply cannot be described.

MOLLÉ is a hundred years ahead of brush and lather shaving. Here is your chance to get acquainted with it.

7 Shaves FREE!

"Every MOLLÉ Shave is a Facial Treatment"

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[FATHERS ARE FUNNY Continued from page twenty-seven]

efficiencies, together with a certain degree of assurance in both planes.

Add to this the fact that we both are quite verbal—possessed of a gift for rapid and exact expression which we do not believe in allowing to rust. Oh, yes, we have quarreled!

But I am digressing. This was not to be about the little brown eyed lady at all, but altogether about Nature and me.

Here I was, married — rather a contretemps to the inflexible program I had established for my life. Nature, seemingly, had sneaked in a successful first round. But let us be just to me. Did I then give up? Did I bow my head? I did not. I simply stiffened my resolution. I was married. Yes—what of that? I was married, but I would not be domestic. I would not be a family man. I would not let fat invade my tummy and my brain, nor slippers impede my winged feet.

I would preserve my elegance of line and my mobility. This marriage would not be like others. We would travel. The little lady of the brown eyes would travel; I would travel: we would travel together. And now and then, to make surety surer, I would go on some long—and adventurous—voyage alone!

This having been decided, we—well—we began to have children. I don't know just how it happened—we had firmly decreed against children—but it did. First one, then another, then another, then another—four in the first ten years. And all of them girls—little blonde girls, each in appearance and character a perfect combination of the little brown eyed lady and myself. Or of the little brown eyed lady and myself if I had been a girl.

What I am trying to express is a certain vagueness that haloed the proceeding—at least as far as I was concerned. The first little girl had been definitely here on this earth quite some time, and still I did not realize it. By the time there were two, I was hardly beginning to realize there was one. And I know the four were here complete ere I clearly knew there were two.

I was a parent—yes—little doubt as to that. I was married, and I was a parent. I—I—I! I who—who had begun so well, with such firmness of intention.

THERE is really something very resistant about me. Divining what was lost, I became indomitable about the rest.

"Very well," I said coldly to myself. "I am married, I am a parent. But I will never be a fond papa. A fond papa—that I will never be!

"Never will I be caught a-squat upon the floor with an avalanche of sticky cherubs pulling at my hair. Never will my blue serge be smeared with bread, butter, molasses, and yellow of egg. No, I will do my duty by them, of course—work, make money, see that they are fed, clothed, educated, and to some extent amused; but as to the rest—nix! My elegance, my mobility I will keep. Fatty forty I will not be—with sloppy slippers stretched to the hearth!"

Soon, however, I found myself subtly and perfidiously imperiled. Here I was the father of four children, all very much like me, all blondes, all blue eyed, all sturdy and able to turn cart wheels, very verbal and outspoken (what a household!), all over the place—and *they were all girls!*

I placed the ball of my thumb upon the secret wistfulness within me and flattened it out like a mosquito.

Just about then he came. The boy.

I well remember the moment when the nurse, with a small curtsy, said, "And you are the father of a fine baby boy."

IT caused me to remember another moment, some twelve years before. At that time I had been without the least suspicion that I harbored within me the least trace of any preference, of any particular or favorite expectation. I had believed myself evenly balanced, philosophical to anything which might come, aristocratically indifferent and aloof. And had been immensely amazed when, to *that* silly, smirking nurse's "And it's a beautiful baby girl," I suddenly found myself filled with an ardent desire to bash in that silly, smirking, announcing face with the heel of my hand!

I had refrained from the gesture. And now, to *this* nurse's (a much prettier and more intelligent one) "You are the father of a fine baby boy," I found my natural power of restraint just as vibrantly challenged.

I must not grin—must not—must not—must not! I must *not* throw out my chest. How silly! As if this cosmic accident were due to some special dexterity of mine! I must break right away this tendency of my every muscle to stiffen into a strut.

I didn't (grin, throw out my chest). I did (break that tendency). And in the following days, I assure you with veracity and with force, no one could have loitered with a more deprecatory expression on his face, a more deprecatory modesty in his gestures. I was no little aided in my attitude—I must say it—by the subject himself, who, whenever I examined him in his cradle, struck me as bearing a remarkable resemblance to a simple roast of veal.

But even after that day when, without warning, from this roast of veal there shot out a sort of ectoplasmic hand, which with decision seized my nose and for a long moment affectionately squeezed it, even after that day did I rigidly contrive an exemplary bearing altogether at the pole of the usual demeanor of the usual vulgar fond papa.

But he began to grow. Everything changes, everything passes;

he grew. He grew into a small boy. I found myself in need of added vigilance.

If there is anything I detest and am resolved not to be, it is the parent who is "disappointed" in his children.

Yet here were the first four, all blonde, sturdy, turbulent, combative, terrifically verbal—in other words, just like their parents—and they were girls.

And now here was the boy, and into that sea of seething blondes he had slipped, a little dark fellow, a bit scrawny, gentle, and grave; with no taste, seemingly, for the rapier play of hard repartee or the thunders of oral Armageddons.

So *good!* Docile and thoughtful. Even when still a small tot, trying to help his mother. So patiently anxious always to do the right thing. And so resigned to the verbal whiffs and eddies and cataracts and cyclones which, ever swirling about in that house, now and then unjustly biffed him in the eye. So *good!*

Gee—that's not the way *I* had been!

WHEN he was twelve, a world event occurred which took many men away from home; and I too went away from home, and was gone two years.

On my return I found that Jack had taken toward his mother the rôle of manly and chivalrous protector. He was her helper, he was her right arm, he was her knight. And now, just back as I was from

I practiced him at getting off the mark swiftly.

a strong reaffirmation of my anti-domestic ideals, I found myself meshed in a dangerous tendency to worry about him.

I felt he was working too hard.

I'd see him after school toiling about the place. Wheeling barrows filled with rock; digging with a spade; raising on a pitchfork a heavy prongful of manure. All sweaty and hot and soiled, his meager muscles tensed.

You see, the little brown eyed lady, his mother, simply dotes on gardens, has a passion for gardens.

I don't and I haven't. I like everything a bit wild—splendid weeds; the brush running free; the lawn tangled and high. Everything as natural as possible.

Even walls. I like them smooth, without a nail stuck in them. And there is to me something rather vulgarly ostentatious about a car that purrs on all its cylinders; I don't mind a few dirty spark plugs; let us not be too artificial.

While she—she simply dotes on curving walks; parterres raked like the head of an old beau; shaven lawns, arbors, fountains, and terraces—much terracing, retained with heavy moss painted stones. That is why so often I saw Jack begrimed, wheeling heavy stones about, laying one on top of another (while, I thought, some day this earth ball will hit the moon or the sun or some other ball and all this be no good); or raising on high a pitchfork heavy with villainous manure for the beautiful roses.

"Surely, surely," I would think, "that little brown eyed lady in a previous incarnation was a Pharaoh's daughter! Surely she built pyramids."

And I'd have to fight a vulgar tendency to worry about Jack. A tendency to think, as I saw the gnarled contortions demanded by that sort of exercise, as I saw his scrawny limbs harden, "Gee, he's going to get the wrong kind of muscle! Altogether the wrong kind of muscle!"

The wrong kind of muscle for what?

Well—well—well—

Out with it!

Well, the wrong kind of muscle for an athlete.

You see, when a boy *I* had been an athlete! An ath-tha-lete!

No terracing for me, and mighty little mowing of lawns! The baseball sand lot was my sphere; the beach where you swam and roasted clams; the abandoned quarry with the "bottomless" lake; the bridge with my skiff hanging by a system of ropes; the Y gym where you jumped and you vaulted and wrestled, and slammed each other about in the first loose ruled beginnings of basketball.

And later, at college, I had been "quite" an athlete. Football and baseball and— But let's be modest.

Now, of course, I had no intention of letting myself become the typical sodden family man who wishes his children to be like himself. But still—gol *darn* it, he was getting the wrong kind of muscle!

There is a man in our town—one of those resigned, vicarious fellows—who takes great interest in boys, and he had gathered many together into a baseball league.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

You are right

All catsups do not taste alike

OVER and beyond the fresh-picked, fresh-kept tomatoes that make up Snider's Catsup, its secret of flavor is of course in the art of cooking and spicing.

This recipe, now a classic in tomato cookery, is a measured, careful mulling—a process exclusively Snider's.

What a sparkle this sauce has—in truth the wine of tomatoes gorgeously spiced. What a pickup it gives to the palate, and how different from what most people would call just "catsup."

No wonder that Snider's, the mulled catsup, has the call among folk who value the niceties of life.

Snider's

The *mulled* catsup

The choice of those privileged to choose —Snider's

CHILI SAUCE ~ ~ ~ COCKTAIL SAUCE

FRESH-KEPT VEGETABLES & FRUITS IN GLASS & TIN

[FATHERS ARE FUNNY
Continued from page twenty-nine]

There were four clubs; they played every Wednesday; and Jack was substitute on the Reds.

He was only substitute because he did not play well enough. Every time he did play, I could see he did not play well enough. How could he—spending his spare hours worming in the sod, while his playmates toyed and toyed and eternally toyed with a bat and a ball!

I got a bat and a ball. Every afternoon I would try to inveigle him into a little practice with me. But there was always something he must do. "I have to finish that terrace, dad!" Or, "No, dad; I've got to clean the spark plugs!" Terraces and spark plugs!

Chuck Talbot, captain of the Reds, was Jack's best friend; but, incorruptible as Robespierre, he would squirm and intrigue on Wednesday, I noticed, to keep Jack off his club, even if one of the regular players had failed to come.

I wheedled harder: "Come on, Jack; let me bat you a few balls."

"I've got to move that rosebush from the front lawn to the back lawn, father."

Roses—lawns—oh, h——!

HE now entered high school, and I waited to see if the contagion of youth for youth would have its way. But the first thing he did was to take Latin. Latin! And he completed the ruin by enrolling in five courses instead of four, so that he had few study periods left at school and must do much home work.

Every night, right after dinner, he seated himself at a little table in the corner of the living room, spread out his books, and labored till midnight. I was aghast. Had I taken books home when I went to high school? Had I? I could not remember. But surely, if I had, I would remember.

And I made another discovery. In this family—and that is true of the little brown eyed lady and the four gold tousled daughters—we are very active with what I might call the tops of our minds. To the slightest stimulus, away they go, the tops of our minds, weaving back and forth at full speed, tumbling color like a kaleidoscope, spitting like pinwheels, throwing a live screen of noise and color over what may be or may not be beneath.

While he—oh, here again he was different. The surface of his brain seemed sluggish. He had to go deeper, with effort, for what he wanted. And studying there in the evening at the little table, he gave exactly the same impression of effort, begrimed and hot, which he did shoveling earth, moving rock, in the garden of his mother.

The high school was four miles away; he must get up early. Every morning I would hear the short tinkle of his alarm clock (thus he had trained it, or rather trained himself). I'd listen. This would be followed by a big sigh as he shook himself awake. He was not sleeping enough.

When a month had gone by, I said carelessly, "Going out for football this term?"

He had not yet decided about that.

I asked him again a week later. He had decided now.

"I'm going to see how I come out with the books before I try anything else," he said.

The football season passed. Very casually I said, "Going out for basketball?"

But he did not go out for basketball.

The basketball season passed. Spring came. I could not help observing him now and then with a sort of morose dissatisfaction. But one afternoon he came home from school surrounded by some of those he called his "gang,"

As I had done before, I slipped over and hid myself in the grand sta

and they were all excited, with Ted Dooley slapping him on the back.

"Say, Jack won the quarter mile at school today!" Dooley cried as he saw me. "And he beat Chuck Talbot. And Chuck is a junior and has been running two years!"

It seemed there had been a tryout at the school for track candidates, and that Jack, urged into the quarter, had beaten the redoubtable Chuck—the same Chuck, *I* remember, who used to keep Jack off his baseball club.

"Jack started like all get-out," Dooley cried, "and Chuck tailed on behind! I guess he thought Jack would blow up. But when he tried to pass Jack at the finish, by gosh, he couldn't, and Jack won. Gosh—he must have won by at least two yards!"

I tightened by another notch the wariness of my conduct: I scented the danger ahead.

Of all the buncombe which is classed as old wisdom, there is a particular maxim which is my particular abomination. It is that which claims that old age is a happy state; that the vicarious enjoyment one obtains out of doings of one's descendants transcends any pleasure one ever drew from one's own bounding achievements. None of that for me! Nor for me that vicarious state! And every afternoon I religiously played my three sets of tennis—my three furious sets of tennis—and as to Jack contented myself with asking negligently, "Run today?" Upon which he would answer, "Yes; two laps," or "three laps," or whatever it had been.

Then I heard there was going to be a second tryout at the high school, and strolled over that way—out of idle curiosity—to see how all those boys were doing, and sat myself in the little grand stand, amid a small bevy of girls and boys, some thirty yards from the finish.

The runners came out after a while, and I could see Chuck, looking big and easy and confident, and then Jack. Stripped to the running togs, amid all those lusty boys he looked more

id a bevy of girls.

scrawny than ever, and his neck was thin, I impersonally decided.

There were five runners for the quarter. Chuck had drawn the pole and Jack the position next to his. But almost immediately the other boys dropped back and the race became one between Jack and Chuck. The track, a poor country high school track, was uneven and soft, with unbanked turns, but large enough—one lap to the quarter.

Both boys spurted for the turn in an attempt to get the pole; but it was Chuck with the inside track, who was successful. And they went around the first turn thus, Chuck ahead, Jack right behind him. Into the first long straightaway they burst, still in that order.

Chuck, who had been beaten two weeks ago by holding back too far, was evidently possessed of an excellent memory, and determined not to repeat his error. He held to the lead and set a stiffish pace, looking big and triumphant ahead, with Jack, frailer, behind with something just a little weak, somehow, about him. He did not seem to be able to quite hold the pace. He was dropping behind, inch by inch.

But as they neared the second turn he called on himself for a bigger effort. His stride lengthened, he drew up to Chuck, he caught him at the head of the turn. Then, running outside of him for the length of that hard unbanked turn, he tried and tried to pass Chuck. With spurt succeeding spurt, he tried to pass Chuck, who as determinedly fought him off. So that, debouching into the last 120 yard straightaway, they were side by side. Down they came, side by side, to the uproar of the bleachers, one thrown out chest ahead one moment by an inch, the other a moment later.

They came down like that, almost exactly even, till opposite to me, where I sat in the stand thirty yards from the finish. Then, just as they were opposite me, I saw Jack's head flop loosely sidewise to his shoulder, like a little dead bird's. He was done.

"Jack!" I cried as if to awaken him.

He must have heard me. He made a new effort, as if out of a nightmare, thrashing with his arms, straining to wriggle his chest ahead above the legs which refused to go. For the fraction of a second he gained back some of what he had lost; he struggled up even with Chuck. But Chuck, running strongly, broke his last resistance with a new spurt, and threw himself across the tape, a winner by two yards.

When I saw Jack again, at dinner, he said, "I didn't use my nut. You see, I wore myself out trying to pass him on that unbanked turn."

Which left me stupefied with surprise, because it was so different from what I was feeling. For on my side I was haunted—haunted with a picture that, as a matter of fact, kept awakening me in my bed that night. A picture of Jack, as he ran alongside Chuck, suddenly "going"—the limp head of him rolling to his shoulder like a little dead bird's. Time and time again I awoke to that picture—that head of his going limp to his shoulder like a small dead bird's.

WHEN morning came I asked him if I might take hold of his training, and he gravely consented.

There is a long beach at the foot of the cliff where our town stands. I got Jack to jogging every afternoon in the half firm, half loose sand. Slow, slow jogging, in the rather heavy going, for long distances, with plenty of rest between; slow, slow, prolonged jogging, which strengthened his legs, deepened his lungs, made of his heart a tireless pump.

I taught him a middle distance run, loose from the hip, with the foot thrown well ahead, while keeping the body angle forward. I would stride him at that, exaggerating the style, every day.

Then I gave him a mechanical sprint, for start and finish. A different run, shortened up a bit, with the knees snapping high, then down again in a vicious spurning of the ground, the arms uppercutting and whistling down in counterbalance. I practiced him at getting off the mark swiftly. Every morning, out of bed, I put him through stationary exercises till his stomach began to look like a corrugated washboard.

He was a good one to work with—unquestioning, patient, and grave. At night I would try to hasten his bedtime by sly suggestions tending to ease the solution of those silly algebraic problems they loaded him with.

But there was still that gardening, endangering the suppleness of the fine athletic muscles I was building up. I spoke to his mother about it—and we plunged into the exhilarating fizz water of one of our good old fights.

"I am merely endeavoring," she said freezingly, "as far as I have the strength, to make a man of him. One that can wield a hammer without splattering his ten thumbs, and swing an ax without lopping off all of his toes."

Which was most unjust. It is not true I cannot drive a tack. It is not true I cannot chop wood. I can. I know that I can, because every now and then I prove it to myself. When no one is about and no one is looking, I drive a few tacks into the wall—jerking them out again before anyone returns. Or with an ax make chips fly—which I gather up and burn before anyone is back. I can do these things—very well. No one in this house knows it, it is true, but *that* is not my fault!

MY faculties having been stimulated by the lady's injustice, I answered, then she answered, then I answered, and so on. As the result did seem a draw, I was surprised when, the next day, Jack was forbidden gardening and chores. Thus, now untroubled, we two—Jack and I—came to the day of the second meet.

This was, it seemed, an interclass meet. As I had done before, I slipped over and hid myself in the grand stand amid a bevy of girls. By the time the quarter mile was called these were much excited. It appeared that if Jack could win a first place, then the freshmen would beat the sophomores. Hooray!

The race started with a strong resemblance to that other one of last month. Here were the same contestants lining up—Jack, Chuck, and three other boys. The lucky Chuck again drew the pole. But Jack did still worse than before—drew the fourth position.

Again the race from the beginning resolved into a duel. Chuck secured the lead in the first rush for the turn, and Jack managed to place himself right behind him. Together and in that order they went around the turn, drawing away from the others. Together and in that order they came into the first long straightaway.

It was across the field from the little stand, so that they showed very clearly—Chuck running strongly and confidently up in front, Jack seemingly having some trouble to hold the pace, falling back slightly. As they neared the second turn, however, he drew up again till he was once more right at Chuck's flying heels.

They hit the turn—the murderous unbanked turn. But this time Jack did not try to pass Chuck here, but remained behind, running almost in lock step with Chuck till, the turn almost over, he shot out to the right and came up even.

And thus they came down the second and last long straightaway abreast. One would pull a little ahead, then the other; one chest would struggle three inches ahead of the other, then the other chest, struggling, would come up an inch ahead. Gradually, as they strained, their heads were going back, their eyes toward the sky, their chins lifted, in a sort of desperate imploring gesture.

Thus they swept up to where I sat, thirty yards from the finish.

Then I thought I saw Jack going—like that other time. "Jack!" I yelled—or rather the pit of my stomach, not I, yelled.

But it was not a breakdown I was witnessing, but a sort of new convulsive call he was making upon himself. He was leaving the middle distance run for the sprinting action I had advised for the finish. The process was a good deal like that of a car changing gears. There was a check in his progress. Chuck went half a yard ahead.

But now Jack had it going. Up and down

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

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Sold by Druggists from Coast to Coast

LARGEST SELLING RHEUMATIC TABLET IN THE WORLD

[FATHERS ARE FUNNY
Continued from page thirty-one]

his knees snapped like pistons; his arms began to fight; a sort of dynamite was at the pit of his stomach. An inch, another inch, another inch he gained. He was up to Chuck. His knees snapped higher, his arms beat harder. Abruptly, like an engine running away, he left Chuck behind and stamped through the tape, a victor by two yards.

And I sat limp in that little grand stand, amid the flutter of the frenzied little female freshies. An invisible but very strong hand was at my throat. Something warm and damp hit the back of my right hand, and, looking down, I saw that it was—well, that it was what it was.

It has often been remarked, and is a platitude to remark, how swift is thought. Jack, past the line, was still going headlong, sprawling toward little Dooley, who waited open armed to receive him. And I, meanwhile, had looked back over my whole life and come to a conclusion. I had remembered the resolutions of my youth—mobility, elegance, all that. And I had seen what I had done. Yes, what *had* I done?

I had married, and had stayed married—years! I had had children—five of them! I had been disappointed (oh, yes, I had) because the first had been daughters. I had been disappointed later because the son had not been exactly like me (oh, yes, I had!).

And now I was sitting in a grand stand with a catch at my throat, with a big drop of—warm water on my hand, because my boy—mah b-boy!—had run faster than another boy!

I HAVE suggested that I possess a certain quality of stubborn resistance. I will now admit a second quality: When I am beaten, I see it very clearly.

As we rode back home after the meet, I stopped the car at the shoe shop. I bought myself a pair of slippers.

I haven't worn them yet. Not yet. But there they hang, all ready, in the closet.

That is what I meant when I remarked that it is difficult to win over Nature.

THE END

Poems You Ought *to* Know

My Wife and Child

By GENERAL HENRY R. JACKSON

[This poem, though often attributed to General "Stonewall" Jackson, was written by General Henry R. Jackson, a lawyer and diplomat, of Savannah, Georgia.]

THE tattoo beats—the lights are gone,
The camp around in slumber lies;
The night with solemn pace moves on,
The shadows thicken o'er the skies;
But sleep my weary eyes hath flown,
And sad, uneasy thoughts arise.

I think of thee, oh, dearest one,
Whose love my early life hath blest—
Of thee and him—our baby son—
Who slumbers on thy gentle breast.
God of the tender, frail, and lone,
Oh, guard the tender sleeper's rest.

And hover gently, hover near
To her whose watchful eye is wet;
To mother, wife—and doubly dear—
In whose young heart have freshly met
Two streams of love so deep and clear
And clear her drooping spirits yet.

Whatever fate those forms may show,
Loved with a passion almost wild—
By day—by night—in joy or woe—
By fears oppressed, or hopes beguiled,
From every danger, every foe,
O God! protect my wife and child!

Now, while she kneels before Thy throne,
Oh, teach her, Ruler of the skies,
That, while by Thy behest alone,
Earth's mightiest powers fall or rise,
No tear is wept to Thee unknown,
No hair is lost, no sparrow dies!

That Thou canst stay the ruthless hands
Of dark disease, and soothe its pain;
That only by Thy stern command
The battle's lost, the soldier's slain—
That from the distant sea or land
Thou bring'st the wanderer home again.

And when upon her pillow lone
Her tear-wet cheek is sadly prest,
May happier visions beam upon
The brightening current of her breast,
No frowning look nor angry tone
Disturb the Sabbath of her rest.

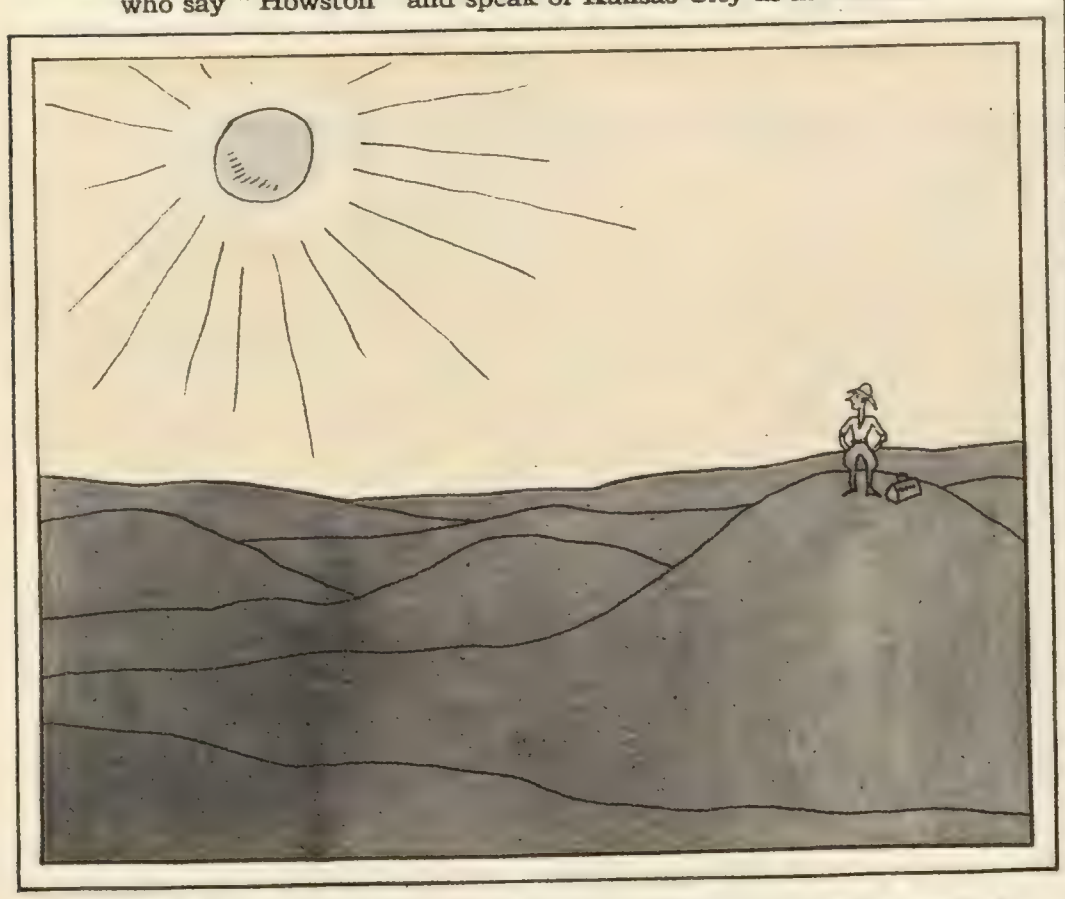
GRAPHIC SECTION

News of the World

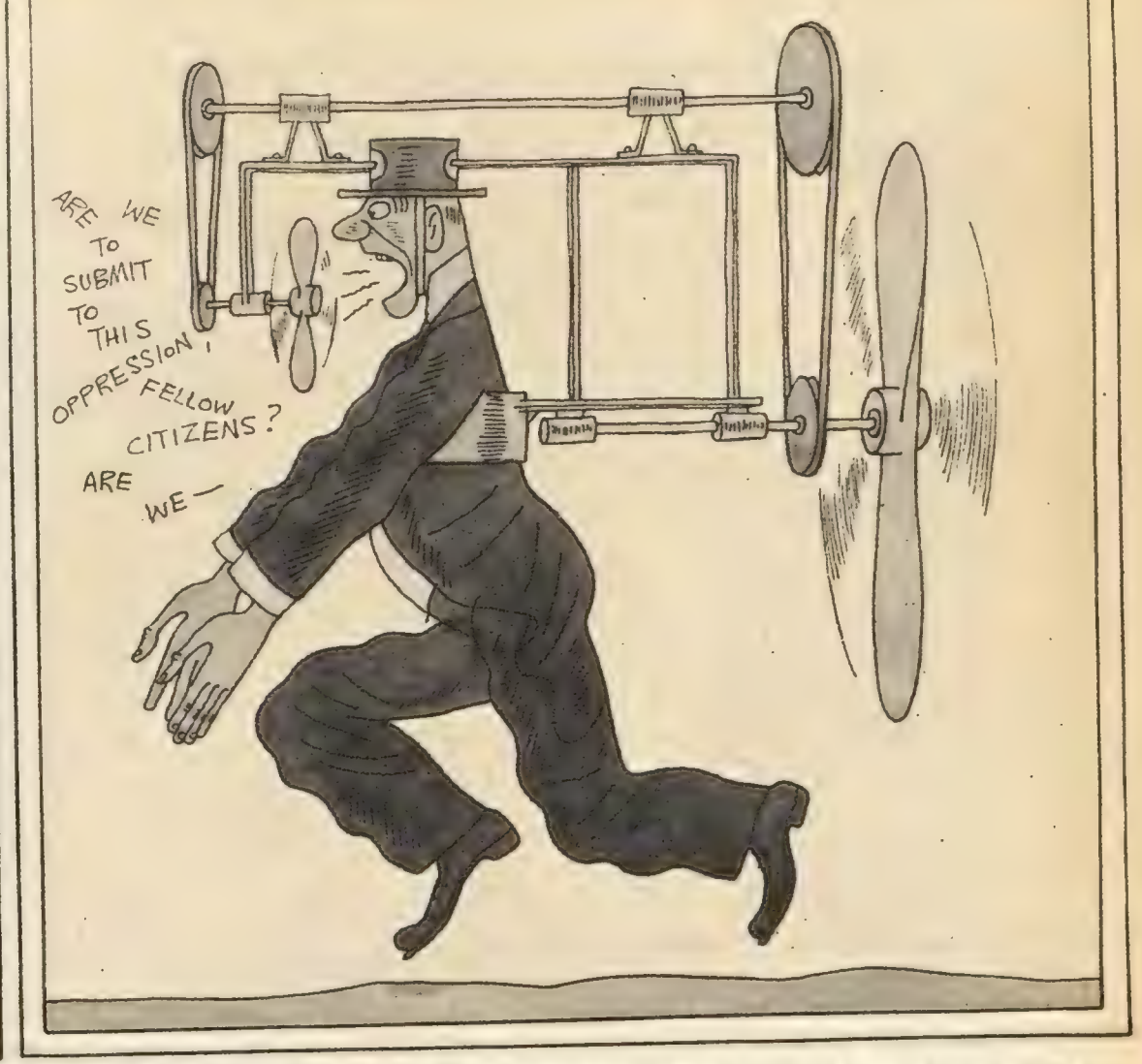
By RALPH BARTON

WAS IT ALL FOR NOTHING? Disheartened members of the Democratic and Republican committees realizing that, in spite of the great conventions and the widespread publicity, there are *still* people in the world who say "Howston" and speak of Kansas City as in Kansas.

THOSE CRITICS OF THE CINEMATOGRAPHIC ART who find the little mustaches affected by the male stars so objectionable are hereby asked to suggest a better method of distinguishing the heroes from the heroines in the films.



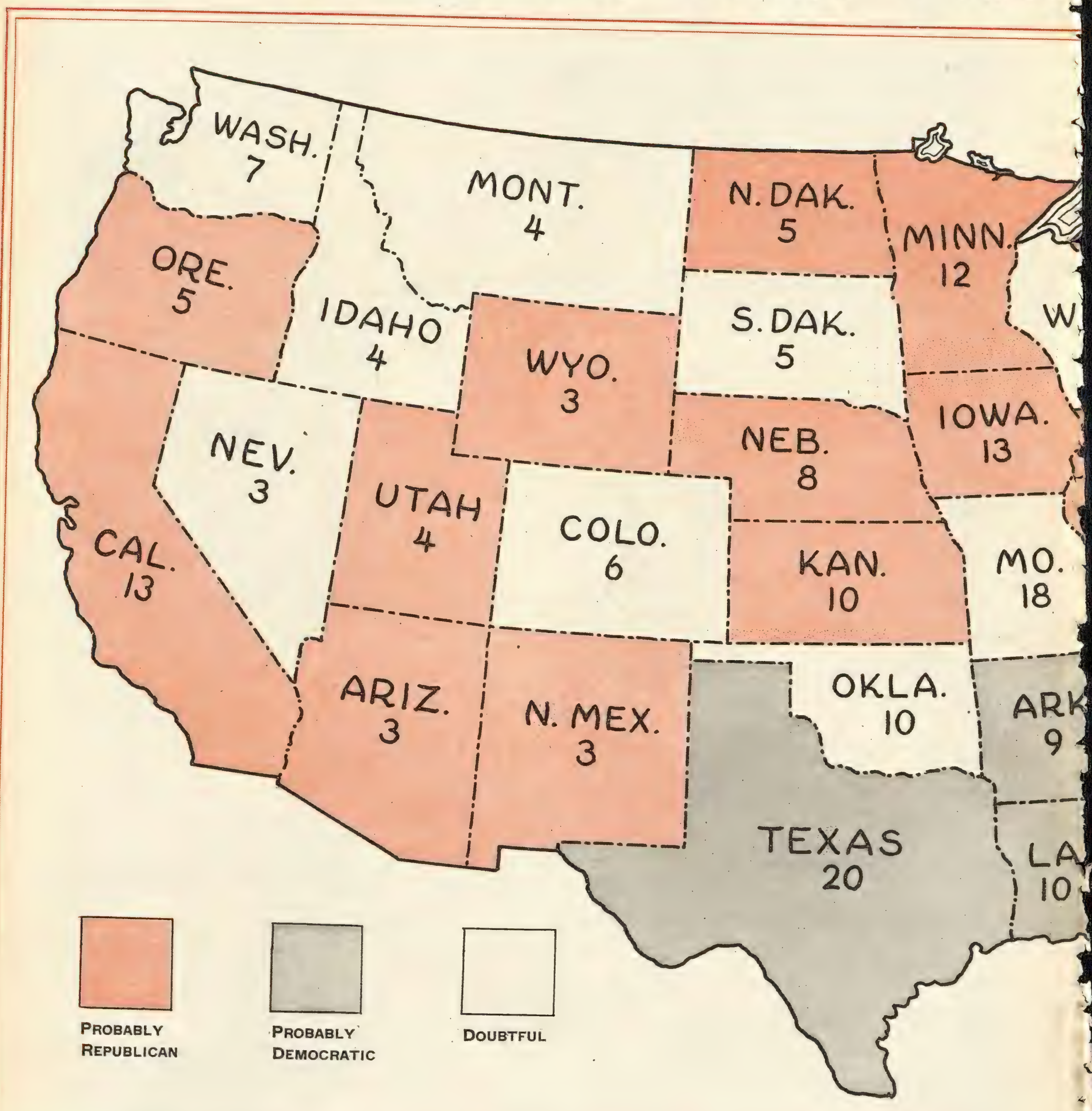
LITTLE KNOWN SPOTS IN THE OLD WORLD for those tourists who cannot bear to spend their vacations in places that are overrun by tourists: the corner of the meridian of Greenwich and the tropic of Cancer in the Sahara Desert.



THE NOW-YOU-TELL-ONE CORNER. (The standard rate of one penny is paid for each thought illustrated in this corner.)

CANDIDATE FOR OFFICE devises novel apparatus to push himself to the front. (Idea by H. R. Zimmerman, Topeka, Kan.)

Who Will Be the Next Presi

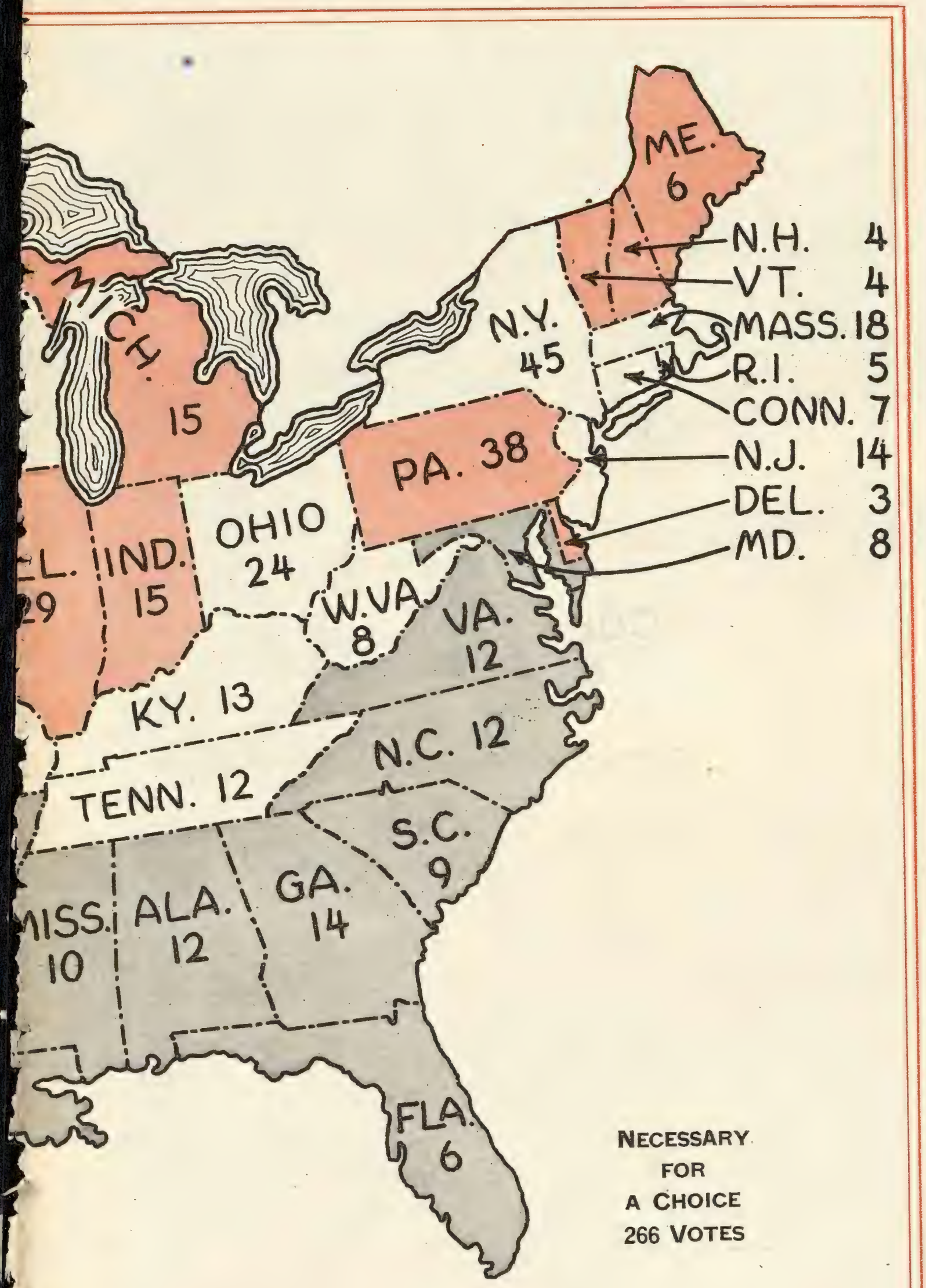


HERE is a political map of the United States, indicating, as nearly as may be predicted, how the States are likely to vote for President. It is designed to show at a glance the chances of Messrs. Hoover and Smith, the debated territory for which each must fight, and the States or combinations of States necessary for either to win. States which are reasonably claimed by the Republicans appear in red. Those which probably will go Democratic have a gray tint, and those which are doubtful are white. Color these last to suit yourself, and change any of the tints that do not conform to your ideas of what is going to happen. Then, in the columns at the right, enter in detail what you think will be the result.

The figures indicate the number of each State's electoral votes. Each has as many Presidential electors as it has Senators and Representatives in Congress. By custom (though not by law) all the electors from any o vote as they are instruct Each State's group of ele for one or another of t its forty-five electors, is of the smallest States p

To be elected, a candi

nt? Figure It Out for Yourself

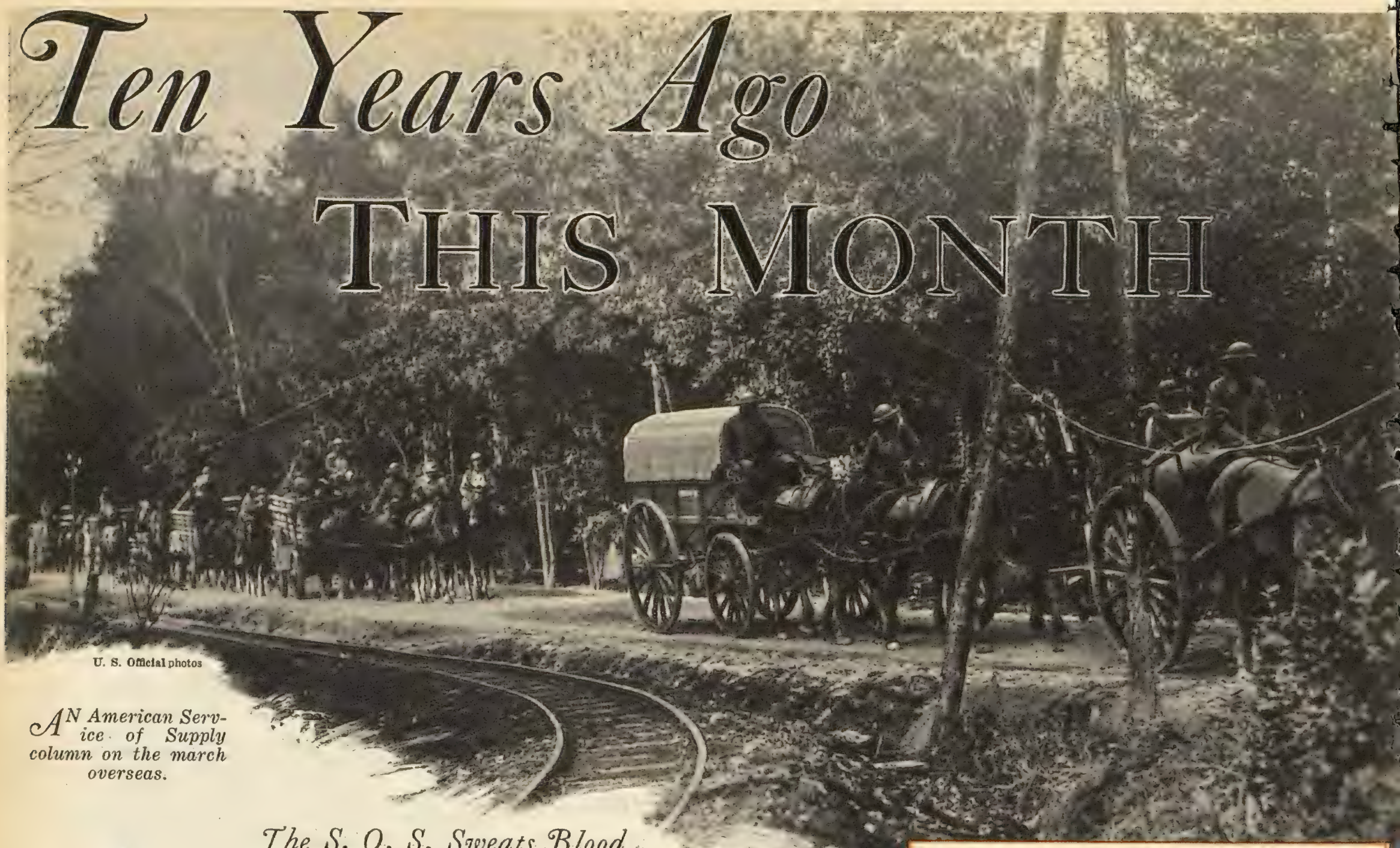


VOTE IN 1920	VOTE IN 1924	STATE		HOOVER	SMITH
D	D	ALABAMA	12		
R	R	ARIZONA	3		
D	D	ARKANSAS	9		
R	R	CALIFORNIA	13		
R	R	COLORADO	6		
R	R	CONNECTICUT	7		
R	R	DELAWARE	3		
D	D	FLORIDA	6		
D	D	GEORGIA	14		
R	R	IDAHO	4		
R	R	ILLINOIS	29		
R	R	INDIANA	15		
R	R	IOWA	13		
R	R	KANSAS	10		
D	R	KENTUCKY	13		
D	D	LOUISIANA	10		
R	R	MAINE	6		
R	R	MARYLAND	8		
R	R	MASS.	18		
R	R	MICHIGAN	15		
R	R	MINNESOTA	12		
D	D	MISSISSIPPI	10		
R	R	MISSOURI	18		
R	R	MONTANA	4		
R	R	NEBRASKA	8		
R	R	NEVADA	3		
R	R	N.HAMPSHIRE	4		
R	R	N. JERSEY	14		
R	R	N. MEXICO	3		
R	R	NEW YORK	45		
D	D	N. CAROLINA	12		
R	R	N. DAKOTA	5		
R	R	OHIO	24		
R	D	OKLAHOMA	10		
R	R	OREGON	5		
R	R	PENN.	38		
R	R	RHODE ISLAND	5		
D	D	S. CAROLINA	9		
R	R	S. DAKOTA	5		
R	D	TENNESSEE	12		
D	D	TEXAS	20		
R	R	UTAH	4		
R	R	VERMONT	4		
D	D	VIRGINIA	12		
R	R	WASHINGTON	7		
R	R	W. VIRGINIA	8		
R	★	WISCONSIN	13		
R	R	WYOMING	3		
TOTALS			531		

★ Wisconsin for La Follette in 1924

State vote for the same candidate, and
by the popular vote which chooses them.
tors, therefore, must be considered a unit
e candidates. Obviously, New York, with
worth as much to a candidate as a dozen
t together.
date must receive a majority of all the electoral votes—that is, at least 266 votes. Remember this in footing up your totals, if you think any State will be carried this year by a party other than the two major ones. When a third party carries a State or two, it may happen that no candidate receives a majority. Then Congress must decide. Keep this map and play politics with it through the summer. Put it away before the election; afterward, get it out and see how nearly right you were.

Ten Years Ago
THIS MONTH



U. S. Official photos

AN American Service of Supply column on the march overseas.

The S. O. S. Sweats Blood

By
FREDERICK PALMER

(Reading time: 22 minutes 14 seconds.)

"PRESS the fighting!" was the way to take Meurcy farm and its machine guns, said Major McKenna of the Forty-second. He fell at the head of his battalion in the final charge which won the farm.

Here was another item to the good in finishing the job of closing the Marne salient, which carried over to the early days of August. This was a month of movement, preparation, and girding our loins for the bigger job to come; of mortal effort in the S. O. S.

What a transition in Allied spirits in six weeks! The tide had been turned against the German drives. The world was hearing the thud of our blows; the enemy was feeling them.

When one division was on its face from exhaustion, another took its place. By relays of divisions we kept the attack continuous. With Château-Thierry and Belleau Wood well behind us, we had come at the end of July to tough going against a wall of fire hard to break and positions hard to take.

This was not work for men numb with sleep; not for winded fighters after fifteen hard rounds; but for men fresh as they sprang into the ring. The brigade of the Twenty-eighth, staggering with fatigue, had a taste of what was in prospect before its place was taken by the Thirty-second.

Now, the Thirty-second had something of a grouch, which sometimes makes men fight the better. Consider what the big bosses of Chaumont had done to the Thirty-second—Wisconsin and Michigan National Guard (Major General W. G. Haan)—early in its career in France!

After they had drilled together and kitchen policed together and crossed the submarine zone, buddy had been separated from buddy. Not that the big bosses wanted to do this. It went against the grain. But there was a crisis at the time, owing to the success of German drives.

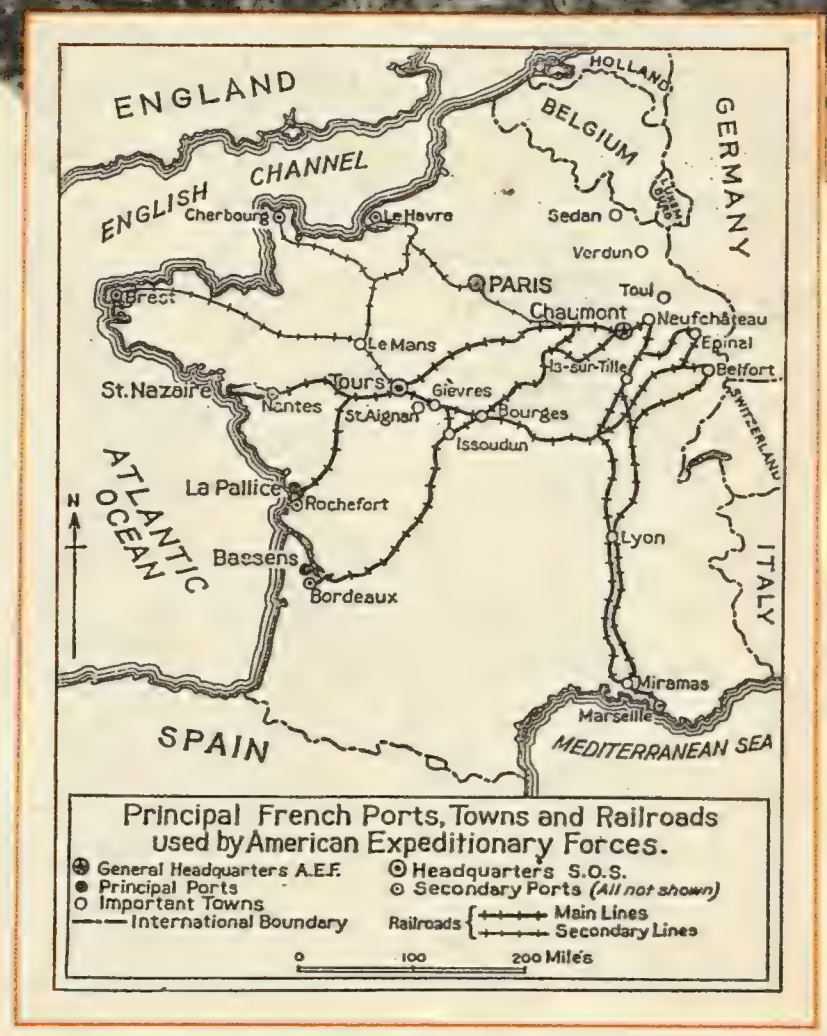
A part of the Thirty-second had been transferred as recruits to fill the gaps in an older division at the front. Was this to be the future of huskies from where the lake winds blow? Their division to become one of those depot divisions—just to drill men to fight with other divisions?

"You've got to live up to us," the rookies that filled the Thirty-second's gaps were told by its old-timers. "We're the stuff. You're Michigan now, buddy; or if you ain't you're Wisconsin."

AFTER having shown it could hold sixteen miles of quiet trenches in Alsace, the Thirty-second, just to meet an emergency, was made a temporary combat division. Do you get that? A *temporary* combat division! All right, Chaumont. Thanks for the chance. Look in the Thirty-second's direction and see temporary become permanent.

Woods fighting ahead, is there? There were lumberjacks in the Thirty-second who had seen deeper woods than you find in city parks. And there were many soldiers of German extraction from Wisconsin. It had even been whispered that their loyalty might be doubtful.

The German staff had hoped this was true. Blood will tell, kin will not fight kin, was its idea. And the German blood of Wisconsin was to have full opportunity to do a lot of telling. Behind the Thirty-second was the tradition of the famous Iron Brigade of Wisconsin in the Civil War, and the "I fights mit Sigel" of the German soldiers of the Union Army.



Not only the woods to be taken. Beyond them were irregular slopes ascending as the wall of the valley of the River Vesle, which was the promised land. There were groves and bushes to hide German machine gunners on the slopes; and, crowning all, to complete a machine gunners' paradise, was Hill 230 from which the hose stream of bullets could be played upon those below as if from the roof upon the front lawn.

Every open space was covered by a machine gun. Meanest of the woods was Planchettes, which began its rattle of machine guns as soon as we started across the open space before it

to the grapple. Then began the fighting in which the generals were corporals, sergeants, and lieutenants, and their armies squads and platoons.

Planchettes was taken by small groups of snipers. Individuals settled it in hand-to-hand clashes with the machine gunners. Lumberjacks, used to the cant hook, were good with the bayonet and the fist. In some cases, gunner and attacker were found locked together in death.

German gutturals answered German gutturals as eye met eye at close quarters.

"You're German, too?"

"No; American. Come to get your Kaiser who has shamed the German name!"

The Americans fought the harder in a blood test of their nationality; the Germans of Germany more bitterly against men whom they thought traitors to their blood. All that day of July 31 and all the night and all the next day there was no cessation of fire. No man slept. If he nodded, a machine gun was the alarm clock that awakened him.

ANY movement brought fire. Rations could not be brought up. The wounded could be moved back only where there were folds in the ground. A man-to-man battle by night as well as day. Machine gunners' faces illumined by the flash of fire. Figures creeping up on them were dropped by a blast, or came near enough to toss a bomb or leap on a gunner, and—"one more that will not bother us."

Squads and platoons and companies gathered after a mix-up for another charge. "Press the fighting!" By the night of August 1 we had Hill 230 and Planchettes Wood. The hungry Americans were eating captured German rations, and they liked the little bags of sugar with which the Kaiser supplied his suicide groups left to die in their machine gun nests.

In an open space on a hillside ten Germans lay dead facing ten dead Americans. All the American bayonets were fixed, gleaming points ahead of them as they fell forward in their charge, evidently caught by a burst of machine gun fire. But there was no living witness to tell just what had happened to leave the ten facing the ten as they were.

A temporary combat division was it, this Thirty-second? It was not asking any odds of the permanent, veteran Forty-second—that tireless Forty-second, which was still in on its right and mixed up in the same kind of fighting to which it had become hardened.

After the German resistance was broken, the Forty-second had one unit not so tired but that it could wiggle—the engineers. They started in pursuit on the Forty-second's front.

When the call came, other units, after a little rest, extended themselves in the joy of a home stretch which carried them as far as Chartreves. But there was not enough strength left in them, after this spurt, to have carried them another mile, even if the Kaiser, with hands up, had been waiting to surrender.

But the men of the Forty-second were happy, very happy, or they would have been if they could have kept from thinking how many buddies would never respond to roll call again. Other old-timers took their place. After five days' rest the steady going Fourth reappeared to finish the business which it had helped to begin and which altogether cost it 5,000 casualties.

It was easy going now for the Fourth and Thirty-second up the rest of the slopes until they passed over the wall of the Vesle. As they descended on the other side they found the Germans waiting for them on the opposite heights of the valley. That was a way the Germans had. They were good pickers of positions and good waiters, as they made guns ready to give us a welcome in a rain of steel mixed with gas.

Both divisions were under plunging fire on the slopes and in the valley before the Thirty-second had the village of Fismes, for which it had to pay in more dogged fighting, and both divisions were intrenched in a line across the top of the salient—now closed, "the military insult" avenged.

The rested Twenty-eighth took the place of the Thirty-second, which, when it was rested, was sent to Mangin in answer to his call for an American division to cheer his troops by its presence for his assault on the infamous old Chemin des Dames after he had taken Soissons.

And look who has come to the Vesle now to get a taste of the plunging fire in place of the Fourth: Broadway, the Bowery, and Hester Street, New York. It is the Seventy-seventh (Major General George Duncan). Much favored, the Seventy-seventh; favored as the "melting pot division"; favored by being mobilized close to a great seaport which started it as first of the National Army divisions to France.

To the Americans, all our regiments did not look alike. There was quite a difference to us between the Alabamans, the Michiganders, the Texans, the Maine men, and the city breds of New York or Chicago, many of whom spoke no English. But to a Frenchman who saw them marching by in their khaki and tin hats, or about their billets, they all seemed to be poured out of a common mold.

IT was hard for the European to understand the reason that made the Germans fight against Germany, or the Austrians against Austria, or a Hungarian against Hungary. The Irish of Ireland held back from the British army, but not the American Irish who found that they were fighting beside the British as an incident to fighting for America. The Italians fought better in the American army than in the Italian.

There were many little men in the Seventy-seventh. Their packs were heavier to bear than for a lumberjack or Western plainsman. Often their arches broke down. One such, an Italian who spoke a little broken Italian English, was in mortal pain as he stumbled on. I told him to wait for an ambulance. But his company was fighting.

"I gotta get into it," he said. "I gotta prove I'm an American."

Something eloquent about that. I like to tell it. There is more in it than all the Fourth of July speeches I ever heard. Each man had a chance to show he was a man; to prove citizenship before he took out citizenship papers.

It was not so easy for the men of the Seventy-seventh to find their way about the fields of France as it was for a Texas ranger or a man brought up on the farm. They required a lot of signposts. That was all right as long as they followed the ones to the front.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Doughboys of Battery E, Fifth Field Artillery, First Division, loading a supply wagon aboard a train for a trip to the front.

[TEN YEARS AGO THIS MONTH
Continued from page thirty-seven]

When three of them missed direction they found themselves behind the German outposts. They got in a hole and waited and waited for three days, getting hungrier and hungrier. Finally, they had a chance to slip back to their own lines. It would have been easy for them to hold up their hands and get some German rations. As they stood before their captain, expecting a court-martial for being A. W. O. L., their plea for leniency was that they had been told never to surrender and they had not surrendered.

In the New York of the old days the toughest spot was Hell's Kitchen, which was no place for a stranger to walk about displaying a large roll of bills. The New Yorkers of the Seventy-seventh had a Hell's Kitchen in the valley of the Vesle. If it did not make them feel at home, at least it showed them the "what for" of their presence in France.

So, a National Army division now being in, the Germans might expect others of that class also to be up to sample. The advance from Belleau Wood and Château-Thierry through the valley of the Ourcq to the Vesle had made a battlefield the drill ground for partly trained divisions. They had been graduated in a school of fire that inflicted wounds.

By fighting we had won our right to have our own army instead of being fed in as recruits into the Allied ranks. There was an end of the crisis of the German drives which had scattered our divisions along the long battle line.

They had been shot hither and thither in answer to alarms in the 40 and 8 box cars; cut off from the American command; their letters months late; their rations sometimes French and sometimes British and again American, as our supply department, working far from its bases, tried to keep in touch.

So we were not yet an army, although we had a million and a quarter of men, including all those in supply, in early August. We were just a lot of divisions, a few of which had had their first lesson in team play in the closing of the Marne salient. Where we had expected months, we had now only a few weeks to make our army ready to strike a blow as an army.

But we had the jump. Press any advantage! Snap into it! Americans are used to doing things in a rush.

EVEN before we had the salient closed, the divisions which had been in the advance at the start took their rest on the move to the American sector in Lorraine, along with others which were in eastern France. But not all. Once a British or French commander had his hands on an American division, he held to it with all kinds of excuses. No miser clings tighter to his gold than a general to a bunch of proved fighting men.

If we were doing little fighting in the latter part of August, as our growing force was being brought back under the family tent, we were making thunders to burst heavier lightnings. We were forming up so that, once the hammering began, there would be no cessation of the blows by relays of fresh divisions as we pushed in our reserves in the offensives to come.

And we had a crisis of our own. A big man was in demand, the biggest we had. Pershing sent for Major General James G. Harbord, just after he had added to his laurels of Belleau Wood by leading the Second Division in the drive of July 18. Harbord knew soldiers, having risen from a private; he knew service at the front; he had the prestige of victory; he knew the army organization as Pershing's chief of staff before he went to a fighting job.

Pershing gave him a jolt which carried the highest compliment. That steady fighter, when fighting is a soldier's business, was to give up that fine combat division and go to the rear.

"You are the only man I have who can straighten out the S. O. S.," Pershing told him. "It's the biggest task I have."

Failure in this meant failure at the front.

And Harbord thought: "That's a dose of poison—give up my beloved Second!" and promotion to a corps and an army and being in it in all the fighting to come.

"Yes, sir!" Harbord replied. Orders were orders, whether setting a buck private to kitchen police duty or the most promising of

Major General J. G. Harbord, who unscrambled the S. O. S., and General J. J. Pershing, who assigned him to the job.

combat generals to command the Service of Supply.

For we were feeling the pinch of the old truth—that an army lives, fights, and marches on its belly. No guts in battle on an empty stomach; and there must be "seconds" if the war hounds are not to get too lean. To let a man who is fighting for his country go hungry is the lowest ingratitude to which a nation can sink.

The soldier must also have something to fight with: artillery, bombs, airplanes, balloons, machine guns, rifles, and all the other things that make him look like hell's Christmas tree. Also he must have something to shoot.

There must be dressing stations for the wounded, ambulances to carry them back, and hospitals to receive them. There must be delousing machines. There must be horses or motors to draw the guns and all the ammunition and food, and rolling kitchens following the divisions.

Telephone and telegraph wires must keep all the parts in communication. There must be locomotives, railroad cars, sidings, storehouses, refrigerating plants, and bakeries, gas stations for the motors, and all kinds of repair shops.

Any veteran who was in the S. O. S. can think of lots of other things. He will get nearly all of them if he looks over the whole list of a mail-order catalogue.

SOME luxuries became necessities. No war could be won without tobacco. Rival brands of cigarettes disputed as to which was the most responsible for the final victory. An American army might not win without chewing gum. A day's ration of chewing gum for 2,000,000 men would make quite a pile, but not so large as a day's ration of cigarettes.

As any quartermaster, ordnance officer, or company cook will tell you, an army is one great maw, always agape. Rather, it is many maws, each shouting that it is not getting its share.

The Allies could not provide us with these supplies. They had been depending upon us for many of the demands of their own armies. We had to help feed their peoples. England was on food rations when we entered the war.

Having the supplies is only one part. Getting them to the soldiers is another. That means transport. It means railroads and highways in repair.

An advancing army soon gets out of reach of its larder. All through history, advances have been held up by inability to bring up supplies. A retreating army falls back on its supplies and destroys roads and bridges to keep the enemy from bringing up his.

The supply problem depends upon how far the storehouses and the factories are from the front. Delivering the morning milk from the farmer next door is simpler than from farms 200 miles away.

One American division, for its daily needs, required twenty-five French railroad cars. It takes ten times as many supply trains back and forth over a distance of 100 miles as over ten.

Our main base was 3,000 miles away, across the submarine zone and the Atlantic Ocean. We had by far the largest army that had ever operated at such a distance.

Once across the ocean, it was rail transport to a railhead, then trucks. All the ports and railroads of northern France were jammed by the traffic of the British and French armies, which were nearer their home bases than we to our French base.

We had to use the ports of southeastern and southern France. They had not piers enough, so we had to build piers.

THE American sector was from 400 to 500 miles away from the ports, or farther than from New York to Pittsburgh or Cleveland. Not enough French rolling stock or trackage. So we had to increase both, and also bring most of the materials and the tools for the work.

Pershing's supply plans had been crippled, as had his army plans, by the demands of the German drives. When he was expecting to be ready for 1,000,000 men he must be ready for 2,000,000 going into big action in '18 instead of '19, and with supplies having to be kept up with the hoped for advance.

And this did not mean just a day's rations in sight. Big reserves must be piled up near the front; bigger ones farther back; and there must be trucks and trains enough to carry them. That explains why the 2,000,000 were not all in battle. If they had been they would have starved to death and had nothing to fight with.

When you see a circus lower its tents and move from one town to another where it raises them, it is a small example of the clocklike precision expected of the supply department of an army in the uncertainties of war, when you never know how much ammunition you may need.

"Everything was going fine," an old army quartermaster is credited with saying, "until this war came along and busted our organization."

Our peace army supply organization had been for less than 100,000 men—suddenly stretched to 2,000,000 at home and 2,000,000 overseas. Harbord came to a circus which had not enough cars. Sections of the main tent and many of the tent poles were missing. Bosses were giving their orders through a French interpreter. So a successful performance on time required some improvisation and hustling, in which Americans are supposed to excel.

It was quite a large circus and was to keep growing until it had 6,000,000 men, from great engineers and business men and every kind of expert to laborers, with the cry of the maw for "More!" never ceasing.

Every man under forty in the Service of Supply felt that he had been shanghaied. Was this war—doing the same kind of work you did at home?

"Mother, take down your service flag—your son is in the S. O. S.," became a popular song in the army supply.

Its poor slaves swore that if they ever went to another war they would confess to no occupation, only to a pastime—that of fighting everybody they met. For "that lousy typewriting staff," through other experts, had got them all card indexed.

Its long fingers stretched out to men who had drilled for battle and just learned how to fight, with the word:

"You are down as a first class baker. Bread making in the S. O. S. for you."

In the same way, orders, those deadly bits of official paper, sent a trainmaster to straighten out congestion in railroad yards, and called for every other kind of expert, from stevedoring to laundering. Poor consolation, the assurance that "this is the best way for you, with your special ability, to serve your country."

HOW explain to the folks at home that your part in the great adventure was loading freight cars or running a donkey engine hundreds of miles away from the battlefield?

Smiles from the polite, grins from the cynics, and horse laughs from the rude when, on your return, you told your neighbors, "They said that I was of more service there." You could never convince the home folks that the business of a man in France was not to put a ham sandwich in his pocket when he landed and keep on shooting until he got the Kaiser.

They would never hear that the way men in the S. O. S. fought, when they got a chance to fight, proved the old adage that the harder the hound is held in leash the harder the hound goes to it when loosed.

There was one trained buck private, marooned in the S. O. S., who could endure it no longer. He managed to make his way past all the military police and was not located until he appeared among the remnants of a company in which he had fought in one of the cruelest drives in the Meuse-Argonne.

Let them court-martial him and put him in the jug; he had had his chance. He was forgiven. And here is the place for a reminder of how many, not only in the S. O. S., but in the training camps at home, endured the drudgery of war discipline without getting under fire.

The S. O. S. was milling in compartments when Harbord came. Each compartment was working double union hours, crippled for material and tools, and thinking its task was the important one in winning the war. As much unfinished business on hand as when new buildings are going up on both sides of a torn-up street.

It was in the S. O. S. that you felt the throb of industrial America clear across the ocean, as troops and material and mules and horses were dumped ashore. It was like some writhing demon of energy throwing everything it could make and raise across the Atlantic Ocean in the wild speed of emptying a house on fire.

"Priority!" was the urgent call of Headquarters in France so that things would come in order. But America could not make them in order. It could not be sure that the great cranes were "over there" before the locomotives that they were to hoist from the ships.

America had to clear her piers as the things that were ready accumulated. Load the ships! Keep them moving!

And the Y and the Red Cross and the K. of C. had to have their supplies. Otherwise, how was the Y to have a hut ready with something hot to drink and cigarettes and chocolates wherever an American division appeared? How were the Salvation Army lassies to have doughnuts sizzling in the fat for exhausted shock battalions?

Rivers of men from billets to the battle line; rivers of American transport from ports to the front; and these broken by eddies and islands of industry and banks spread by rushing tributaries of industry.

Men who had learned fast railroad building under Jim Hill were putting in sidings on fields where buildings were rising in the manner of a new mining camp in frontier American days.

Engineers who were on the Panama Canal were realizing what a small job that was. Nobody seeing the other parts because he was making so much dust in his own. Everything in the mail order catalogue, often in parts yet to be assembled, piled up, and a wrestle to get the flour sacks out from under the automobile parts.

If anybody doubted we were in the war in earnest there was evidence enough in the S. O. S.

"They are making another America inside of France," as a British general said. "They are going at it as if this war were going to last for years"—which is the way to make sure of winning a war.

Even if priority could have been followed, there was not enough shipping to meet the demands, which explains why some of the men at the front felt the pinch. We were short of 189,000 tons of shipping in August and 330,000 tons in September.

"Straighten it out, Harbord!"

There was something else that J. J. P. had taken into account in sending him. Not only did the workers hail a Moses to lead them out of the wilderness of confusion, but that Moses was Pershing's top fighting general. This was recognizing the part of the S. O. S. It was a filip to S. O. S. morale.

Team play had begun. Smiles took the place of grouches. Form began to appear out of chaos. The piers were being cleared. Labor was getting results.

The S. O. S. might not be shedding blood, but it was certainly sweating it in order that too much of that of our soldiers should not be shed at the front. Not all the casualties were in battle. Men dropped from exhaustion in the S. O. S.—human wreckage of war. Many have never recovered from the strain.

I am not so sure that the heroes of the S. O. S. were not the Negro stevedores, giants from the Mississippi levees. They were the homesickest sons of America in France. Some of them were also the seasickest.

Mess time on the line of march for the First Battalion, 149th Field Artillery.

When one was transferred from Brest to Bordeaux he asked, "Is it nearer Gawd's country? Oh, Lawd, if I could only walk 'stead o' crossin' dat derned old rocky oshuns."

Harbord offered as a reward that the stevedore gangs would return home in the order of their records at unloading. Then they did not stop with the cargoes. They had to be watched lest they should tear the stanchions out of the ships. And from them up through all the departments, the same fierce competition. The S. O. S. had got the spirit of a winning army.

All the while, General Charles G. Dawes was purchasing everything he could from Europe to help out while we were helping out the Allies with supplies in turn. Such railroad chiefs as General W. W. Atterbury and Colonel W. J. Wilgus had big jobs at home, but nothing like those in France.

We built more than 1,000 miles of railroad in France. We brought over 1,496 locomotives and 18,543 railroad cars. If all the automobiles and motortrucks we brought were in one column it would have been 290 miles long.

We brought 135,000 miles of telegraph and telephone wire which we hung on 2,500 miles of poles. These our sawmills cut out of French forests in addition to 4,000,000 railroad ties, 300,000 feet of fuel wood, and 2,000,000 feet of lumber for all the buildings we put up.

These included a refrigerating plant for 6,500 tons of meat daily, stables for 65,000 remounts, 16,000 portable barracks, and two hospital cities, each with 4,000 beds, with their own sewage, water, and electric light systems. At one time we had 193,000 wounded and sick in our hospitals. The bakeries that we built turned out 800,000 pounds of bread daily.

A great business! The biggest business corporation of all time, the S. O. S., with by far the largest number of employees, varying from experts in repairing field glasses to that indispensable genius with the acetylene torch mending locomotives.

Double shift and soldier's pay for him too. But we did not work for money in those days. When I asked him how he would like to be at the front, he exclaimed, "Oh, boy!" with a glitter in his eye that sizzled like his torch.

Sergeant York captured two or three platoons of Germans single-handed; but he did not contribute more to winning the war than this man. When, but for him, a locomotive might have been idle for a month, he had it back on the job in a day.

So Harbord kept on straightening things out; and so the great maw at the front, if it was not to get all it wanted, was to get enough to win the subsequent battles.

THE END

Salvation Army lassies feeding doughboys their celebrated doughnuts.

Red Cross worker serving chocolate to a private of the 166th Infantry.

A battery of the Fifth Field Artillery, First Division, loading horses.

The Cream Rose

A Warning to Brides Whose

By MABEL McEL

Cramer, who never did such things, proceeded to get what Wheatley Gardens jovially called "tight."

(Reading time: 16 minutes 54 seconds.)

"TEN thousand curses!" howled a girl in a blue smock, slapping on paint which was said to dry like a miracle, but instead gummed and stuck as though Miraco, the Lacquer de Luxe, were made out of glue.

She hung perilously over the sill of an upper window in a Dutch Colonial mansion in Wheatley Gardens, Long Island. Above the sill you saw the pale blonde of her hair, the delphinium blue of smock and eyes. Below the sill she waved the slim, round legs of the stocking ads.

She cursed because she saw a sage green landaulet stopping before her door. Her husband, young and brown and passable looking, got out. Followed a gentleman of some girth and obviously some importance. Lottie, the girl in the smock, didn't know him. She felt she didn't want to. She was painting window sills. It was not her day "at home."

The old gentleman (whoever he was) followed Cramer Whitson up a flagstone walk. Lottie, grinding down treasured nails with pumice, making herself odorous with turpentine, heard him plump himself down upon the couch that creaked. She heard a strange voice saying, "Charming, charming," as if the visitor thought her living room the size and importance of Roxy's Theater foyer. Then she went down. It was only decent.

"So this," Lottie burned to say, when the introduction was effected, "is Harris." Of course, she refrained. You don't begin acquaintance with your husband's big, particular wigwam chief by making cracks about his name. And Harris Quintard was important, even beyond Lottie's small world. Lottie thought he wasn't unlike the figure cartoonists usually employed to typify Big Business. He was fifty-odd, threatening to be paunchy; he had jowls and spats like a broker in a drama of Broadway.

"How can we offer this bozo cocktails made of homemade gin?" thought Lottie, in what passed, with her, for a panic. Lottie thought in such terms, and occasionally shocked the Woman's Club by speaking in them, too. Men were "birds" and "bozos," and formerly "bimbos."

Fortunately, Cramer didn't mind. He hadn't got to the stage where he wanted to make Lottie over. They hadn't been married that long. Besides, she was the sort of girl who slept with a powder puff under her pillow. Much is forgiven the girl whose nickname is "Beautiful."

She went out into the kitchen and breathed an abracadabra over a ninety-eight cent beverage shaker, three lemons, and the other ingredients. After the resulting concoction had been absorbed, she played the piano for the gentleman, she prattled, she was "the little woman" to the life.

If this Wall Street king, she reflected, were in the habit of slumming among his employees, he might as well be treated to the spectacle of a happy couple at home. It was funny, his driving Cramer out like this. It had never happened before. Maybe he really was a kind old stupid at heart—lonesome, too, for all that thousand acre place he had about a mile beyond the station.

After he had departed she suggested some such explanation of the surprising visit. Cramer, who was quite reasonably cynical about the possible loneliness of the financier, didn't challenge her. Men are so funny!

He thought they had seen the last of Quintard, and if so, it was all right with him. But they hadn't. He got into the habit of dropping in on Saturdays and Sundays. Cramer, who was passionate about his gardening, usually made Lottie the entertainment committee. Cramer marked the passage of summer by saying it with flowers. He followed the tulips with roses and poppies. He had zinnias and nasturtiums and marigolds, and pretty soon late asters and button chrysanthemums were the only things hanging on. This meant November, and Quintard went back to town to live.

Once, around Thanksgiving, he asked them both to come in and dine with him. Cramer was sent out to Chicago on business that morning, and Lottie kept the engagement alone. He took her to Sherry's, and even among the expensively accoutered débutantes with papas to foot the bills Lottie shone effulgently. Quintard wasn't awfully sorry Cramer was in Chicago.

JUST before Christmas, the old bird (this time it's Cramer speaking) had the cheek to announce he wanted to give the Whitsons something they could both enjoy. He sent Lottie the key to a modest coupé.

It galled Cramer, but he couldn't think of a graceful way out of accepting it. He gnashed his teeth to think he had kidded himself he would buy her a smashing birthday present the first week in January with the $100 he had saved over the period of a year. What was a hundred, when a girl like Lottie ought to have sapphires and sables before she grew old? Cramer gloomed and ground his teeth in private.

It's an old man's world, all right, all right, grouched Cramer, forgetting he'd had a young man's Eden long before the coupé stood in the driveway. Lottie said he was an old meanie to begrudge her a little joy. She didn't rub it in, but the fact that he couldn't afford to offer her the sort of entertainment that Quintard did enraged him.

He was used to the Wheatley Gardens game of trying to make five thousand a year look like ten, and of course he trusted Lottie.

Lottie wanted Cramer to enjoy the car, too. She thought he ought not to have minded the fact that she had gone to a musical comedy, and later a night club, on the occasion of his absence. She was young; she liked to go places and see things, she informed him. All innocent fun. Why crab about it?

Maybe it was because she compared that gilded evening with the New Year's Eve party at the Wheatley Tennis Club, that the affair seemed so dull and spiritless. Same old jokes, flirtations, and faces. Nobody paid her compliments on her white chiffon dress. She was bored.

To cap it all, Cramer, who never did such things, proceeded to get what Wheatley Gardens jovially called "tight." Lottie, fastidious about this little matter and still playing fairy princess to herself, was revolted. She walked out on the party as early as 12:30.

The phone was ringing as she entered her home. Probably, she thought with cold disdain, the Ramsays or the Warreners at the club, calling to see if she'd got home intact. She answered it on a high note of disapproval. But her voice altered subtly as she heard Quintard's. Oh, they were home, then? He'd driven out to

NECKLACE

Pictures by
KATHERINE STURGES

Nickname Is "Beautiful"

IOTT CLARKE

She lifted the string and posed it provocatively against the white luster of her throat.

the Country Club, but the party bored him, and he had thought he might crash in on their private celebration. Lottie said Cramer wasn't there, but if he wanted to stop in for a moment, she'd be glad to see him.

She turned on all the lamps and put a match to the grate fire her husband had laid earlier in the evening. It cheered her to think of having an appreciative visitor, after that dull crowd at the Tennis place. But she rather hoped Cramer wouldn't come looking for her. He'd probably —oh, undoubtedly—misunderstand.

He had been different lately, snappish and cross. She couldn't imagine what had happened to him. Wasn't she being nice to this man (old enough to be her father, certainly) mostly on Cramer's account? How could she be rude to him? He was Cramer's boss. And a harmless creature, surely! Why, he had held her hand only once, and that on a pretext of looking at her synthetic ruby ring. The suburban husbands who fancied themselves as lady killers went as far as that.

The little room smelled pleasantly of wood smoke and winter roses. Cramer, who could give Lottie roses only when the year was at June, had probably got tight as a gesture of defiance at an unequal world, after the crate arrived from Quintard's conservatory.

Lottie drooped and sighed a little in this atmosphere, and almost before she knew it she had told the story of the party at the Tennis Club—and why she'd left. She loathed herself the moment it was out. She hated herself and began to make excuses for Cramer.

"Never mind; it's my luck," Quintard assured her. "I had hoped you would be home, but didn't really expect it. I had a little New Year's gift for you, and I thought perhaps it would be best to keep it—well, between ourselves."

Lottie's smile took on a glaze of nervousness. She didn't quite know how to handle a situation like this, she decided. She hated having secrets from Cramer. The gift, somehow, took on a guilty aspect.

QUITE in the movie tradition was the case he drew from his pocket. And as he snapped the clasp, the cover fell back to reveal a string of small, matched pearls, glimmering with the pale luster of tea roses.

"They're too lovely," Lottie stammered.

Hadn't he said, that other night at dinner, that her white chiffon demanded pearls? And hadn't she agreed? But of course she couldn't take them. They must have cost at least $1,000.

"I'm afraid I can't," she faltered. "It's too much. You've been too good to me—to us —already."

Quintard rumbled the conventional protests. Youth must be adorned, was the burden of his argument. He had hoped she would give him the very great pleasure of seeing the string on her pretty neck, which deserved such an ornament. He seemed hurt, genuinely wounded, by her refusal.

Lottie thought, after all, she was probably being very silly, seeing evil where evil was not. And the string was so perfect, so exquisite. She fingered it again. But—

"I'm afraid Cramer won't like it," she protested half-heartedly. But she lifted the string and posed it provocatively against the white luster of her throat.

"Tell you what," said the genial Quintard. "Suppose you keep the beads a week or so and think about it. Don't mention it to—ah—our young friend until you've decided. You needn't, then, tell him where they're from. Imitation pearls are very like the real thing."

Lottie stared at him, fascinated by the suggestion. But did she want to lie to Cramer, even for his own peace of mind, and because he was foolish and sensitive? She thought not.

She temporized, as women will, partly because the pearls drew her and partly because it would be easier to let the donor down later.

"I will—think about it," she promised.

Quintard kissed her hand as he went out. Lottie thought it was a rather silly gesture, especially in a man who was getting fat. Poor old thing—probably he had no one to love him! And Cramer, who did, was at the stuffy old Tennis Club, getting tight. Lottie's mouth hardened as she stuffed the velvet case into her bottom drawer, under her best nightie.

She was chilly to Cramer at breakfast. And he was impenitent. Or, at least, he pretended to be, because he was really ashamed of having been such a fool and hated to admit it. Lottie was miserable in the black atmosphere of a half finished quarrel. The holiday bleakly dragged by.

After he had gone to town on Monday she gave the house the hastiest kind of brushing up and dashed for the train. There was, she decided, nothing like an intensive morning of window shopping to clear your mind of domestic cobwebs. She didn't quite know why she put the case containing the pearl string in her hand bag. But when her steps led her past a famous jeweler's establishment she was certain. She turned in.

A suave clerk assured madame he would be glad to secure an appraisal. Lottie thought there was new respect in his glance as he returned, holding a slip on which he had scrawled a few figures.

"They're worth about fifty thousand dollars," he told her. "May I suggest—it's not precisely safe to carry them, as you are, in a bag without a lock?"

LOTTIE thanked him in a voice that shook a little. She drifted out again into the avenue, her knees trembling as she climbed the slope of Murray Hill. What must Quintard think of her, indeed? Why, their house, all their belongings, weren't worth a third of that!

She reviewed frantically her conduct for the past months. She had been, in all innocence, merely friendly. Obviously, Quintard had misunderstood—had thought her New Year's Eve complaint against her husband meant an opening wedge.

How stupid he must be! It was Cramer who mattered, whether he had a penny in his pocket or not—Cramer, who loved her.

She felt faint with hunger; but it seemed sacrilege to turn into Child's with a pearl string of such importance in her hand bag. Unconsciously her attitude toward the pageant of shop windows was altered. She stopped and glanced patronizingly at a sable coat. At Thirty-seventh Street she felt a sudden violent reaction from the excitement of her discovery.

Why shouldn't she run into the Mammoth Building and get Cramer to take her to lunch?

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY-ONE]

They'd make up their squabble, and maybe, if he seemed peaceful, she'd tell him about the pearls, as a good joke, before sending them back. What did the old fellow think she *was*, anyway?

As she waited in the rotunda of the office building where the Quintard offices were importantly housed, one of the brass elevator doors swung open and Cramer stepped out. Lottie checked herself as she saw he'd a girl with him—Miss Mannering, his secretary, very brisk and important and good looking in a leopard coat.

No wife could have helped being jealous of the brilliant smile her husband gave a lady who was no kith or kin of his, considering the blackness of his depression that very morning. Anyhow (and what good fuel for jealousy's fire this obscure *anyhow* offered), Lottie had never liked Miss Mannering. Upstage cat! Always trying to make you feel like a suburban wife!

Lottie thought she'd be dashed if she'd follow them. What nerve! Cramer putting on a heavy husband act, and then taking that creature to lunch. Lottie marveled agonizedly at this example of perfidy in her heretofore perfect man.

On a sudden angry impulse, Lottie stopped in at one of the small side-street hotels and wrote a note to Quintard. She would, she said, meet him at the Plaza at 5 o'clock on the 7th and tell him her decision in the matter of the pearls.

THE 7th was Lottie's twenty-third birthday. For six days a frigid truce had obtained in the once happy ménage. Cramer had made two or three half-hearted attempts to bring about a peace; but Lottie, icy and withdrawn, had discouraged him.

On the other two birthdays she had spent with him, the spirit of holiday had possessed the household. Yet, on the great morning, Cramer left without making any allusion to the day. Lottie switched in and about the room, making things angrily neat, with "That settles it!" on her lips.

As she twitched the pillow straight on her twin bed, a green box came to view. A card in Cramer's handwriting slipped out, and Lottie saw that her husband hadn't forgotten.

"Kiss and make up," he'd written. "Please come in to town on the 5:40 and we'll have a party. I'll meet it unless I hear from you—and many happy returns."

Lottie flew to the phone and called the office. When she was put through to Cramer, she said, somewhat hollowly, that she was so sorry—but she had a 5 o'clock appointment in town. Cramer said stiffly that he'd hoped they might have dinner together and go to the theater.

They were as formal as if they'd never selected shelf paper and teacups together.

"I can't break this; it's important," protested Lottie, vaguely stubborn. She thanked him formally for his gift, and it seemed to her—she couldn't be sure—that he hung up in the middle of a sentence. Maybe Miss Mannering—the cat—had been listening in on the extension, and had cut him off.

With an expression of grim determination, Lottie went through her tasks. She had a number of important small things to see to: she summoned a special messenger from the nearest telegraph office, and wrote a note with fingers that shook a little; she tried, several times, to get a telephone connection that eluded her.

At length she arrayed herself in her winter best—a slim black coat that looked like broadtail but wasn't; a shred of a black chiffon dress that was more sophisticated than costly; a black felt helmet that clasped her water waves jealously.

At the last minute she slipped over her head a pearl string, the luster of whose beads was something like the glimmer of tea roses.

ONE of the few daring middle-aged beaux remaining in New York was Quintard. He still boldly faced the world each day with a flower in his buttonhole. He was just plucking the aforesaid—this time a flawless gardenia—from a glass of water which a thoughtful secretary kept always on his desk, when he was interrupted by an apparition.

"How," Cramer Whitson wanted to know, shaking a package under his nose, "would you like a good poke in the jaw?"

"They're too lovely," breathed Lottie, fingering a string of excellent imitation pearls.

Now, of course, a king of finance is not used to language of such coarseness—especially he is not used to having it directed at his important person. The hero of Wall Street and one-time dandy of Broadway allowed considerable slack to enter his jaw. His gray eyes took on a glaze of indignation and rage.

"A good poke in the nose," pursued Cramer Whitson, embroidering his original theme. "Old cradle robber—lecherous old—"

Some of his remarks deserved censorship. He was enjoying himself as he had not in weeks. He let himself go—so far, in fact, that he had difficulty finding his way back.

A string of small, perfectly matched pearls depended from a case he held as he gesticulated. He had never expected to have Quintard as an audience of one, nor had he ever expected to deliver such a valedictory. His job? What of it? He'd always remember the satisfaction of telling this old bird where he got off, for once in his life. Couldn't he tell a decent girl when he saw one? He and his chorus girls and countesses! sniffed Cramer.

"Of course she sent 'em back!" howled Cramer, dancing up and down with rage. "Whajye expect? I don't know exactly how they were delivered t'me, except the mail clerk saw my name and address at the top of the package. But you'll get yours some day, somehow. I'd mash you to a pulp right now if it wasn't that it'd make a scandal in the office."

The note Lottie had written dangled crazily before Quintard's eyes.

"Dear Mr. Quintard" (she had written): "Of course I couldn't accept these, they're too valuable. You know it wouldn't be right." And she had been, primly, his sincerely.

Considering the fact that another, quite different sort of message had been delivered to his desk half an hour before (this, also, by special messenger), it was small wonder the gentleman was a trifle bewildered. Much is forgiven a girl with eyes the poignant blue of delphiniums, even the mixing up of names and addresses on important communications.

Quintard's note, meant for Cramer, read:

"Darling, of course I want to dine with you on my birthday. Everything's going to be straightened out. The Plaza at six."

The financier interrupted Cramer's shouting and arm waving long enough to push this into view.

"This was—ah—meant for you, young man," he said dryly. "You'd better get on your bike, if you're going to keep the appointment."

He rubbed the jaw which had escaped the threatened poke and rumbled: "And as for that resignation stuff you've been blatting about, I guess we'd better keep you in the organization. You're quite a fire eater. Suppose I promote you to the Boston office?"

CRAMER was already on his way, but the message had registered. Boston? All right, maybe that would do. They'd live in an apartment, and then he could devote all his time to Lottie, with no garden to distract him. She seemed to need attention, that girl!

"Say so, say you love me, none above me, in your heart," pleaded the horns in the teatime orchestra, as Lottie waited for her husband. "Say so!" wailed the saxophone, making a mockery of supplication. It was a good place to kiss and make up—frightfully noisy and crowded.

"They're too lovely," breathed Lottie, fingering a string of excellent imitation pearls which had cost her young man the staggering sum of $100.

Cramer said, subdued: "Miss Mannering said they are as good as some she saw one day at Cartier's. Cost thousands." He eyed Lottie as though inviting a confidence.

"How silly!" cried an indignant Lottie, demolishing the glamour of the fabulous string. "And how nice of Miss Mannering to help you pick them out. She," cried Lottie, flaming with generosity, "is such a clever girl!"

THE END

NIMROD

A New FOR THE LOVE O' LIL

THE Morses' dream garden of June had turned into an August nightmare. Where were the roses, the little pink roses, the poppies, and hollyhocks that were to bloom by the wall? And the carrots, and onions, mint, squash, beets, and turnips, and waving rows of succulent corn? Only the bugs knew and they wouldn't tell!

Lil was sunning herself on the back porch steps, stringing beans with her hands and rocking the baby's cradle with one foot. It was fun to watch her husband work in the garden.

"It looks like rain, but I'll spray everything for good luck," he told her. "I'll fix the garden all up. And when Ma and Pop return from the real estate convention up-State they'll find their barren back yard turned into a Garden of Eden!" He was wiping caked mud from the handle of the rake.

"Garden of Eden?" Lil giggled. "Where are the fig leaves?"

"Weed leaves will have to do," Sandy grinned.

This week's cover picture.

Hoe. Rake. Hose. An old rusted trowel. Gravel in one shoe. Sandy was now a son of the soil, terror of all worms. Without telling his wife, he took delight in cutting every one he found into three—sometimes four—sections. Shades of the Colosseum and its bloodthirsty spectators! Woe to the worms who were slothful wrigglers!

"Which is heads and which is tails?" Sandy kept asking as he filled his Sunday fishing can. Business in worms was thriving, pushing up his enthusiasm to par with sweet visions of ten-pound fish to be piously caught on the morrow.

"Do you want me to help?" Lil asked, hoping he wouldn't invite her to get freckles out in the hot sun. She had counted six that morning. "Don't stay on your knees too long—you'll get cramps and they might turn into rheumatism."

"Stay there in the shade, dear," her garden martyr said. "Do you remember where we planted the spinach?" He was clawing out stones from under the string bean vines.

"There, by the northeast corner of the garage, wasn't it?" she called. "Wait a second! You're not going northeast; you're going southwest. I thought you knew which—"

"My compass is home in the flat," he told her. "Oh, is this the spinach? I thought it was skunk cabbage, an' I was just about to pull it all up!"

"Thank goodness you didn't! I want to start giving the baby greens soon. He's going to have everything homemade—homemade clothes, homemade vegetables. Then, when he's captain of the State university football, baseball, and hockey teams, newspaper reporters from all over will interview me and learn what favorite recipes of mine made Captain Jenkins so husky!"

"Are you going to charge for the interviews?" Sandy asked, trying to decide which were carrot leaves and which Queen Anne's lace.

"Just enough to keep me in hats," Lil said.

The sun was getting low. So were Sandy's agricultural spirits. His back ached. Something told him he had worn holes in the toe of each sock. But there was still the moth-eaten looking row of potato bushes to tackle.

"I hope that Genesis, Exodus, et cetera, will come out in the movies," he told Lil as he squatted for a potato bug hunt. "It will be easier than trying to explain the Bible to the baby, and probably more accurate."

Legions of potato bugs! They seemed to have congregated from every State that side of the Mississippi. With right flank waging war on one bush, left flank attacking the next, the vanguard playing hopscotch from leaf to leaf, and the rear guard acting in a Hannibalish manner, the Morses' poor potato bushes were undergoing a long and buggy siege. Enemy pests had already fought the wars of the roses. Would these awful hordes of vermin now ruin everything in their ravenous path?

"Say, these leaves look like lace!" Sandy yelled. "Fat lot of potatoes we'll have by fall! Get out of there, you little devil!" This was broadcast at the top of his lungs. "Gee, you ought to get your head down on a level with 'em. Swarms everywhere. But I'll get every one!"

"Drop them in kerosene," Lil warned him, "before they all hatch eggs and become millions. I read an article about civilization being overwhelmed by bacteria." Instinctively she scratched that elusive place just between the shoulder blades.

"Well, we won't be overwhelmed *yet!*" Sandy boasted. And, with renewed flicking, thumping, and squashing, Nimrod fought the bugs. Oh, he was a mighty hunter!

(Next week's cover adventure: Their Wakeful Night)

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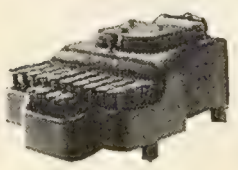

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(This coupon not good after August, 1929)

Shave your face but save your skin

America First in Beauty Culture

By EILEEN BOURNE

As Sir James Barrie recently said to the Rhodes scholars, one of the main reasons for going abroad is to learn more about your own country.

In the field of beauty this is particularly true. "Over there" an American woman realizes keenly the worth of Italian vivacity, French taste and chic, and the "nice" intonation of the cultivated English voice. Yet she is bound to come home, as I did, convinced that here beauticians offer a service unequaled in variety and range anywhere else in the world.

For instance, just compare the shampoos you get in small towns of France or Italy with those available in any small town beauty shop in the United States. In the foreign salons the water used is like an old-fashioned Vermont spinster—hard and spare. Rubbing the scalp consists of a finger tip application of strong perfume. Moreover, one is usually uneasy about the prophylactic state of towels and combs. With us these faults are very rare.

When you compare the large metropolitan beauty shops in both countries, the advantage is still on our side. Most of the best shops in London and Paris are branches of New York houses. True, they have been greatly influenced by French ideas and Viennese science and the chemical and mechanical inventions of many different nations. But the prevailing idea—I had it myself—that wonderful beauty secrets may be hunted out on the other side of the water is based on a tradition of many years ago.

Nowadays things are so organized that if an improvement is made in the machines for permanent waving, it is adopted by virtually every American shop within a few months.

After all, you see, it is a question of our greater interest in the cult of beauty. No race is so keen for improvement as we are. Therefore we spend millions a year to attain this end. That's the reason our shops are more luxurious than any others.

All our large beauty shops now teach some form of physical exercise in connection with regular treatments. Such a thing would be unheard of in a foreign salon. They aren't large enough or rich enough to offer such a service.

The French still like to go to the little shop around the corner where they have gone for twenty years. The English still depend on their maids or on the itinerant beauty worker who comes to the house. Such practices do not make for progress.

We do most of our work at home, also; but we all believe in the inspiration of going to the best possible place every once in a while.

Just try in some small community to get an offhand appointment at either of its beauty shops—there are almost always two—and see how intense is feminine competition for beauty culture attention.

It's a great mistake to think that large cities have a corner on the beauty market. Women in rural districts are coming into the game with a rush. Witness the demand recently voiced by the feminine members of the agricultural extension course given in Wellington, Colorado, every year. They asked that the program include sessions on how to improve the appearance.

And they got them.

NO wonder the level of looks is raised in this country year by year. And yet, there's no reason for us to sink complacently into ennui. We still have plenty to learn. We still believe that some magic will relieve us of the necessity of sustaining that rational program of living which keeps skin, figure, eyes, and hair in the best condition. Too often we waste our money on bunk.

One investigator, for example, found that a certain type of internal remedy for reducing weight consists of toast crumbs and thyroid extract—one utterly ineffectual ingredient, and one that has the power to upset the entire system. So we will do well to borrow a little of the conservatism of older nations across the sea.

HAVE you a question on beauty and personal hygiene you wish to ask? Miss Bourne will be glad to answer your queries. Inclose a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, and address Miss Eileen Bourne, LIBERTY WEEKLY, 247 Park Avenue, New York City.

Or, if you want Miss Bourne's 48-page LIBERTY Book of Youth and Beauty, full of invaluable information for those who always want to look their best, fill out the coupon and send it along with 10 cents.

LIBERTY'S Beauty Book,
247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.
Please send me, for the inclosed 10 cents, a copy of LIBERTY'S Book of Youth and Beauty by Eileen Bourne.

Name.....
(Please print or write plainly in ink)

Street and No.....

City.....State.....104

Came the dawn

YES, it finally came. Touring last summer, driving late one night trying to make the next town. Loose wire, short circuit, no lights. Box of matches didn't last long. Well, the family finally walked four miles to a farmhouse and I spent the night in the car. Believe me, there's a flashlight in the side pocket of that car NOW. And one that's dependable—an Eveready. Ever ready to help me out in the dark because I keep it primed for action with the best there are—Eveready Batteries. Here's a straight tip to tourists and don't pass it up. Get the flashlight habit.

WANTED
50,000
Skinny Men

To Put On At Least 5 Pounds of Solid Flesh in 30 Days.

There's no other method to compare with McCoy's Tablets in building firm "Stay-there" flesh quickly and renewing strength. Tens of thousands of other skinny folks have gained 10, 15 and 20 pounds in just a few weeks from their use, and in any case

McCoy takes all the risk. Read this ironclad guarantee: If after taking 4 Sixty Cent Boxes of McCoy's Tablets or 2 One Dollar Boxes any weak, thin, rundown man or woman doesn't gain at least 5 pounds and feel completely satisfied with the improvement in health, your money will be refunded. The name McCoy's Cod Liver Oil Tablets has been shortened—just ask for McCoy's Tablets at any good druggist in America.

We pay you WEEKLY and give extra MONTHLY BONUS checks. A stenographer made $1000 during lunch hours with THE HERTEL PLAN. Mrs. B. C. Woodward, a housewife, $800 in spare time. D. J. Albrecht, Ill., $61.75 in 2 hours.

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Flying the NIGHT MAIL

Dewell photo

An air mail plane that has just landed on a lighted airdrome at night.

An Air Pilot's Adventures In the Dark

An Article by

PAUL F. COLLINS

(Reading time: 19 minutes 35 seconds.)

[EDITOR'S NOTE: Paul F. Collins, who tells here of some of his experiences in a new commercial field, has flown more than 500,000 miles in the mail service in seven and a half years, carrying between 7,000,000 and 8,000,000 letters, without a major accident.]

IT was my first flight with the mail. Hours late, after a forced landing many miles off the course, I had just floundered through fog and snow from Chicago to Minneapolis in a cranky old D. H. ship. As I hurried away to renew my war risk insurance at the nearest post office, a young fan trailed me.

"Say, mister," he asked, "what does it feel like to be a regular mail pilot?"

"Son," I said, "it felt to me like a terrible accident looking for some place to happen."

That was seven and a half years ago. Since then, improved equipment, special weather service, and all-round efficiency have made daylight flying more and more a routine proposition for mail pilots. Yet out of the darkness anything may come.

Nothing like this, for instance, could occur before sunset:

One night last winter I noticed a strange glow on the earth near Clearfield, Pennsylvania. Gliding down, I saw a fire of some kind, and circled it a few times at a low altitude. My schedule allowed no time for investigation. I went straight on to New York with the Western mail, returning next day to Cleveland.

There, to my amazement, the following message arrived a few days later.

It may interest you to learn that the pilot who flew over Clearfield about 2 A. M., Friday morning, February 10, was responsible for saving the lives of six small children and their parents. He must have seen the fire which destroyed their home. By circling above the house he awakened the family in the nick of time.

There had been no alarm. No one else observed the fire, not even the occupants of the burning building, which was then a mass of flames. Several were hurt as they escaped by jumping from a second floor window, but none seriously.

The facts have not become generally known because the people concerned are poor Italian immigrants unable to speak English. If the pilot can be found, please give him their heartfelt thanks.

Horace W. Flegal, a Clearfield merchant, wrote the letter to W. L. Smith, Eastern division superintendent of the National Air Transport Company, for which I fly. I present the incident merely to show what queer breaks a night pilot can have.

Queer breaks we get, and peculiar thrills.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Picture by CLAYTON KNIGHT

"The night being damp and cheerless, I retired to my library for a little quiet reading."

Cools . . . . . Soothes *tender skins*

THE moment Ingram's touches your face . . . you feel the difference. It *cools* and soothes as you shave. It leaves your face refreshed . . . no burn . . . no smart . . . no matter how tender your skin, no matter how dull the blade.

Try Ingram's Shaving Cream. Men like its clean, pleasant odor. You *need* no lotions with Ingram's, the pioneer *cool* shaving cream . . . Ingram's lather takes care of that.

Even the package is different for this different shaving cream. Ingram's comes to you in a neat blue jar . . . with a wide mouth. You use just the right amount. No waste. The cap keeps the cream properly under cover when you're not shaving . . . and doesn't roll under cover when you are.

Over a million men now enjoy cool shaves with Ingram's Shaving Cream. Twice as many as last year. Three times as many as year before last.

FREE! 7 *Cool* Shaves for you

Most of the million men who now use Ingram's every day tried it first—at our expense. Be sure before you buy. Let Ingram's prove itself on your own face. Just send the coupon . . . and your 7 free shaves will go to you at once. Or, buy the full-size jar that will give you 120 shaving treats for 50 cents.

Ingram's Shaving Cream

COOLS *and* SOOTHES *as you shave*

Frederick F. Ingram Co.
Established 1885
762-10th Street, Detroit, Mich.
Also Windsor, Canada.

I want to find out what goes on when my beard comes off . . . when I use INGRAM'S SHAVING CREAM. Please send me the 7 Free Shaves.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

[FLYING THE NIGHT MAIL Continued from page forty-five]

Sailing the vast night sky alone brings a fascination unlike any other.

I have flown the mail on fine, clear nights when I could see the lights of Cleveland, Buffalo, and Pittsburgh at the same time. I've watched the lights of New York, Baltimore, and Philadelphia all a-twinkle on the world below me like so many swarms of fireflies in the dark.

A hundred miles east of Cleveland I have seen the first three cities from an altitude of about 10,000 feet. The other three I have seen from the same height at a point 100 miles west of New York.

Sights such as these are rare, however, along our Eastern skyroads, where Gulf storms, ocean fogs, and wild nor'easters thrust their unwelcome company upon us at least 50 per cent of the year. Out West the mail pilots get plenty of good night flying.

BUT even in the best of weather unexpected forms sometimes come looming out of the shadows to a flier plunging through empty darkness at almost two miles a minute. I remember a vision I once beheld on a night run from Bellefonte, Pennsylvania, to New York.

Cold sober and in possession of my usual faculties, I left Bellefonte at 10:30, climbed immediately to 3,000 feet, then struck out on a direct northeast course. Suddenly from nowhere an enormous monster appeared beside me.

A huge black shape it was, swimming gently through space. I stared in bewilderment at the mammoth specter with rows of gleaming eyes along its belly.

At that moment it seemed to me as though the Bellefonte hangars must have sprung miraculously to life and followed me aloft. I began to question my sanity. I thought I was "seeing things."

"Boy," I told myself, "if you ever get down out of this ship alive, you sure are going to change your brand of gin. I don't know whether you need an oculist or an alienist. You're either cockeyed or crazy, that's a cinch!"

Finally I discovered the identity of my apparition. It was the giant navy dirigible Shenandoah on one of her first night flights. All the newspapers had stories about her. I was distinctly relieved when I read them. Up there in the gloom she certainly looked to me like nothing from this mortal sphere.

Action and mystery—these are the elements that give night flying its powerful grip on a pilot's imagination. You never can tell what rôle those two master dramatists have in store for you. A few years ago I was destined to play a minor part in a curious episode of fire, flying, and darkness which befell the late Lloyd Bertaud while he and I were both flying mail on the Cleveland-New York run.

Bert's experience started soon after he took off from the Municipal Airport at Cleveland. Crossing northern Ohio he found himself caught in the nastiest kind of winter weather. Under a very low ceiling he had about as much visibility as a fly in a bottle of ink. To make matters worse, his ship began icing up rapidly.

I should add that on this same night Harry Chandler cracked up with ice at Wesley, Pennsylvania.

Bert bucked it blind for the greater part of an hour. Then he managed to locate our emergency landing field just beyond the Ohio State line at Mercer, Pennsylvania. Conditions there were too thick for the beacon to light him safely down. Pulling his ship up to 800 feet, he dropped a parachute flare.

On all night flights in the mail service two flares of this type are hung in slots beneath the ship. A lever within immediate reach of the pilot releases them. Each flare consists of a generous charge of magnesium suspended from a silk parachute.

The magnesium is highly combustible. Ignited by the releasing device, it shines with incandescent brightness as it falls through fog or rain or snow. Its 50,000 candlepower glare gives us a four-minute chance to glide down and land.

The magnesium is supposed to go out before it nears the ground. As it falls 500 feet a minute, it has time, ordinarily, to spend itself. Bert, however, was only 800 feet up when obliged to release the flare.

He sat down as neat as you please within the boundary marks of the field, but just as he climbed from his ship to congratulate himself on such a fine forced squat without the slightest mishap, down came the flare, still alight, on the roof of a near-by barn.

Then Bert's woes began. The barn blazed merrily. It was full of hay. The farmer who owned it came scrambling outdoors straight from his bed. Bert dashed to the scene, pitching headlong over stumps and barbed wire fences in the dark.

"Save the stock, help me save the stock!" yelled the farmer.

"I'll save 'em!" Bert yelled back. "Where are they?"

The farmer's first thought had been for his horses. He led two husky Percherons from their stalls and tried to hold them. They were terrified.

"The cows, the cows!" he howled at Bert. "Get the cows out of the barn!"

Bert raced for the cows. By tracing the noise of their complaint, he discovered the farmer's ten Holsteins locked in their rustic boudoir. No doubt, amid the scenes of tranquil dairy life, they were gentle cows of proper matronly deportment. But a midnight rumpus was not in their line.

Smoke and din drove them out of their ladylike wits. By the time Bert came to their aid they really weren't themselves. They were all unstrung; hysterical.

When he set them free they charged through their gate, and knocked him down and trod on him.

"Talk about your thundering herds," he told me afterward; "those cows did me more harm than anything I've gone up against in twelve years of flying!"

THAT was in 1925. His words seem rather tragic as I recall them now. Lloyd Bertaud was one of the three brave airmen who perished in September, 1927, when Old Glory sped out over the Atlantic to oblivion.

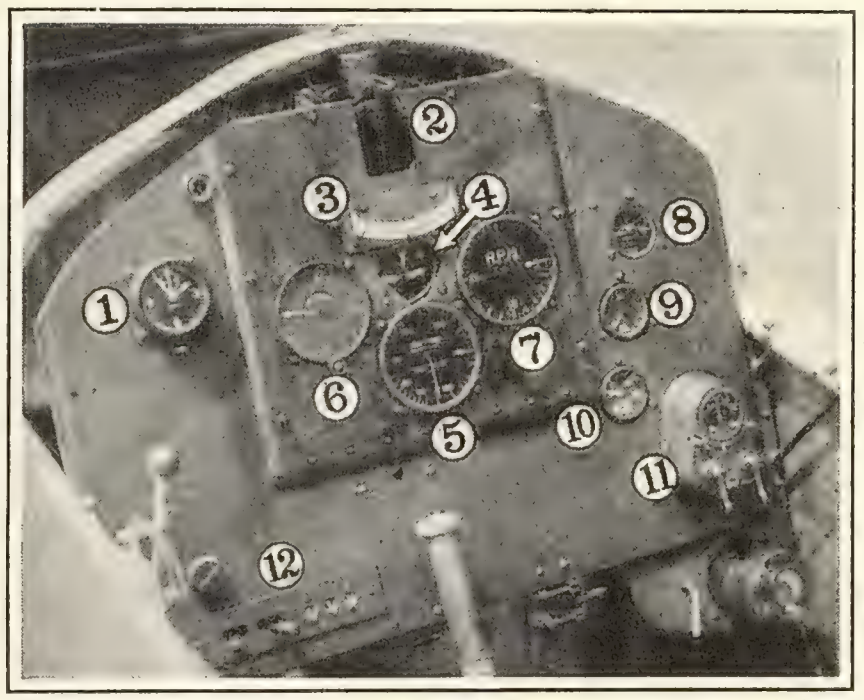
My share in Bert's fracas at the farmer's barn and the parachute flare came as an anticlimax at the time, so it might as well be one here.

By a freak coincidence, bad weather forced me down to an emergency landing the very next night in that same field at Mercer, Pennsylvania. Like Bert, I used a flare. Mine caused no conflagration, but the farmer whose barn had been touched off the night before seemed surprised as well as relieved.

"Good gosh almighty!" he said. "We thought sure enough you birds had come back this time to get the house!"

I am told he believes to this day that the dangers of night flying threaten farmers more than they threaten pilots. From one point of view I don't know that his opinion seems wholly unreasonable. The Post Office Department has no appropriation to cover such accidents. A special provision by Congress is necessary before they can be adjusted. That farmer is still waiting for damage money.

Our instructions for night landing discourage the use of parachute flares at low altitudes except when absolutely necessary, as in



The instrument board of a mail plane, a pilot's sole guide in fog: 1, clock; 2, compass; 3, supplementary bank indicator; 4, turn and bank indicator; 5, air speed indicator; 6, altimeter; 7, tachometer; 8, fuel pressure gauge; 9, oil pressure gauge; 10, water temperature indicator; 11, ignition switches; 12, light controls.

Bert's case. But we still consider these flares an essential item of our equipment on the Eastern mail routes, where flying weather is generally as bad, if not worse, than any to be encountered elsewhere in the world.

After dark, all mail ships show red and green navigation lights—red on the left wing, green on the right. Actual ground contact is judged by powerful headlights set in the wing tips. For night landing, the principal consideration lies in being able to pick out a suitable field where the surrounding obstructions show up as plainly as possible. Electric boundary markers simplify this for us at regular emergency fields under government supervision.

Even then, parachute flares are needed if clouds and fog cut visibility down to zero, as they did those nights at Mercer when Bert and I two-timed the farmer.

People often ask me about birds in the air at night. I never have bumped into any, to my knowledge, but I know other pilots who say they have found dead hawks and gulls in the rigging of their ships after night flights. In one case out West, the bird with which the mail pilot collided struck the ship so heavily that a strut between the wings was broken.

Pulling his ship up to 800 feet, he dropped a parachute flare.

REGULAR night mail flights started in the spring of 1924 after some weeks of preliminary training. I flew the first night ship from Cleveland on July 1, 1925. Punctual night runs have proved during the last four years to be one of the prime solutions in the problem of maintaining a rapid fire mail service by air. They have tripled the speed of coast to coast deliveries.

Increased weather hazards, due to nocturnal fogs and storms, together with wear and tear on the pilots' nerves, are two factors that had to be met with skill when night flying was instituted.

It was soon discovered that a pilot who could do eighty hours of daylight flying month in, month out, without suffering any ill effects, would have to be relieved after sixty hours of night flying. The constant vigil required at night caused a nerve strain that made us go stale or "wild" if continued overlong.

When private companies took over the lines, they could not afford crack-ups or delays that might be avoided. Under government supervision, forced landings due to mechanical trouble used to occur at a rate of one for every 25,000 miles flown from coast to coast. One in every 40,000 miles was the rate for the Eastern division. Under National Air Transport operation, the number of forced landings was decreased in the first few months to one for every 80,000 miles. Our latest records show the rate cut down to one in every 117,000 miles flown.

This improved performance has not developed without effort. Behind it stands a rigid campaign of teamwork between the air and the ground. The experts who labor and watch below are the men who enable us to push on in the air.

When the mail comes in on time, through daylight and darkness, through fair weather and foul, the credit belongs to them as well as to us. Without their splendid spirit of co-operation it never could be done.

Judge for yourself. Here is the round by round story of a night flight from Cleveland to New York:

This battle, ladies and gentlemen, features Pilot Collins of the United States mail service versus Kid Weather, defending champion and terror of the air.

I step into the ring shortly after 11 P. M., when I reach the Cleveland Municipal Airport. I'm early. My eastbound ship is not scheduled to leave Cleveland until fifteen minutes past midnight.

At least an hour remains before my departure, but I shall need it. My seconds and trainers have a lot of hints to give me about my coming scrap with Kid Weather.

No need to worry about the ship. In her hangar, the big 400 horsepower Douglas plane is being primed and tuned to perfection by the mechanical staff. They know their business. When they hand her over to me in an hour's time she will be ready for the job. My cares lie in another direction.

FIRST of all I want to know what Kid Weather has been up to lately. What sort of a fight is he going to give me tonight?

The government weather observer on duty at the Cleveland airport will have a good deal to tell me on this subject. A late weather map drawn up by him at 9 P. M. shows exactly how my elemental enemy has been acting all day, and what condition he will be in when I meet him.

About midnight detailed weather reports will begin coming in from every station along the route. By phone and radio our spies rush us

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

ANY TOOTHBRUSH MAY BE BETTER THAN NONE, *BUT* . . . .

NEW . . . *to make* teeth whiter

And correct brushing easier

THIS new brush retains but improves upon correct principles that have made DR. WEST'S Toothbrushes famous.

Here are costlier bristles—that remain always erect. They clean and polish. Unobtainable since the war, they are now available only in the new DR. WEST'S.

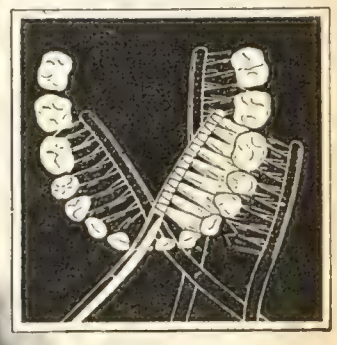
Crevices between teeth are more deeply penetrated, more thoroughly cleansed, by accurate trimming and spacing of bristles.

Handles are unbreakable, rigid, easier to hold and use.

By small size and correct shape, DR. WEST'S brush made correct brushing possible 7 years ago. All teeth—inside, outside, between — far back as well as in front, are thoroughly cleansed.

All druggists have DR. WEST'S new brushes for you. Each brush is sterilized and sealed, for your protection. And each is guaranteed.

Replace your present brushes, today, with new DR. WEST'S. You'll see gratifying results, quickly



CAUSE AND EFFECT: Here you see why DR. WEST'S new brush brings whiter teeth. See how bristles remain erect; how crevices are swept clean; and why no part of any tooth is neglected.

© 1928, W. B. M. Co.

Dr. West's *new* Tooth Brush

Pointers on Patents

Some Ideas should *never* be Patented

THE U. S. Patent Office will not knowingly issue Patents on devices which are inoperative. "Perpetual motion" contraptions are barred; heavier-than-air flying machines once were also considered impossible and non-patentable . . . But many amazing inventions do "slip under the wire" and become Patented—for no good reason at all.

Among the many such ingenious Patents are: A mechanical hat-tipper for polite but lazy gentlemen; A sloping trestle arrangement for the top of railroad trains to enable them to pass *over* one another on the same track; Beds that fall apart when the alarm goes off—and so on, indefinitely!

The Patent Office renders too fine and helpful a service to the country's inventors, industries and the public to have its time taken up and its files jammed with such material.

Inventions of Real Value Are Always Welcome

During our experience as specialists in Patent and Trademark practice, we have refused many cases which seemed to present no useful reason for Patents. We believe such a policy is helpful both to our client and to the busy Patent Office . . . Useful inventions are always welcome, for they further the progress of the nation. It is a source of happiness to us to have been instrumental in securing many useful Patents, and we offer every resource of experience and organization to inventors with devices or processes that contain merit.

Those interested in Patents, Trademarks or Copyrights are cordially welcome to the booklet "Patent and Trademark Protection"; it tells each step of procedure required by the Patent Office and answers your questions — and also to my Record of Invention form. My several thousand clients, in every State in the Union, have found them helpfully worth having. Mail the coupon TODAY; they will be sent to you immediately.

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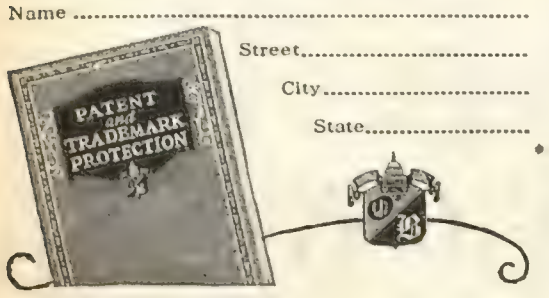
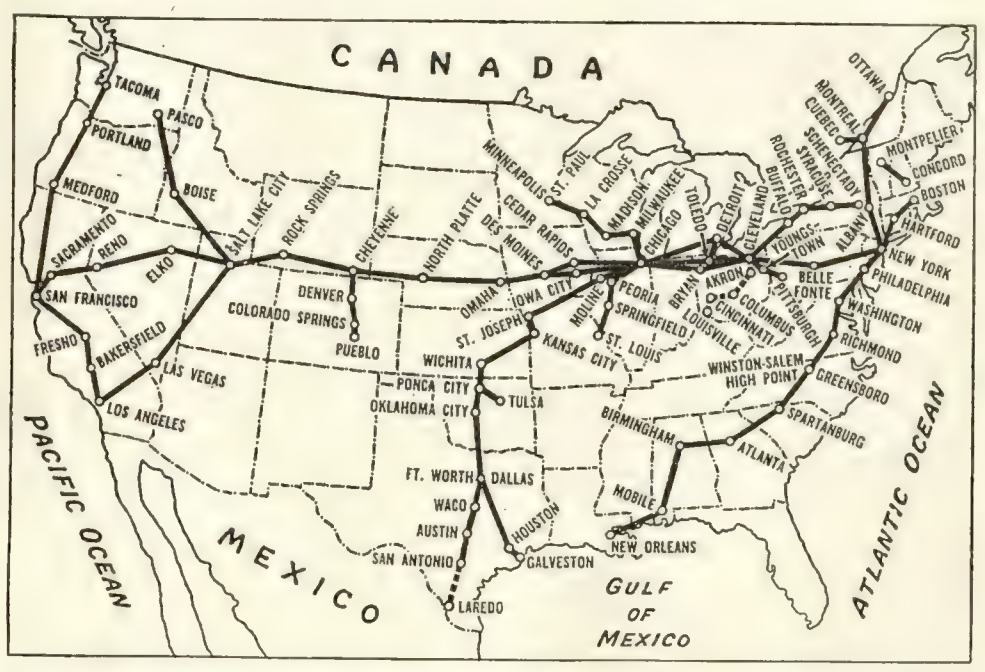


[FLYING THE NIGHT MAIL Continued from page forty-seven]

all information from the hostile camp.

From the "wind aloft" report, taken sometime during the evening, I plan my attack and defense. This report tells me the direction and velocity of the wind at all flying altitudes. With it I shall determine at which height it will be most advantageous for me to fly.

I am specially anxious to have all the dope I can get about weather at the New York end. I can fly from bad weather into good without grave danger. Flying from good to bad is a dangerous proposition. After three hours or so in the air my fuel will be getting low, the efficiency of my ship will be decreased, and my own efficiency as well. That's when I'd better look out for Kid Weather.



This map shows where the air mail travels on regular schedule in the United States. The heavy lines mark the routes in operation, the broken lines the proposed ones.

At midnight the boys roll my ship out on the line with the mail aboard—fourteen pouches; 550 pounds of it. At 12:15 I give her the gun and we're off.

Kid Weather, here we come!

For the first fifteen miles I can see the lights of Cleveland clear and bright. Easy going, so far. The sky is heavily overcast at 2,000 feet. Reports indicate the same low ceiling or thereabouts for the rest of the trip. As I come to the city limits, factory smoke begins to cut down the visibility, and snowflakes begin to show in the glare of the headlights when I flash them on.

Without the beam of our headlights we might fly along for miles through the night entirely innocent of the fact that it is raining or snowing. The windshield over the cockpit protects us so thoroughly that snow and rain seldom touch us.

Bam! Kid Weather is after me now. Watch him sock.

It is snowing hard. Good-by, visibility. Down below I can see no more lights, neither beacons nor towns.

The air speed indicator says I'm hitting better than 100 miles an hour. At this rate of speed I should sight a beacon every few minutes. Over all our routes the service beacons average one every ten miles. I shouldn't be more than five miles away from one of them at any time.

According to the weather bureau this snow squall I'm in is a local affair. I ought to be sneaking out of it in a few minutes. Meanwhile nothing but the instruments can keep my ship on her course. Let's take a look at them.

As J. D. Hill, who went down in Old Glory with Lloyd Bertaud, used to say, when forced to rely on the instrument board, "The night being damp and cheerless, I retired to my library for a little quiet reading."

Watch that turn and bank indicator!

This pet of mine puts me wise to a couple of suicidal tendencies. It tells how straight I am steering and if my wings are level. And, believe me, those are two things "every young flier should know."

Other trinkets on my instrument board include an air speed indicator, which corresponds to a speedometer on an automobile; a rate of climb indicator; and a compass. By juggling the controls so that every pointer holds to the correct mark, I can keep the ship on her course through a good bout of rough treatment at the hands of my foe, Kid Weather.

Smack! He's giving me the works. That was wind, and I don't like it at all. When the ship lurches that way, my job becomes a lot more difficult. It starts the compass spinning and gives me incorrect readings.

Motor, be my friend. Don't fail me now.

AT present any trouble with the old Liberty would make yours truly a member of the Caterpillar Club for life. Pilots who survive parachute jumps from doomed ships are the only persons eligible for that exclusive brotherhood of airmen.

Bill Williams, oldest pilot on the Chicago-Cleveland run, is a charter member. Under the circumstances, he was glad to get in. Very glad.

One cold night Bill picked up a load of ice big enough to keep Red Grange busy all summer. In the thick of the storm Bill saw, to his displeasure, that his instruments were frozen tight. He realized immediately that there was nothing left to do but go off on a parachute party or ride down with the ship.

Somehow, he never had been keenly interested in the parachute idea. Rather undignified, he considered it. But when his craft started slipping down nose first, he decided to give the notion a tryout.

"I wasn't exactly happy to do it," he said later; "yet, when the old bus began losing altitude, I was so darned glad I could walk away from her that the risk of the jump didn't even occur to me."

Bill landed in a sitting posture beside his plane. Neither he nor the mail was damaged. But the ship was not rebuilt, because you can't very well make a new airship out of nothing but a radiator cap.

Back we go to the instrument board.

Not a thing to be seen outside the cockpit. Not a hint of a light or beacon in the last fifteen minutes. The motor is giving me 135 miles an hour, so the speed gauge says. That means I've covered thirty-five miles without a glimpse at the world below. It's about time I ran out of this baby blizzard.

Wait a minute—what was that? Did I see a flash out there in the darkness? Yes; there it goes again. Glory be! The beacons are with us again at last!

Let your poets rave as they please about the infinite beauties of nature. The flash of a beacon is the grandest sight in the world to a pilot lost in the night.

Kid Weather, you're weakening.

The visibility has improved. The snow ceases. Now I see the scattered street lights of a town. What a sense of security they bring me, these tiny winking lights on the earth so far below! Beyond them, some distance off to the left, a red flare signals with increasing brilliance. The crimson glow of it is just what I most desired to see. It marks our station at Bellefonte, Pennsylvania. I am now halfway to New York.

The boys at Bellefonte are on the watch for me. When I flash my headlights, they answer at once with their huge flood lights, half a billion candlepower strong.

In our language of blinks and beams they furnish me with important information about the movements of the enemy. All clear at the New York end, they say, though I may meet another storm between here and there.

No praise can possibly be too great for the work of those lads down there on the ground. Weariness and loss of sleep they accept night after night without complaint for the sake of the service. Their protection never relaxes. They are real troupers, every man of them.

Danger ahead!

Not weather alone this time: mountains too.

The crests of Pennsylvania's mountains constitute a grave peril on such nights as this, when the sky is overcast and the ceiling low. In a few moments I must pass over the Nittany beacon, set 2,200 feet above sea level.

Here Charlie Ames crashed to his death during the first months of night mail flying.

The fault was not his. He was one of the finest pilots we ever had. The error which cast him down to his fate upon the rocks of Mt. Nittany was one against which we are

now protected by scientific knowledge we did not then possess. His tragic end led directly to a discovery of great importance.

Experts, investigating the wreck of his ship after the crash, examined his altimeter, the instrument used to show altitudes above sea level. Ames had set his altimeter at New York, where the barometric pressure that night was four tenths of an inch lower than at Bellefonte. This caused an error of 400 feet on the reading of the instrument.

Clouds were hanging all over the crest of Mt. Nittany when he attempted to cross it. There was no visibility. Forced to rely upon his instrument, he believed he was crossing the mountain at 2,400 feet altitude, whereas in reality he attempted to cross it at 2,000 feet—200 feet below the top.

A night beacon used on the air mail routes to guide pilots and to mark mountains which otherwise would loom unseen in the dark.

A sad lesson it was, but we learned it well. From that time to this our altimeters are invariably set according to the barometric pressure at the station to which we are flying, rather than to that at the station from which we come.

I reset my altimeter on the Bellefonte pressure. The flash of Mt. Nittany's beacon soon appears at a generous distance below me.

Kid Weather, you're licked again.

Now the visibility is splendid. I can see four beacons stretched out in line before me. Obviously the rain and fog have been swept away. The rest of the journey will be simple.

Nothing further to worry about. My cockpit is cozy and warm. Pipes from the exhaust pour heated air over my feet and hands. From here to Hadley Field, the New York airport, I can follow the beacons straight in. How about some chocolate and a cigarette? Take life easy while I've got the chance.

Stars twinkle intermittently through broken clouds overhead. Along the Susquehanna River the lights of towns and villages stand out like small diamonds set in black velvet. There is no moon tonight. If there were I could make out the pattern of little streams and rivulets winding down from the hills.

When I left Cleveland, three and a half hours ago, my weather report gave 2,000 feet as the ceiling for this point in the course. As closely as I can observe, it seems to have lifted now to about 3,000 feet. Looks as though I'd have no trouble flying the Eastern mail back to Cleveland at noon.

Fifteen minutes to go. The mail will be in by 3:30. Three and a half to four hours is the customary running time between Cleveland and New York. It all depends on whether the wind is helping or hindering. The record speed for the run was made on a night flight last March. That night the mail came through from the West in two hours and fifteen minutes, having traveled at an average rate of 178 miles an hour with a seventy-five mile wind on the ship's tail.

There's the Hadley beacon. I am gliding down for a long, slow descent upon the field. I see the mail trucks waiting by the hangars to rush the fourteen pouches to the post office.

Just as I wriggle myself out of the cockpit a faint streak of gray tints the eastern horizon. Have you ever wondered why the birds chirp so gayly at dawn? Ask any night mail pilot. He knows why.

THE END

Bright Sayings *of* Children

LIBERTY will pay $5 for every published letter describing the bright saying of a child. Address the Bright Sayings Editor, LIBERTY, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

A Boy's Best Friend

My three-year-old son Calvin, when asked by the Sunday school teacher what was the best book in the world, replied: "My pocketbook," taking his little purse from his pocket and holding it up for all to see.—Mrs. G. C. Steindorff, Box 304, Greenville, Ala.

* * *

Advice for a Speed Maniac

Mary, four years old, sat dangling her chubby little legs from a park bench, watching with wide-eyed interest the antics of the many tame squirrels that abound there.

Suddenly a squirrel darted rapidly down a tree trunk just in front of Mary's anxious eyes. As he speedily neared the ground, head first, Mary's interest and alarm grew until she no longer could restrain herself. She clapped her little hands in excitement and cried, "Put on your brakes, Kitty, put on your brakes!"—Arthur R. Courtland, 104 N. Nineteenth St., Philadelphia, Pa.

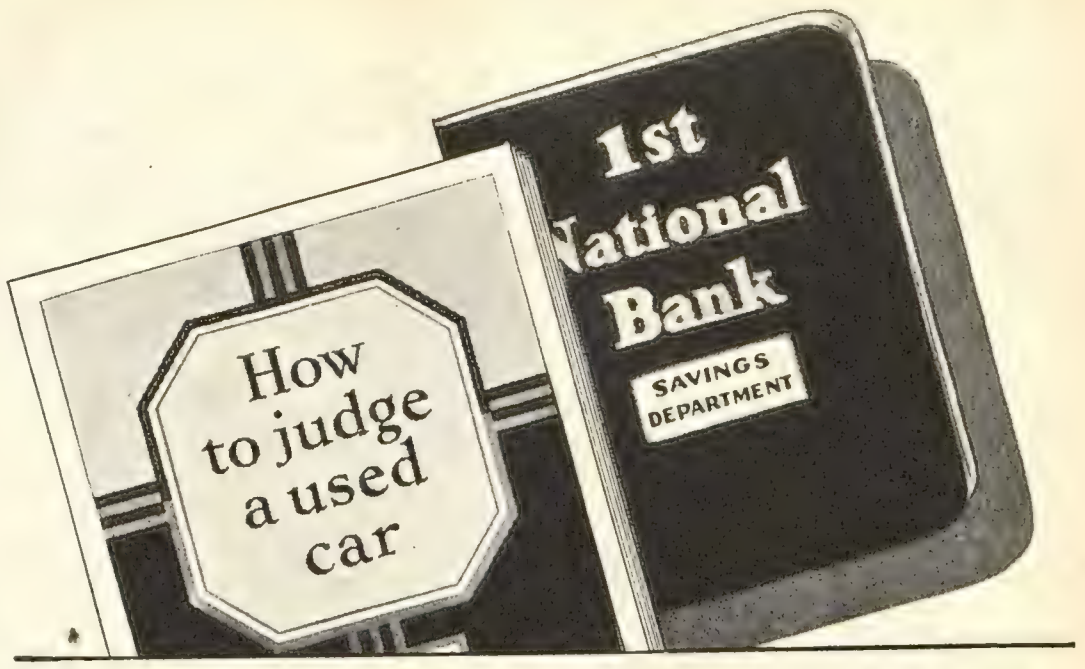
* * *

It Was Something Heavy

Mrs. Brown heard something fall. Little Harry came in crying and holding his head.

"What fell on your head, Harry?" she asked.

"I did," he sobbed.—Joe Chasnoff, 5571 Bartmer Ave., St. Louis, Mo.



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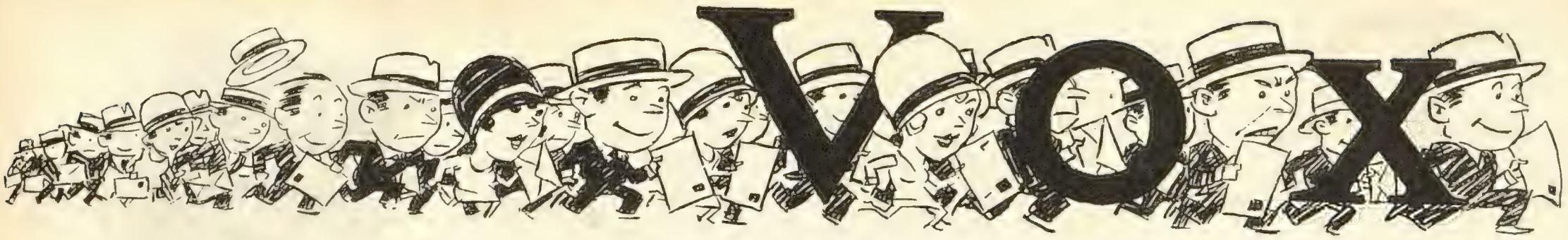


Speaking of Al

TARRYTOWN, N. Y.—Your Vox Pop letters attacking and defending Al Smith have seemed to me very trivial, and the product of prejudices rather than convictions based on reasoning. I'm not a master mind, myself, but here are some of the considerations that will make me vote for Al:

First: He has the horse sense to want the present prohibition laws modified. He is not an ostrich. But Hoover has his eyes and ears in the sand, and wants the present mess to go right on.

Second: Al is a man who has put political integrity above domination by any creed. Now is the time for Smith's enemies to dig up, if they can, instances in which the State of New York has been governed from Rome. Can they dig any up? No. Nor could they if Al were President.

Third: Smith and the Democrats will maintain the tariff, but will get busy along other progressive lines, too. On the other hand, all the Republicans seem able to do is to let out that old-fashioned whinny: "A high tariff and a full dinner pail."—*F. Bisby.*

WILKES BARRE, PA.—If we had more Catholics like the next President of the United States, and more magazines like LIBERTY, the U. S. A. would be a damsite better place to endure prohibition in.—*Helen's Husband.*

Helping Hands

DETROIT, MICH.—Edward Doherty's "Interview with a Millionaire Who Doesn't Know Where to Will His Money" was interesting to me because I was one of a family which, in my early youth, was helped out by charity. This encouraged my father to be a bigger bum than he ever was before.

What was the use of his feeding his family when somebody else was feeding it for him? And don't think that the giver is ever praised. He is often cursed for not giving more.

The struggle for a living is really half the fun. What are you going to have left if you remove the struggle? Nothing but soft, jellied nincompoops and degenerates.—*T. R.*

ASTORIA, ORE.—Congratulations to Edward Doherty on that article on the $10,000,000 problem!

Why have we all these benevolent (?) activities? Why is there need for such, anywhere in the world? Just because so many of the human race are misfits, morons, feeble-minded, insane, physical weaklings, or poverty-stricken and slum born.

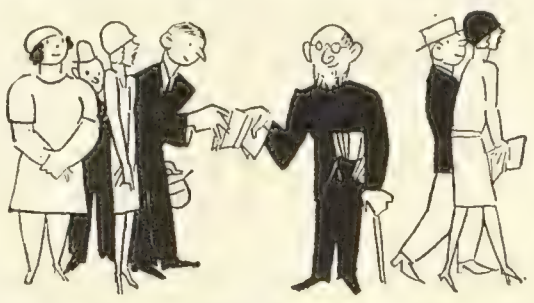
There can be no forging ahead or forward climbing by a creature with no brain or bodily stamina. If born wrong, he is done for! The most appalling result of his perversion, his worthlessness, is that he breeds millions like himself—breeds unwillingly, despairingly, disastrously, and without limit.

We preach and pray and organize. What good does it do?

Teach birth control ideals and methods! In that way we could make a new world.

That's what I'd spend *my* $10,000,000 for!—*L. MacClure Clarke.*

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—It wouldn't be such a bad idea if the millionaire who doesn't know what to do with



his millions gave, say, about $500 per couple to engaged couples who have a little saved but not enough to get married on.

I bet there are a great many couples who would like to get married and raise a family, but they don't want to take a chance till they have some money set aside—and that means one year, two years, and sometimes much longer.—*Engaged.*

MAHANOY CITY, PA.—I have never read anything quite so ridiculous as "An Interview with a Millionaire."

Is there really anyone in all this world whose greatest worry in this life is how to dispose of ten to twelve million dollars? If there is such a man and he really thinks he is worried, he should know what it is to need money and not have it. Then he would have something worth while worrying about.—*A Reader.*

SAN DIEGO, CALIF.—You limited the best thing ever published in LIBERTY to 18 minutes and 48 seconds reading time. Edward Doherty's interview with a millionaire who knew not where to put ten millions is a darn sight more practical than the League of Nations.—*P. V.*

SOMEWHERE IN THE MIDDLE WEST.—The logical answer to the millionaire's problem lies in solving the farmer's problem.

The position of the farmer is that of the corner grocer, who was not qualified as an executive, and who is passing. For every farmer should be an executive, though ninety-nine and nine tenths per cent are not qualified for executive work. The co-operative movement is simply passing the buck to capable executives.

Let the millionaire use his $10,000,000 in building a real farming corporation. Let him show by example that costs can be cut and more profits made by organizing farming along the lines of big business.—*Alec Stillson—farmer.*

ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.—Any millionaire of today who ponders over the question of dispensing ten millions of dollars belies his financial position, which he supposedly gained by the intelligent use of his brain.

The whole answer to his problem (?) lies in his one sentence—viz: "But I don't want to dole out my money in dribs and drabs." Personally I don't think he wants to part with any of that money.

He "snorts with contempt" at the idea of giving God ten millions in return for the manifold blessings he has received. He says with vituperation: "The churches are propagating religion." What in God's name would a church propagate—a dance marathon?

He says he believes in God. I don't believe him.—*Kathleen Gray.*

JACKSONVILLE, FLA.—If Edward Doherty has the millionaire friend whom he describes, we pity that friend. Can he see the utter misery all around us and not be able to spend his money?

I would not want to be this man, though a little of what he supposedly owns would drive the everlasting shadow of sorrow and misery from my child's blue eyes and give them the light of happiness and health instead.

Yet our state may be better than that of one who misses the chance to do so much.—*B. Sweet.*

MEXICO, MO.—My answer to Mr. Doherty's question, "What would you do with my friend's $10,000,000?" is this:

I would select a desert spot of the earth, preferably one of the arid sections of the western part of the United States, and transform it into a land of people and homes.

How? By bringing the life-giving water to the land and thus making it possible for people to live there and till the soil.—*Mrs. L. Thomson.*

ASTORIA, L. I.—Ten million dollars—and not knowing what to do with them. What a funny story!—*L. Heiss.*

Folks, Meet Mr. Thrasher

SAN ANTONIO, TEX.—I was just looking at your cover picture, "R-r-r-right hand — salloot!" and *Sandy* seems to be getting gray, and *Lil* looks all washed out. (No, it's not the way the light falls on them.) Keep 'em looking young and fresh, hear?

Say, how old is this bird Thrasher? The reason I ask is that I want to know if I'll see little *Sandy* playing football at twenty, or maybe married at thirty. How about giving us a picture of Thrasher?—*D. G. Sloan.*

Better Pick the Right Animal

BOSTON, MASS.—Do let us have more of such wholesome, appealing stories of animal life, like that deer tale, "The Outcast," by Kenneth Gilbert.

It is the sweetest story I have read in a long time.

The time has about come when we may well look up to the animals for a good example in family life and care of the young.—*F. Farnest.*

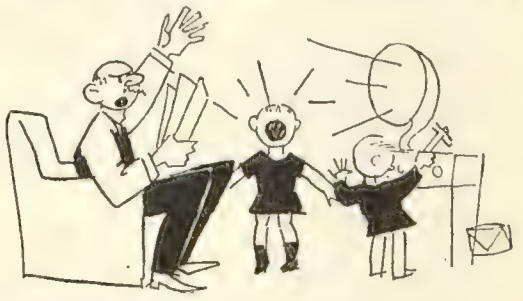
What's in a Name?

NEW YORK, N. Y.—A good story, that tale of the fawn by Kenneth Gilbert, called "The Outcast." But why the joker in it? I am referring, of course, to the small deer's name, which, by all that is holy, is (look it up yourself!) Mowitsch. Is that fawn a Russian citizen?

I am now at work on a story for you. The hero is a rabbit. He is a darling. His name is Ivanowitsky.—*Ted.*

We Can't Answer Everything

CHICAGO, ILL.—How in L is a fellow going to read an article in the prescribed reading time with one kid



yelling, another asking questions, another at the d— radio, and the wife down in the basement fixing the fire in the furnace? Now, answer me that.—*G. B. Heermans.*

P. S. And the missus refused to swap jobs.

He Can Think on His Feet

NATCHEZ, MISS.—I found, on reading your editorial on Dr. Hale's famous book, "The Man Without a Country," the statement: "At this time, when pacifists, reds, and internationalists are attempting to uproot the deepest seated emotion of mankind, the love of home . . ."

I cannot believe that the author is so uninformed that he carelessly classes a pacifist with a red. A pacifist is only trying to broaden that emotion which one has for his country and fellow citizens to a far deeper emotion for the world as a whole and all its inhabitants.

I sincerely hope that the author will sit down and think what a pacifist is.—*Thomas J. Reed.*

For Mr. Viereck

COLUMBUS, GA.—George Sylvester Viereck's report of his interview with Clemenceau, called "The Tiger Looks at the Post-War World," was the most self-idealized work of imagination I ever heard of anybody getting big money for.

The reader was impressed all the way through by the author's feeling that he showed the Tiger up intellectually, even mentioning things Clemenceau had never heard of, such as psychoanalysis.

The way the author "convinced" France's Grand Old Man that Germany was not to blame for Belgian atrocities, and for starting the war, was a scream.—*H. K. S.*

CLEVELAND, OHIO—I would like to call attention to an error in George Sylvester Viereck's article on Clemenceau.

While talking about the Kaiser, mention was made of his "cousin," King Edward. This should have been his uncle, King Edward VII—for King Edward and the Kaiser's mother were brother and sister, children of Queen Victoria.—*F. C. Scadding, Jr.*

More Timing Trouble

WILKINSBURG, PA.—I found the inclosed in the Eaton *Herald*, published in Eaton, Colorado—"the best gosh-durned paper in Colorado"—and thought you might be interested:

MODERN COMPLEXITIES

Hub—So you've finished the story? Did it end to suit you?

Wife (disgustedly)—I don't know. The reading time is given as eighteen minutes and ten seconds, and my time was up before I could find out whether they married or not.

—*I. B. E.*

"A Man's a Man for a' That . . ."

AMARILLO, TEX.—"The Life Story of Wallace Reid" was fine, and it rang true.

Those articles hit me with force, for the reason that I have been there. I do not mean that I am handsome, because I am anything else but.

However, with due respect to all concerned, and thanks to God, I have a sunny disposition. And whether women realize it or not, a sunny disposition is what they primarily love in a man.

For example, I once rented a room near a girls' college—plenty of girl boarders—and at first the girls would shy off and almost giggle at my funny face. But after a month or so they would swarm around me like the Republican Party around an oil magnate.

Of course, a handsome face makes a sunny disposition more salable—witness Wally Reid—but the combination is dangerous. A person with a sunny disposition but a funny face has to get out and create a demand for himself, whereas a handsome face and a disposition to match speeds up and speeds up, and too often blows up.—*C. W. Gano.*

EVANSVILLE, IND.—Being a glutton for punishment, I worried through Adela Rogers St. Johns' story of Wally Reid, but found myself in the same position as the negro who spent his week's wages riding a merry-go-round. When he finished he was just where he started.

Will Rogers would have told that story in twenty-nine words.—*J. W. Pearson.*

PENNEY FARMS, FLA.—Notwithstanding the fact that many people call your magazine "godless," here is one aged minister of the Gospel who wants to commend you for your moral courage in not being afraid to recognize God and prayer.

Go right on with pictures like "Our Father," and the one of Sergeant York praying. And best of all was Wally Reid's saying, "I believe in God, now," in his life story.

The latter was one of the most touchingly beautiful life sketches I ever read.—*J. H. Elliott.*

BEVERLY FARMS, MASS.—I have just finished reading "The Life Story of Wallace Reid." A man like Wally, who could die "clean" like he died, was certainly worthy of this great country.

Even though he couldn't go to war, he was a *man* we all should be proud of—and worth ten times as much to this country as any hard boiled top sergeant "in the big mess."

No matter what is ever said about Wally Reid—before or after—it takes a clean American to die as he did.—*A Reader.*

Friction About Fractions

SAVANNAH, GA.—Your wrinkle of giving the reading time of stories in LIBERTY is good. Why not get more practical and cut out the seconds? Express the reading time to the nearest whole minute.

Few people read with the same speed. The reading time of individuals will vary so much that fractions of a minute become meaningless. It takes up space to insert fractions, helps tire the eyes, and makes a joke of your whole reading time idea.—*F. M. Garnett.*

Nice of You, Lee

LOUISVILLE, KY.—Vice President Marshall said: "What the American public needs is a good five cent cigar."

He was mistaken. It was a good five cent magazine, and we sure got it in LIBERTY.—*Lee Hamilton.*

Slightly Complicated Compliment for Mrs. Delmar

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—Viña Delmar seems to me a lovely cat sitting on the back fence, looking into the back yards and beyond into the back windows, and recording what she sees and hears with the quiet It-is-as-Allah-wills philosophy of a cat.

I am very fond of cats. They have more sense than we have.—*Robenia F. Greenlun.*

Just Thoroughness, Maybe

ST. LOUIS, MO.—In a recent copy of LIBERTY I noticed, on the Vox Pop page, a letter from a certain M. D. Lyon. In this letter he stated his utter distaste for, and complete disapproval of, Viña Delmar's stories.

"It isn't," he wrote, "any one special story that I object to, but all of them."

Did you get it? *All of them.* If he was so fearful of corrupting his mind, I wonder why he condescended to read all of them.

He read them and liked them—that's why.—*V. L. Giles.*

Brain Food First

LAKE GEORGE, N. Y.—Just a line in regard to your story entitled "Slightly Shopworn." Say, maybe it

wasn't a pippin! This Nevis Shane person is "all to the mustard," and if she is to continue writing for you it means that I miss my daily hot dog repast one day out of the week, to save the necessary nickel for LIBERTY.—*Annie St. Claire.*

All at Once?

DULUTH, MINN.—In his story, "The Fortunes of War," Francis Wallace certainly splashed up the Third Commandment, with his profanity.

I wonder, Mr. Vox Pop, why there isn't some author who could write as interesting stories as do the majority of your writers, and use all of the Ten Commandments as a background.—*Allan B. Smith.*

See Last Week's Editorial

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—What is LIBERTY—a History of the World War? You could almost call it a "scrap" book. Why not more stories and fewer army reports?—*R. Eader.*

Well, That's a Relief

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—My one and only complaint you have at last overcome. When LIBERTY was only obtainable on Monday, I was compelled to lose practically a night's sleep, because I never let up until I had read it from cover to cover. Consequently, Tuesday was a hard day for me at the office.

Now I can get it Saturday and sleep late Sunday, which gives me six pepful days at the office.—*G. L. S.*

Slipping

TORONTO, CANADA — I have just finished reading that story by Ruth Hawthorne, "Two Hard-Boiled Eggs," and I think it is the best story I ever read in LIBERTY.

Personally I think your magazine is rotten, but with a few more stories by Ruth Hawthorne I might be induced to change my opinion.—*Ross Crawford.*

There's Always Something

NEW YORK, N. Y.—"The Diary of Sergeant York" is great reading—thanks to LIBERTY. And that article, "I Learn to Fly," by Richard Carroll, is the Eskimo's refrigerator! Stories like Frederick Brennan's "They Never Reform" and Norman S. Hall's "Just Passing Through" are good reading.

If you editors would only toss out Toni, Jr., I'd be the happiest guy ever!—*F. Hudson.*

But, Oh That "Once"!

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF. — Your fashion articles are not very practical for the average person. Many of us don't wear evening wraps or dresses more than once a year.

Can't you give us more office dresses, house dresses, and simple afternoon dresses that the average American has more use for?—*E. F. H.*

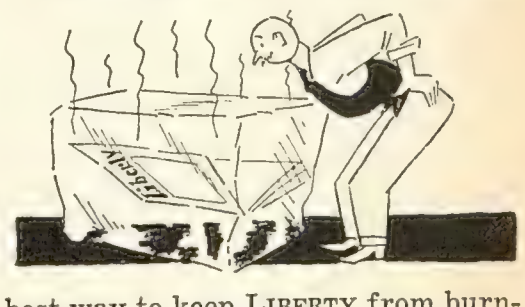
Plenty

SHUNK, PA.—A diligently seeking bachelor for some fifteen years, I finally found, wooed, and won. Then a casual remark that I was a subscriber to LIBERTY—and back came the "No" instanter.

I am instituting against you a suit for alienation of affections, breach of promise, or—how much do I owe you?—*Doc. Campbell.*

Aw, Let It Burn

DEERFIELD, ILL.—I find that the



best way to keep LIBERTY from burning through its cover is to keep it in the ice box.—*Norman R. Ring.*

A Few Growls—a Million Grins

BLOOMINGTON, IND. — The stories by Wodehouse are simply great. Some of your lowbrow readers will possibly growl about them because the subtle humor of Wodehouse will be over their heads. But this English writer knows his laughs and anyone who knocks him is just an ignoramus with a big "I."—*Cecil De Baithe.*

Sh-h-h—It's a Secret

GLOBE, ARIZ.—LIBERTY really is the largest collection of the worst and the best in the magazine world to be had for five cents. It is positively a punk magazine, but could you tell me why we are always on hand with our nickels every week?—*Carryl C. Austin.*

The Ring photo

Jack Coombs, the Brooklyn pitcher who helped prevent Boston from sweeping the 1916 series.

When the Gamblers Were ROUTED

A Baseball Coup that Failed

By

HUGH FULLERTON

The Ring photo

Carl Mays of the Red Sox—he of the underhand delivery—upon whom the Boston gamblers bet heavily.

(Reading time: 5 minutes 8 seconds.)

ONE game of the past which meant little to the fans, excepting those of Brooklyn, but which prevented the success of the greatest gambling coup ever attempted, was the World's Series game between Brooklyn and the Boston Red Sox played on October 10, 1916, at the Brooklyn park.

The Red Sox of that year were a great team, led by great pitchers, the best of whom was Carl Mays.

Brooklyn, an unbalanced team, had won the National League championship chiefly through great pitching, and the batting streaks of Myers and Johnston, coupled with brilliant defensive fielding led by George Cutshaw. The breaks had favored Brooklyn, and it had won its championship on the last day of the season in one of the most questionable finishes in the history of the sport; the day McGraw walked off the field and refused to stay with his team, which was making a farce of trying to beat the Dodgers.

The Boston gamblers plunged heavily on the Red Sox. They bet huge sums of money at rich odds that Boston would win four straight games. Before each game they laid odds of eight to five and even two to one that Boston would win.

Boston won the first two games of the series. The betting dropped to two and a half to one that the Red Sox would win four straight, and two to one was offered that they would win the game in Brooklyn in which Mays was scheduled to pitch against Coombs.

After the first two defeats, the Brooklyn backers hesitated until certain that Coombs would pitch. The odds tempted the Brooklyn betters to back Coombs against Mays, and the big professional gamblers of Boston, their rolls fattened by two victories, were eager to cover any bets.

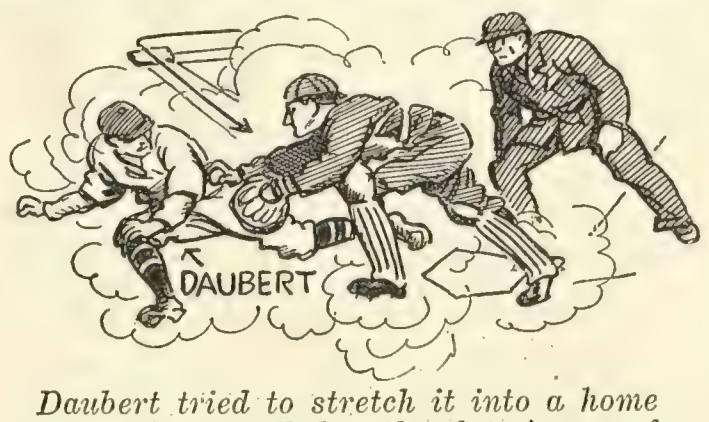
I had a personal interest, despite the fact I never bet anything but hats on baseball. Coming down from Boston, two New York gamblers came to me and said:

"These Boston guys are cleaning us. What about tomorrow?"

I refused to express an opinion. They insisted, so I showed them the dope figures, saying, "Coombs should hold Boston below five runs. This Brooklyn team is a team of wild hitters, hitting bad balls hard. They will hit Mays hard enough to score half a dozen runs. He is one Boston pitcher they can beat, but don't blame me if you lose."

Just the same, I spent an anxious afternoon.

Brooklyn justified the dope in the first inning. They filled the bases and had Mays on the run, but a force-out at the plate, a strike-out, and a long fly prevented scoring. They lost a run in the second, when Myers was called out at third base by a terrible decision. But in the third inning they started. Daubert lashed a single to right; Casey Stengel, the champion bad ball hitter of the team, drove a line hit to left; and Cutshaw singled sharply over first, scoring Daubert. That hit of Cutshaw's would ordinarily have been a three-base hit, but so fast was Hooper's fielding that Cutshaw was driven back to first base.



Daubert tried to stretch it into a home run and was nailed at the plate in one of the closest of plays.

The luck had run heavily against Brooklyn. They had one run where, with ordinary breaks, they should have scored four or five. They did not look so good until the fourth, when Olson beat out an infield bounder and raced on to second when Gardner's hurried, wild throw got past Hoblitzel. Miller bunted to Mays, who—with plenty of time to throw to third and catch Olson—loafed and threw to first, retiring Miller. Coombs then drove a single past Janvrin, and scored the run.

The fifth inning made Brooklyn look to be a sure winner. To start that round, Larry Gardner, leaping and crashing against the bleachers, caught Casey Stengel's foul, but after that Mays' underhand shoots went wild. He passed both Wheat and Mike Mowrey, and Ivy Olson caught the first ball pitched and drove it far to left center for a triple, scoring two more runs and ending the sojourn of Mays on the mound.

Foster, with his speed and curve, came on and checked Brooklyn in the sixth, while the Red Sox finally broke the spell of Coombs and started scoring. Henriksen, batting for Mays, drew a pass, Hooper tripled over Stengel's head, and Shorten singled—changing the aspect of the game and making Brooklyn long for some of the runs lost by luck. They longed even more in their half of the inning, when a close decision at the plate deprived them of another run because Daubert, after tripling, tried to stretch it into a home run and was nailed at the plate in one of the closest of plays.

It was that decision that maddened the Brooklyn crowd and scared the gamblers, and on which Hank O'Day showed how fine an umpire he is. Daubert had the play beaten and slid in front of the plate, stretching his foot toward the rubber, only to be blocked off. The catcher's leg stopped Daubert's foot a few inches short of the plate while he caught the ball and tagged the runner.

INSTEAD of deciding instantly, as most umpires would have done, O'Day waited, stooped, saw the exact position of Daubert's foot, and waved him out.

Coombs was commencing to lose some steam, and when, in the seventh, Gardner hit over the right field fence for a home run and put the Red Sox back in the fight, Big Jeff Pfeffer was rushed to the rescue and the game settled down to one of the hardest and cleanest defensive battles of the series. Only once could the Red Sox get an opening, and Pfeffer held them safe down to the exhausting finish—Brooklyn winning four to three.

The Boston gamblers lost their heavy bets on the Red Sox winning four straight games, lost a great fortune in bets on that one game, and were prevented from making a huge clean-up, as Boston won the next two games and the series, four games to one.

The night after that game one of the New York gamblers who had insisted upon knowing the dope, and had cleaned up close to $30,000 that day, came to me.

"Say," he said in a low tone, "could you fix it for me for a pass to tomorrow's game? I want one of them press passes."

Big hearted guys—those gamblers.

THE END

THE BOX SCORE

October 10, 1916

BOSTON	AB.	R.	H.	PO.	A.	E.
Hooper, rf.	4	1	2	1	0	0
Janvrin, 2b.	4	0	0	1	0	0
Shorten, cf.	4	0	3	0	0	0
Hoblitzel, 1b.	4	0	1	12	2	0
Lewis, lf.	4	0	0	1	1	1
Gardner, 3b.	3	1	1	2	0	1
Scott, ss.	3	0	0	1	7	0
Thomas, c.	3	0	0	5	0	0
Mays, p.	1	0	0	0	4	1
Henriksen x	0	1	0	0	0	0
Foster, p.	1	0	0	1	2	0
Total	31	3	7	24	16	2

BROOKLYN	AB.	R.	H.	PO.	A.	E.
Myers, cf.	3	0	0	3	0	0
Daubert, 1b.	3	1	2	7	0	0
Stengel, rf.	3	0	1	2	1	0
Wheat, lf.	2	1	1	4	0	0
Cutshaw, 2b.	4	0	1	4	0	0
Mowrey, 3b.	3	1	0	2	1	0
Olson, ss.	4	1	2	1	2	0
Miller, c.	3	0	0	4	2	0
Coombs, p.	3	0	1	0	2	0
Pfeffer, p.	1	0	1	0	1	0
Total	29	4	9	27	9	0

x Batted for Mays in sixth and drew base on balls.

BOSTON	0	0	0	0	0	2	1	0	0	—3
BROOKLYN	0	0	1	1	2	0	0	0	x	—4

First on errors—Brooklyn 1. Left on bases—Brooklyn 9; Boston 2. Bases on balls—Off Mays 3; off Coombs 1. Struck out—By Mays 2; by Foster 1; by Coombs 1; by Pfeffer 3. Home run—Gardner. Three-base hits—Hooper, Daubert, Olson. Sacrifice hits—Daubert, Stengel, Myers, Miller. Stolen base—Wheat. Wild pitch—Foster. Hits—Off Mays, 6 in 5 innings; off Foster, 3 in 3 innings; off Coombs, 7 in 6⅓ innings; off Pfeffer, 0 in 2⅔ innings. Umpires—O'Day, Connolly, Dineen, and Quigley.

THE HIT

Introduction of the New Sparton EQUASONNE is the recognized outstanding development of radio science—as great an advance as was the transition from battery to light-socket operation. A new perfection of tonal quality that is positively amazing. No decision can be final until you hear the marvelous New Sparton EQUASONNE.

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Cooling MEALS *for* SULTRY DAYS

By ETHEL SOMERS

SULTRY days demand nourishing, healthful food with a psychological appeal. A hot trip home in rush hour crowds generally plays havoc with the already curtailed jaded summer appetite. 'Tis then that cooling platter menus have their greatest appeal.

Fortunately, such dinners likewise are a boon to the cook, for she can proceed with their preparation almost to the finish in the comforting coolness of the morning. Nor need she worry over food needs the rest of the day; for such a summer dinner menu is satisfying, gratifying, and healthful.

Try an occasional cooling menu, selecting your family's favorite type of meat loaf as the substantial platter item. If circumstances permit, the loaf, made large enough, may be served juicy and hot, and the remaining portion reserved on ice for the next evening, to be served cold.

COLD DINNER MENU

Iced Cantaloupe Balls
Cold Sliced Meat Loaf — Potato Salad
Sliced Tomatoes Garnished with Sliced Stuffed Peppers
Hard Rolls — Iced Tea
Pineapple Bavarian Cream
Lace Wafers

Meat Loaf

- 1½ pounds ground meat (beef, veal, and pork)
- 1 or 2 eggs, as desired
- 1 teaspoon salt
- ½ teaspoon onion juice *or* 1 teaspoon grated onion
- ⅛ teaspoon pepper
- ¼ cup cream (milk may be used)
- 1 green pepper, minced, if desired
- 2 or 3 hard cooked eggs, if desired

SHOULDER cuts of beef, veal, and pork are excellent and tasty for use in meat loaf. Clear the meat of all gristle and grind very fine. Add the minced green pepper, salt, pepper, onion juice, slightly beaten egg, and cream (or milk). Mix well and knead for about 3 minutes. Successful slicing of cold meat loaf is largely dependent upon a thorough kneading at this time. If the hard cooked egg is to be inserted, shape three-fourths of the meat into a loaf, leaving a hollow trough of appropriate size for inserting the shelled hard cooked eggs. Insert the eggs and cover with the other quarter of the meat, as pictured.

If a roaster with a rack is available, pour hot water into the baking pan to cover the bottom of the roaster and yet not touch the meat. Cover the roaster, leaving the valves open, and bake in a moderate oven (375° F.) for 1 hour. Uncover and pour off any water that remains in the roaster. Increase the oven temperature to 450° F. and brown for 15 minutes in the upper oven or for a few minutes in the broiler oven.

If a steam type of roaster is not available, an ordinary covered roaster may be used if the meat is basted every 15 or 20 minutes with the liquor that collects in the pan.

If a covered roaster is not among your utensils, and especially if a *small* meat loaf is to be roasted (say about one third of this recipe), a tight wrapping of wax paper will keep the meat from drying. Of course, the baking period must be shortened in proportion to the size of the loaf being roasted. When the roast is done, the paper should be removed at once and the loaf browned under the broiler flame for a few minutes.

It will be noted, when the wax paper is removed, that every bit of juice has been held in the meat. There will be no materials for gravy, but if the meat loaf is to be sliced cold the juice within the meat is rather to be desired.

VARIATIONS in meat loaf may be made by using meat stock or tomato juice or tomato soup instead of the cream, or by varying the meat ingredients; for example, tongue and ham are pleasant additions.

Sliced Tomatoes
Garnished with Peppers

- 3 large or 6 small tomatoes
- 1 green pepper
- 1 package of cream or pimento cream cheese

RUB the tomatoes all over with the blunt edge of a knife, using a slight pressure to loosen the skins. Peel and then chill at least 1 hour. Slice and use as a garnish around the meat salad platter.

Wash the green pepper. Remove all of the core and seeds, and, when well dried, fill with the cream cheese.

Chill and slice the stuffed green pepper in thin slices and use as a garnish on the tomato.

Lacking a good roaster for steaming and then browning, the meat loaf may be kept from drying in wax paper.

Hard cooked eggs in the center of a meat loaf add to the effect if the meat is sliced cold.

A platter of sliced meat loaf, potato salad, tomato, and stuffed pepper makes a delightful summer dish.

Potato Salad

- ¼ cup cubed cucumbers, if desired
- 2 cups sliced or cubed potatoes
- 1 to 2 tablespoons chopped onion
- ¾ cup salad dressing (French, cooked dressing, or mayonnaise)

Garnish with radish rosebuds, hard cooked eggs, pimento, parsley, or green peppers.

THE potatoes may be left over potatoes, or freshly boiled in the jacket in salted water, or sliced potatoes cooked in any flavorful soup or meat stock. Care should be taken not to overcook the potatoes, and important here is the selection of the type of potatoes used. New potatoes, being waxy, naturally hold their shape the best and are the most suitable for an attractive, neatly diced potato salad. Combine the ingredients and chill at least 1 hour before serving.

Pineapple Bavarian Cream

- ¾ cup sugar
- 1½ cups liquid, consisting of pineapple juice drained from the shredded pineapple, fresh or canned, and enough water to make the proper amount
- 1 tablespoon granulated gelatin
- ¼ cup cold water
- A few grains salt
- 2 tablespoons lemon juice
- ½ to 1 cup cream, whipped
- 1 cup cooked shredded pineapple

MIX the gelatin in cold water and let stand until the water is absorbed. Add the *boiling* liquid (particularly if fresh pineapple is being used, care must be taken to boil the juice in order to destroy the enzymes, which, if allowed to remain active, will prevent the gelatin from stiffening). Add the sugar and salt and stir while over hot water until the gelatin is completely dissolved. Pour into a chilled mold. Cover and set in a cool place to harden. When the mixture begins to stiffen, fold in the shredded *cooked* pineapple. It is also important that this be cooked to boiling. Fold in the whipped cream and mold as desired, serving with a garnish of pineapple and whipped cream.

Lace Wafers

- 2 eggs
- 1 cup brown sugar
- 4 tablespoons (only) bread flour
- 1 cup walnut meats
- ¼ teaspoon baking powder
- ⅛ teaspoon salt

BEAT the eggs well. Add the brown sugar gradually, beating with each addition to obtain a creamy mixture. Mix the flour, baking powder, and salt, and sprinkle this over the chopped nut meats. Beat these into the egg and sugar mixture and drop from a teaspoon on a buttered baking sheet. Bake in a moderate oven (375° F.) for 10 minutes or until lightly browned. Remove from the baking sheet while *hot*. Cool on a cooling rack, and if the cookies are not for immediate use, place wax paper between the layers and keep tightly covered.

THE sultry days of summer are puzzling days in the kitchen. The menu given on this page offers first aid to the cook who must cope with the problem of tempting jaded appetites. It has been carefully worked out by an expert dietitian. When you have successfully tried this, you will find additional warm weather menus and suggestions—cold dishes, tasty sandwiches, intriguing salads, and cooling beverages—in LIBERTY'S three cookbooks. Each cookbook is 10 cents, but you may have all three for only 25 cents. Send for them today. Use the coupon, please.

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8-11-28

Pictures by
WALLACE MORGAN

"Did you see or observe or hear anything of this business?" asked the policeman.

Money for Nothing

In Which Our Hero Tries to Solve the Mystery of a Kiss

A Serial by

P. G. WODEHOUSE

(Reading time: 24 minutes 20 seconds.)

A MAN entered Rudge Hall, at night, by the window. His object was theft. Lester Carmody, squire of the Hall, owner of many a family heirloom, was not in evidence to protect his possessions. John Carroll, Mr. Carmody's entirely responsible nephew, was busy with accounts. But Hugo Carmody, Mr. Carmody's entirely irresponsible nephew, was on the spot—and soused.

He saw the man squeeze himself in, and even in his woozy state recognized a Dr. Twist, who, with the aid of one Sergeant Major Flannery, ran a physical culture establishment twenty miles away. The doctor made an agile exit through the window, and Hugo, ably assisted by John's dog Emily, gave chase. Brave but futile! The doctor found refuge in a water tank.

Mr. Carmody's actions on the next day were strange. He sent both his nephews off to London—John to increase the insurance on the family valuables and Hugo to try his luck as part owner of the Hot Spot, a new night club.

In short, he cleared the field. For the crooked fact was that Mr. Carmody meant the burglar to succeed, to the end that he might pocket thousands himself. Two slick Americans had given him the idea. They were Dolly and "Soapy" Molloy, visitors at the Hall. Since entailed heirlooms could not be sold, it was pointed out that these treasures could disappear with all the symptoms of theft, and be disposed of to Soapy.

Mr. Molloy was supposed to be rich, a lover of antiques, and Dolly's father. He was none of these things. He was a crook and Dolly was his wife. Dr. Twist was his crook friend.

The tank gave the doctor a terrific head cold, but so clear did the coast seem to be that he promised Mr. Molloy, the next day, to have another try that night; promised to fill a suitcase with treasures and to hide it under the stairs.

John Carroll's nerves warned him that danger was in the air, and he rushed back from London, reaching home at 11 in the evening. But there, waiting for him in the grounds, was Pat Wyvern, the girl he was crazy about; the girl who had refused him. There she was, asking him to take her on the moat in the punt. Asking him this in spite of the fact that there was a foolish quarrel on between her father and his uncle. John was only human!

PART NINE

JOHN followed Pat into the punt, oppressed once more by a feeling that something had gone wrong with what should have been the most wonderful night of his life. Girls are creatures of moods, and Pat seemed now to have fallen into one of odd aloofness. She said nothing as he pushed the boat out, and remained silent as it slid through the water of the moat with a little tinkling ripple, bearing them into a world of stars and coolness, where everything was still and the trees stood out against the sky as if carved out of cardboard.

"Are you all right?" said John, at last.

"Splendid, thanks." Pat's mood seemed to have undergone another swift change. Her voice was friendly again. She nestled into the cushions. "This is luxury. Do you remember the old days when there was nothing but the weedboat?"

"They were pretty good days," said John wistfully.

"They were, rather," said Pat.

The spell of the summer night held them silent again. No sound broke the stillness but

the slap of tiny waves and the rhythmic dip and splash of the paddle. Then, with a dry flittering, a bat wheeled overhead, and out somewhere by the little island where the birds nested something leaped noisily in the water.

Pat raised her head.

"A pike?"

"Must have been."

Pat sat up and leaned forward.

"That would have excited father," she said. "I know he's dying to get out here and have another go at the pike. Johnny, I do wish somebody could do something to stop this absurd feud between him and Mr. Carmody. It's too silly. I know father would be all over Mr. Carmody if only he would make some sort of advance. After all, he did behave very badly. He might at least apologize."

JOHN did not reply for a moment. He was thinking that whoever tried to make his uncle apologize for anything had a whole-time job on his hands. Obstinate was a mild word for the squire of Rudge. Pigs bowed as he passed, and mules could have taken his correspondence course.

"Uncle Lester's a peculiar man," he said.

"But he might listen to you."

"He might," said John doubtfully.

"Well, will you try? Will you go to him and say that all father wants is for him to admit he was in the wrong? Good heavens! It isn't asking much of a man to admit that, when he's nearly murdered somebody."

"I'll try."

"Hugo says Mr. Carmody has gone off his head; but he can't have gone far enough off not to be able to see that father has a perfect right to be offended at being grabbed round the waist and used as a dugout against dynamite explosions."

"I think Hugo's off his head," said John. "He was running round the garden last night, dashing himself against trees. He said he was chasing a burglar."

Pat was not to be diverted into a discussion of Hugo's mental deficiencies.

"Well, will you do your best, Johnny? Don't just let things slide as if they didn't matter. I tell you, it's rotten for me. Father found me talking to Hugo the other day, and behaved like something out of a superfilm. He seemed sorry there wasn't any snow, so that he could drive his erring daughter out into it.

"If he knew I was up here tonight, he would foam with fury. He says I mustn't speak to you or Hugo or Mr. Carmody or Emily—not that I want to speak to Emily, the little blighter—nor your ox nor your ass nor anything that is within your gates. He's put a curse on the Hall. It's one of those comprehensive curses, taking in everything from the family to the mice in the kitchen, and I tell you I'm jolly well fed up. This place has always been just like a home to me, and you—"

John paused in the act of dipping his paddle into the water.

"—and you have always been just like a brother—"

John dug the paddle down with a vicious jerk.

"—and if father thinks it doesn't affect me to be told I mustn't come here and see you, he's wrong. I suppose most girls nowadays would just laugh at him; but I can't. It isn't his being angry I'd mind. It would hurt his feelings so frightfully if I let him down and went fraternizing with the enemy. So I have to come here on the sly. And if there's one thing in the world I hate, it's doing things on the sly. So do reason with that old pig of an uncle of yours, Johnny. Talk to him like a mother."

"Pat," said John fervently, "I don't know how it's going to be done; but if it can be done, I'll do it."

"That's the stuff! You're a funny old thing, Johnny. In some ways you're so slow; but I believe, when you really start out to do anything, you generally put it through."

"Slow?" said John, stung. "How do you mean, slow?"

"Well, don't you think you're slow?"

"In what way?"

"Oh, just slow."

In spite of the fact that the stars were shining bravely, the night was very dark—much too dark for John to be able to see Pat's face. He got the impression that, could he have seen it, he would have discovered that she was smiling that old mocking smile of hers. And somehow, though in the past he had often wilted meekly and apologetically beneath this smile, it filled him now with a surge of fury. He plied the paddle wrathfully, and the boat shot forward.

"Don't go so fast," said Pat.

"I thought I was slow," retorted John, sinking back through the years to the repartee of school days.

Pat gurgled in the darkness.

"Did I wound you, Johnny? I'm sorry! You aren't slow. It's just prudence, I expect."

Prudence! John ceased to paddle. He was tingling all over, and there had come upon him a strange breathlessness.

"How do you mean, prudence?"

"Oh, just prudence. I can't explain."

PRUDENCE! John sat and stared through the darkness in a futile effort to see her face. A water rat swam past, cleaving a fan shaped trail. The stars winked down at him. In the little island a bird moved among the reeds. Prudence! Was she referring— Had she meant— Did she allude—

He came to life, and dug the paddle into the water. Of course she wasn't. Of course she hadn't. Of course she didn't. In that little episode on the path he had behaved exactly as he should have behaved.

If he had behaved as he should not have behaved, if he had behaved as that old flint-ax and bearskin John of the Stone Age would have had him behave, he would have behaved unpardonably.

The swift intake of the breath and the "Oh, why must you spoil everything like this?"—that was what would have been the result of listening to the advice of a bounder of an ancestor who might have been a social success in his day but naturally didn't understand the niceties of modern civilization.

Nevertheless, he worked with unnecessary vigor at the paddle, calling down another rebuke from his passenger.

"Don't race along like that. Are you trying to hint that you want to get this over as quickly as you can and send me home to bed?"

"No," was all John could find to say.

"Well, I suppose I ought to be thinking of bed. I'll tell you what. We'll do the thing in style: The Return by Water. You can take me out into the Skirme and down as far as the bridge and drop me there. Or is that too big a program? You're probably tired."

John had motored 200 miles that day, but he had never felt less tired. His view was that he wished they could row on forever.

"All right," he said.

"Push on, then," said Pat. "Only do go slowly. I want to enjoy this. I don't want to whizz by all the old landmarks. How far to Ghost Corner?"

"It's just ahead."

"Well, take it easy."

The moat proper was a narrow strip of water which encircled the Hall, and had been placed there by the first Carmody in the days when householders believed in making things difficult for their visitors. With the gradual spread of peace throughout the land, its original purposes had been forgotten, and later members of the family had broadened it and added to it and tinkered with it and sprinkled it with little islands, with a view to converting it into something resembling as nearly as possible an ornamental lake.

Apparently it came to an end at the spot where a mass of yew trees stood forbiddingly in a gloomy row, that haunted spot

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

"I'm not nearly so beastly now, Johnny," she said in a whisper. "You'll find that out some day, perhaps."

Your best friend will soon tell you

YOUR fellowmen will welcome the mild fragrance of Sir Walter's favorite tobacco. They'll be grateful that at last your "social pipe" is living up to its name. It's mild, it's mellow, it's kept fresh in the tin by a wrapping of heavy gold foil. It's the perfect combination for a well-bred pipe.

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B&W PRODUCT

SIR WALTER RALEIGH

Who discovered how good a pipe can be

It's *milder*

[MONEY FOR NOTHING
Continued from page fifty-seven]

which Pat as a child had named Ghost Corner. But if you approached this corner intrepidly you found there a narrow channel. Which navigated, you came into a winding stream that led past meadows and under bridges to the upper reaches of the Skirme.

"How old were you, Johnny, when you were first brave enough to come past Ghost Corner at night all by yourself?" asked Pat.

"Sixteen."

"I bet you were much more than that."

"I did it on my sixteenth birthday."

Pat stretched out a hand, and the branches brushed her fingers.

"I wouldn't do it, even now," she said. "I know perfectly well a skinny arm covered with black hair would come out of the yews and grab at me. There's something that looks like a skinny arm hovering at the back of your neck now, Johnny. What made you such a hero that particular day?"

"You had bet me I wouldn't, if you remember."

"I don't remember. Did I?"

"Well, you egged me on with taunts."

"And you went and did it? What a good influence I've been in your life, haven't I? Oh, dear! It's funny to think of you and me as kids on this very bit of water—and here we are again now, old and worn and quite different people, and the water's just the same as ever."

"I'm not different."

"Yes, you are."

"What makes you say I'm different?"

"Oh, I don't know."

John stopped paddling. He wanted to get to the bottom of this.

"WHY do you say I'm different?"

"Those white things through the trees there must be geese."

John was not interested in geese.

"I'm not different at all," he said, "I—"

He broke off. He had been on the verge of saying that he had loved her then and that he loved her still—which, he perceived, would have spoiled everything.

"I'm just the same," he concluded lamely.

"Then why don't you sport with me on the green as you did when you were a growing lad? Here you have been back for days, and tonight is the first glimpse I get of you. And, even so, I had to walk a mile and fling gravel at your window. In the old days you used to live on my doorstep. Do you think I've enjoyed being left all alone all this time?"

John was appalled. Put this way, the facts did seem to point to a callous negligence on his part. And all the while he had been supposing his conduct due to delicacy and a sense of what was fitting and would be appreciated.

In John's code, it was the duty of a man who has told a girl he loved her, and been informed that she does not love him, to efface himself, to crawl into the background, to pass out of her life till the memory of his crude audacity shall have been blotted out by time. Why, half the big game shot in Africa owed their untimely end, he understood, to this tradition.

"I didn't know—"

"What?"

"I didn't know you wanted to see me."

"Of course I wanted to see you. Look here, Johnny. I'll tell you what. Are you doing anything tomorrow?"

"I could have sworn, Mr. John, it was that Dr. Twist who came over here the other day."

"No."

"Then get out that old rattletrap of yours, and gather me up at my place, and we'll go off and have a regular picnic, like we used to do in the old days. Father is lunching out. You could come at about one o'clock. We could get out to Wenlock Edge in an hour. It would be lovely there, if this weather holds up. What do you say?"

John did not immediately say anything. His feelings were too deep for words. He urged the boat forward, and the Skirme received it with that slow, grave, sleepy courtesy which made it for right thinking people the best of all rivers.

"Pat!" said John at length, devoutly.

"Will you?"

"Will I!"

"All right. That's splendid. I'll expect you at one."

THE Skirme rippled about the boat, chuckling to itself. It was a kindly, thoughtful river, given to chuckling to itself, like an old gentleman who likes to see young people happy.

"We used to have some topping picnics in the old days," said Pat dreamily.

"We did," said John.

"Though why on earth you ever wanted to be with a beastly, bossy, consequential, fractious kid like me, goodness knows."

"You were fine," said John.

The Old Bridge loomed up through the shadows. John had steered the boat shoreward, and it brushed against the reeds with a sound like the blowing of fairy bugles.

Pat scrambled out, and bent down to where he sat, holding to the bank.

"I'm not nearly so beastly now, Johnny," she said in a whisper. "You'll find that out some day, perhaps, if you're very patient. Good night, Johnny dear. Don't forget tomorrow."

She flitted away into the darkness; and John, releasing his hold on the bank and starting up as if he had had an electric shock, was carried out into midstream.

He was tingling from head to foot. It could not have happened, of course—but for a moment he had suddenly received the extraordinary impression that Pat had kissed him.

"Pat!" he called, choking.

There came no answer out of the night—only the sleepy chuckling of the Skirme as it pottered on to tell its old friend the Severn about it.

"Pat!"

John drove the paddle forcefully into the water; and the Skirme, ceasing to chuckle, uttered two loud gurgles of protest, as if resenting treatment so violent. The nose of the boat bumped against the bank, and he sprang ashore. He stood there, listening. But there was nothing to hear. Silence had fallen on an empty world.

A little sound came to him in the darkness. The Skirme was chuckling again.

II

JOHN woke late next day, and in the moment between sleeping and waking was dimly conscious of a feeling of extraordinary happiness. For some reason which he could not immediately analyze, the world seemed suddenly to have become the best of all possible worlds. Then he remembered, and sprang out of bed with a shout.

Emily, lying curled up in her basket, her whole appearance that of a dog who has come home with the milk, raised a drowsy head. Usually it was her custom to bustle about and lend a hand while John bathed and dressed; but this morning she did not feel equal to it. Deciding that it was too much trouble even to tell him about the man she had seen in the grounds last night, she breathed heavily twice and returned to her slumbers.

Having dressed and come out into the open, John found that he had missed some hours of what appeared to be the most perfect morning in the world's history. The stable yard was a well of sunshine; light breezes whispered in the branches of the cedars; fleecy clouds swam in a sea of blue; and from the direction of the home farm came the soothing crooning of fowls.

His happiness swelled into a feeling of universal benevolence toward all created things. He looked upon the birds and found them all that birds should be; the insects which hummed in the sunshine were, he perceived, a quite superior brand of insect; he even

felt fraternal toward a wasp which came flying about his face. And when the Dex-Mayo rolled across the bridge of the moat, and Bolt, applying the brakes, drew up at his side, he thought he had never seen a nicer looking chauffeur.

"Good morning, Bolt," said John effusively.

"Good morning, sir."

"Where have you been off to so early?"

"Mr. Carmody sent me to Worcester, sir, to leave a bag for him at Shrub Hill station. If you're going into the house, Mr. John, perhaps you wouldn't mind giving him the ticket?"

John was delighted. It was a small kindness that the chauffeur was asking, and he wished it had been in his power to do something for him on a bigger scale. However, the chance of doing even small kindnesses was something to be grateful for on a morning like this. He took the ticket and put it in his pocket.

"How are you, Bolt?"

"All right, thank you, sir."

"How's Mrs. Bolt?"

"She's all right, Mr. John."

"How's the baby?"

"The baby's all right."

"And the dog?"

"The dog's all right, sir."

"That's splendid," said John. "That's great. That's fine. That's capital. I'm delighted!"

He smiled a radiant smile of cheeriness and good will, and turned toward the house. However much the heart may be uplifted, the animal in a man insists on demanding breakfast; and though John was virtually pure spirit this morning, he was not blind to the fact that a couple of eggs and a cup of coffee would be no bad thing.

AS he reached the door, he remembered that Mrs. Bolt had a canary and that he had not inquired after that—but decided that the moment had gone by. Later on, perhaps.

He opened the back door and made his way to the morning room, where eggs abounded and coffee could be had for the asking. Pausing only to tickle a passing cat under the ear and make chirruping noises to it, he went in.

The morning room was empty, and there were signs that the rest of the party had already breakfasted. John was glad of it. Genially disposed though he felt toward his species today, he relished the prospect of solitude. A man who is about to picnic on Wenlock Edge in perfect weather with the only girl in the world, wants to meditate, not to make conversation.

So thoroughly had his predecessors breakfasted that he found, on inspecting the coffeepot, that it was empty. He rang the bell.

"Good morning, Sturgis," he said affably, as the butler appeared. "You might give me some more coffee, will you?"

The butler of Rudge Hall was a little man with snowy hair who had been placidly withering in Mr. Carmody's service for the last twenty years. John had known him ever since he could remember, and he had always been just the same—frail and venerable and kindly and dried up. He looked exactly like the *Good Old Man* in a touring melodrama company.

"Why, Mr. John! I thought you were in London."

"I got back late last night. And very glad," said John heartily, "to be back. How's the rheumatism, Sturgis?"

"Rather troublesome, Mr. John."

JOHN was horrified. Could these things be on such a day as this?

"You don't say so?"

"Yes, Mr. John. I was awake the greater portion of the night."

"You must rub yourself with something, and then go and lie down and have a good rest. Where do you feel it mostly?"

"In the limbs, Mr. John. It comes on in sharp twinges."

"That's bad. By Jove, yes, that's bad! Perhaps this fine weather will make it better."

"I hope so, Mr. John."

"So do I, so do I," said John earnestly. "Tell me, where is everybody?"

"Mr. Hugo and the young gentleman went up to London."

"Of course, yes; I was forgetting."

"Mr. Molloy and Miss Molloy finished their breakfast some little time ago, and are now out in the garden."

"Ah, yes. And my uncle?"

"He is up in the picture gallery with the policeman, Mr. John."

John stared.

"With the what?"

"With the policeman, Mr. John, who's come about the burglary."

"Burglary!"

"Didn't you hear, Mr. John, we had a burglary last night?"

The world being constituted as it is, with Fate waiting round almost every corner with its sandbag, it is not often that we are permitted to remain for long undisturbed in our moods of exaltation. John came down to earth swiftly.

"Good heavens!"

"Yes, Mr. John. And if you could spare the time—"

Remorse gripped John. He felt like a sentinel who, falling asleep at his post, has allowed the enemy to creep past him in the night.

"I must go up and see about this."

"Very good, Mr. John. But if I might have a word—"

"Some other time, Sturgis."

He ran up the stairs to the picture gallery. Mr. Carmody and Rudge's one policeman were examining something by the window; and John, in the brief interval which elapsed before they became aware of his presence, was enabled to see the evidences of the disaster. Several picture frames, robbed of their contents, gaped at him like blank windows. A glass case containing miniatures had

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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Keep Unguentine in your club locker, too

[MONEY FOR NOTHING
Continued from page fifty-nine]

been broken and rifled. The Elizabethan saltcellar presented to Amyas Carmody by the Virgin Queen herself was no longer in its place.

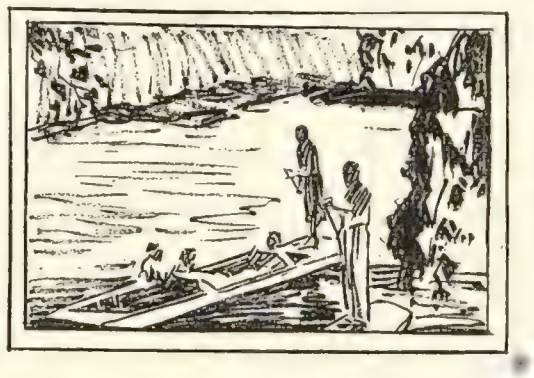
"Gosh!" said John.

Mr. Carmody and his companion turned.

"John! I thought you were in London."

"I came back last night."

"Did you see or observe or hear anything of this business?" asked the policeman.



Constable Mould was one of the slowest witted men in Rudge, and he had eyes like two brown puddles filmed over with scum; but he was doing his best to look at John keenly.

"No."

"Why not?"

"I wasn't here."

"You said you were, sir," Constable Mould pointed out cleverly.

"I mean I wasn't anywhere near the house," replied John impatiently. "Immediately I arrived, I went out for a row on the moat."

"Then you did not see or observe anything?"

"No."

Constable Mould, who had been licking the tip of his pencil and holding a notebook in readiness, subsided disappointedly.

"When did this happen?" asked John.

"It is impossible to say," replied Mr. Carmody. "By a most unfortunate combination of circumstances, the house was virtually empty from almost directly after dinner. Hugo and his friend, as you know, left for London yesterday morning. Mr. Molloy and his daughter took the car to Birmingham to see a play. And I myself retired to bed early with a headache. The man could have effected an entrance without being observed almost any time after eight o'clock. No doubt he actually did break in shortly before midnight."

"How did he get in?"

"Undoubtedly through this window by means of a ladder."

John perceived that the glass of the window had been cut out.

"ANOTHER most unfortunate thing," proceeded Mr. Carmody, "is that the objects stolen, though so extremely valuable, are small in actual size. The man could have carried them off without any inconvenience. No doubt they are miles away by this time, possibly even in London."

"Was this here stuff insured?" asked Constable Mould.

"Yes. Curiously enough, the reason my nephew, here, went to London yesterday was to increase the insurance. You saw to that matter, John?"

"Oh, yes."

John spoke absently. Like everybody else who has ever found himself on the scene of a recently committed burglary, he was looking about for clews. "Hullo!"

"What is the matter?"

"Did you see this?"

"Certainly I saw it," said Mr. Carmody.

"I saw it first," said Constable Mould.

"The man must have cut his finger getting in."

"That's what I thought," said Constable Mould.

The combined Mould-Carmody-John discovery was a bloodstained fingerprint on the woodwork of the window sill; and, like so many things in the world, it had at first sight the air of being much more important than it really was.

John said he considered it valuable evidence, and felt damped when Mr. Carmody pointed out that it was not easy to search through the whole of England for a man with a cut finger.

"I see," said John.

Constable Mould said he had seen it right away.

"THE only thing to be done, I suppose," said Mr. Carmody resignedly, "is to telephone to the police in Worcester. Not that they will be likely to effect anything, but it is as well to observe the formalities. Come downstairs with me, Mould."

They left the room, the constable, it seemed to John, taking none too kindly to the idea that there were higher powers in the world of detection than himself. His uncle, he considered, had shown a good deal of dignity in his acceptance of the disaster. Many men would have fussed and lost their heads, but Lester Carmody remained calm. John thought it showed a good spirit.

He wandered about the room, hoping for more and better clews. But the difficulty confronting the novice on these occasions is that it is so hard to tell what is a clew and what is not.

Probably, if he only knew, there were clews lying about all over the place, shouting to him to pick them up. But how to recognize them?

Sherlock Holmes can extract a clew from a wisp of straw or a flake of cigar ash. *Doctor Watson* has to have it taken out for him and dusted and exhibited clearly with a label attached. John was forced reluctantly to the conclusion that he was essentially a *Doctor Watson.* He did not rise even to the modest level of a Scotland Yard bungler.

He awoke from a reverie to find Sturgis at his side.

"Ah, Sturgis," said John absently.

He was not particularly pleased to see the butler. The man looked as if he were about to dodder; and in moments of intense thought one does not wish to have doddering butlers around one.

"Might I have a word, Mr. John?"

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SIXTY]

John supposed he might, though he was not frightfully keen about it. He respected Sturgis' white hairs, but the poor old ruin had horned in at an unfortunate moment.

"My rheumatism was very bad last night, Mr. John."

John recognized the blunder he had made in being so sympathetic just now. At that time—feeling, as he had done, that all mankind were his little brothers—to inquire after and display a keen interest in Sturgis' rheumatism had been a natural and, one might say, unavoidable act. But now he regretted it.

A little coldly he asked Sturgis if he had ever tried Christian Science.

"It kept me awake a very long time, Mr. John."

"I read in a paper the other day that bee stings sometimes have a good effect."

"Bee stings, sir?"

"So they say. You get yourself stung by bees, and the acid or whatever it is in the sting draws out the acid or whatever it is in you."

STURGIS was silent for a while, and John supposed he was about to ask if he could direct him to a good bee. Such, however, was not the butler's intention. It was Sturgis the old retainer with the welfare of Rudge Hall nearest his heart, not Sturgis the sufferer from twinges in the limbs, who was present now in the picture gallery.

"It is very kind of you, Mr. John," he said, "to interest yourself; but what I wished to have a word with you about was this burglary of ours last night."

This was more the stuff. John became heartier.

"A most mysterious affair, Sturgis. The man apparently climbed in through this window, and no doubt escaped the same way."

"No, Mr. John. That's what I wish to have a word with you about. He went away down the front stairs."

"What! How do you know?"

"I saw him, Mr. John."

"You saw him?"

"Yes, Mr. John — owing to being kept awake by my rheumatism."

The remorse that had come upon John at the moment when he had first heard the news of the burglary was as nothing to the remorse that racked him now. Just because this fine old man had one of those mild, goofy faces and bleated like a sheep when he talked, he had dismissed him without further thought as a dodderer.

And all the time the splendid old fellow—who could not help his face and was surely not to be blamed if age had affected his vocal cords—had been the god from the machine sent from heaven to assist him in getting to the bottom of this outrage. There is no known case on record of a man patting a butler on the head, but John at this moment came very near to providing one.

"You saw him?"

"Yes, Mr. John."

"What did he look like?"

"I couldn't say, Mr. John—not really definite."

"Why couldn't you?"

"Because I did not really see him."

"But you said you did."

"Yes, Mr. John; but only in a manner of speaking."

JOHN'S newborn cordiality waned a little. His first estimate, he felt, had been right. This was doddering, pure and simple.

"How do you mean, only in a manner of speaking?"

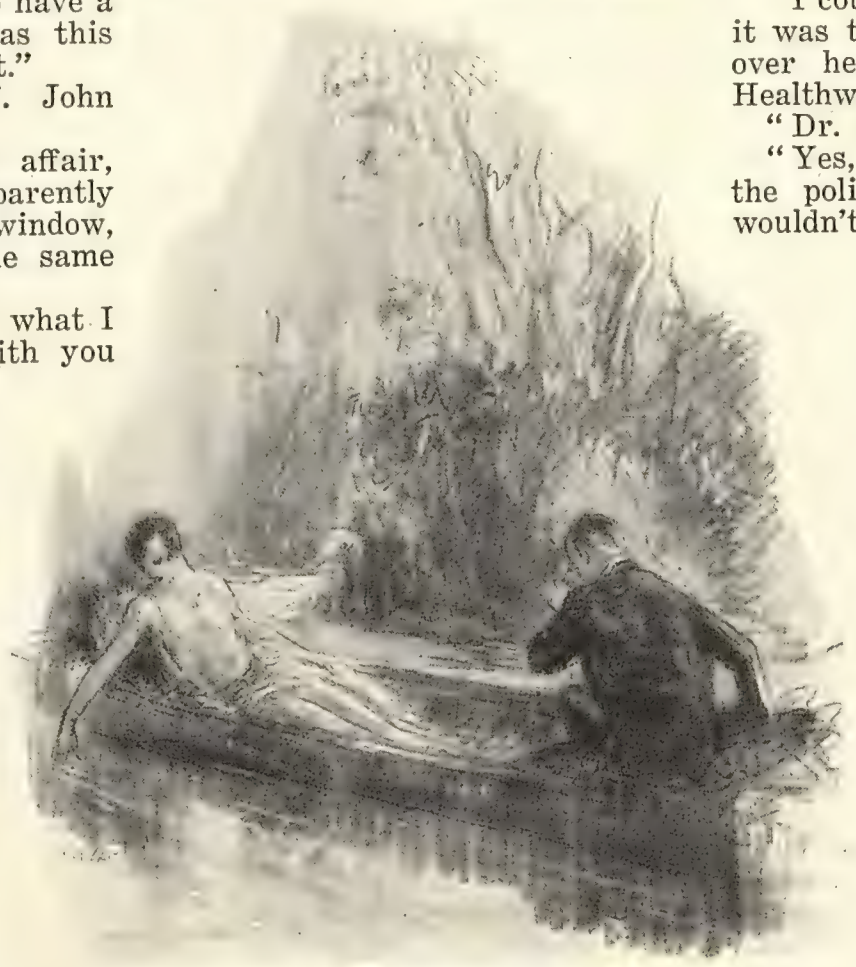
"Well, it was like this, Mr. John."

"Look here," said John. "Tell me the whole thing right from the start."

Sturgis glanced cautiously at the door. When he spoke, it was in a lowered voice, which gave his delivery the effect of a sheep bleating with cotton wool in its mouth.

"I was awake with my rheumatism last night, Mr. John, and at last it come on so bad I felt I really couldn't hardly bear it no longer. I lay in bed, thinking, and after I had thought for quite some time, Mr. John, it suddenly crossed my mind that Mr. Hugo had once remarked, while kindly interesting himself in my little trouble, that a glassful of whisky, drunk without water, frequently alleviated the pain."

John nodded. So far, the story bore the stamp of truth. A glassful of neat whisky was just what Hugo would have recommended for any complaint, from rheumatism to a broken heart.



The spell of the summer night held them silent again.

"So I thought, in the circumstances, that Mr. Carmody would not object if I tried a little. So I got out of bed and put on my overcoat, and I had just reached the head of the stairs—it being my intention to go to the cellaret in the dining room—when what should I hear but a noise."

"What sort of noise?"

"A sort of sneezing noise, Mr. John. As it might be somebody sneezing."

"Yes? Well?"

"I was stottled."

"Stottled? Oh, yes, I see. Well?"

"I remained at the head of the stairs. For quite a while I remained at the head of the stairs. Then I crope—"

"You what?"

"I crope to the door of the picture gallery."

"Oh, I see. Yes?"

"Because the sneezing seemed to have come from there. And then I heard another sneeze. Two or three sneezes, Mr. John. As if whoever was in there had got a nasty cold in the head. And then I heard footsteps coming toward the door."

"What did you do?"

"I went back to the head of the stairs again, sir. If anybody had told me half an hour before that I could have moved so quick, I wouldn't have believed him. And then out of the door come a man carrying a bag. He had one of those electric torches. He went down the stairs, but it was only when he was at the bottom that I caught even a glimpse of his face."

"But you did then?"

"Yes, Mr. John, for just a moment. And I was stottled."

"Why? You mean he was somebody you knew?"

The butler lowered his voice again.

"I could have sworn, Mr. John, it was that Dr. Twist who came over here the other day from Healthward Ho."

"Dr. Twist!"

"Yes, Mr. John. I didn't tell the policeman just now, and I wouldn't tell anybody but you; because, after all, it was only a glimpse, as you might say, and I couldn't swear to it, and there's defamation of character to be considered.

"So I didn't mention it to Mr. Mould when he was inquiring of me. I said I'd heard nothing, being in my bed at the time. Because, apart from defamation of character and me not being prepared to swear on oath, I wasn't sure how Mr. Carmody would like the idea of my going to the dining room cellaret, even though in agonies of pain. So I'd be much obliged if you would not mention it to him, Mr. John."

"I won't."

"Thank you, sir."

"You'd better leave me to think this over, Sturgis."

"Very good, Mr. John."

It might have been better for John if he had not tried to get to the bottom of the mystery. His attempt at a solution led him into strange dangers. Follow him in next week's Liberty.

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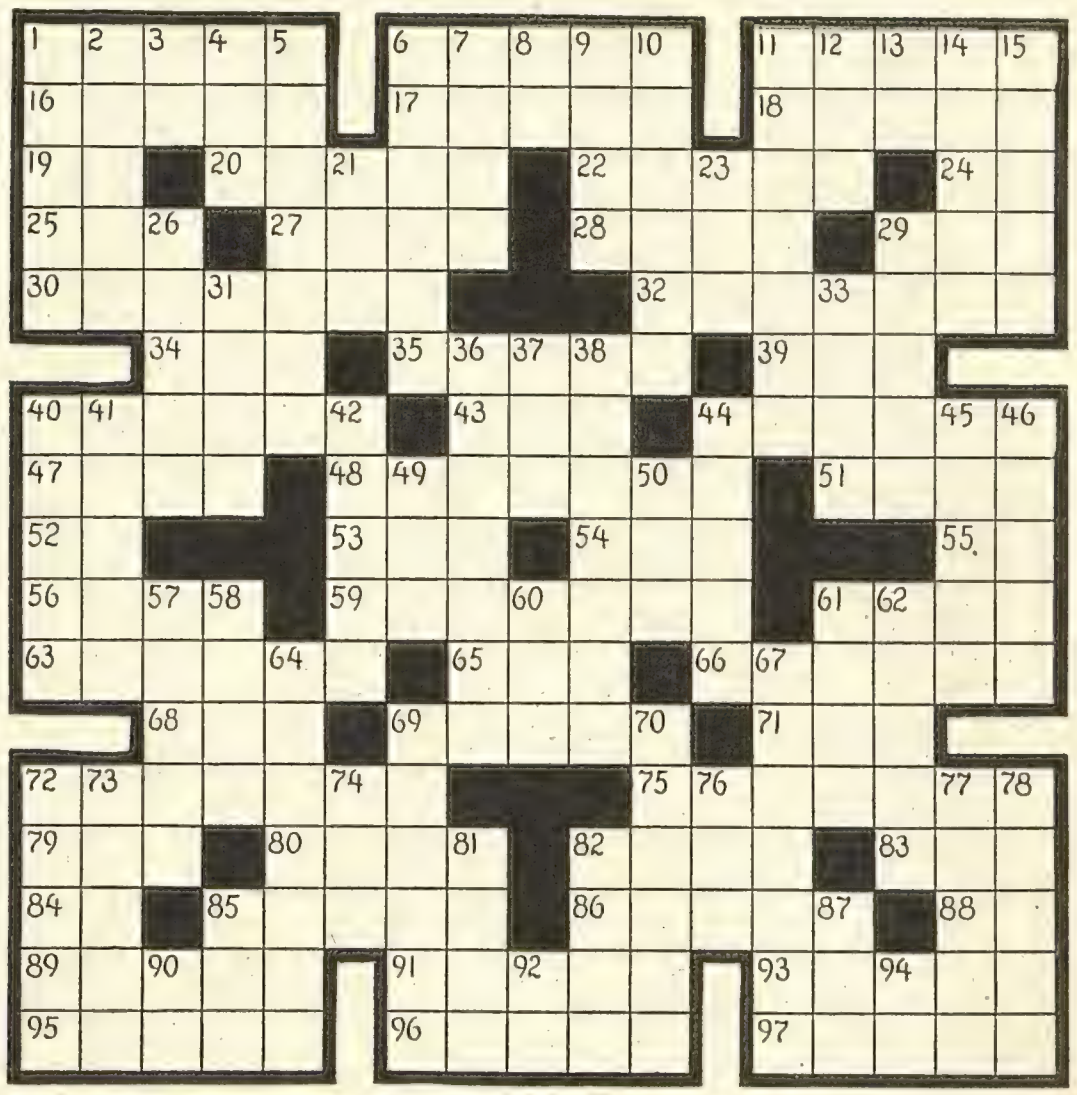
AN unusual number of biblical names have found their way into this construction, and none will prove too elusive, but the mythical king at 36 Vertical may stump you temporarily. However, solving the rather simple words which surround him will soon disclose his identity.

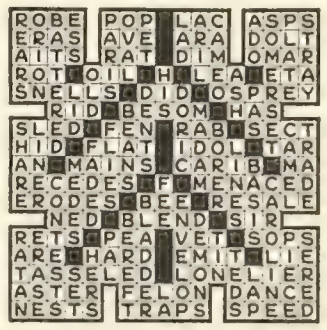


HORIZONTAL

1 Large size of paper
6 Withered old woman
11 Matched
16 Gaelic
17 Jewish high priest
18 Single
19 Japanese measure of distance
20 Masculine name
22 Love deeply
24 Note of Guido's scale
25 Printer's measures
27 Regrets
28 Cure
29 Form of to be
30 Arrests
32 Neater
34 Sprite
35 Half-melted snow
39 Projection on a lock bolt
40 Nape of the neck
43 Devoured
44 Herb used as a relish
47 Pronoun
48 Profoundly intent
51 Large plant
52 Babylonian deity
53 Coin of Portugal
54 Exclamation
55 Note of the scale
56 Formerly
59 Legislative body (plural)
61 Prophet
63 Sharp reply
65 Latin word for one
66 Ethereal salts
68 Deer
69 Autocrats
71 Ventilate
72 Jabber
75 Passage into a building (plural)
79 Strike smartly
80 Exclamation of lament
82 A boom
83 Evening
84 Exist
85 Fragile
86 Egyptian slave of Sarah
88 Pronoun
89 Walked in a yielding substance
91 Tag or brand
93 State of tranquillity
95 Snowfalls
96 Stalks
97 Grudge

VERTICAL

1 Ventilated
2 Threefold
3 Symbol for lithium
4 A tree
5 Executive officer of a county
6 Fondle
7 Beams
8 Either
9 Grandson of Methuselah
10 Ends (poetic form)
11 Line of two strands twisted loosely
12 Malt liquor
13 Toward
14 Habituate
15 Prevent
21 Religious recluse
23 Propeller
26 Cubic meter
29 Yellowish translucent resin
31 An astringent
33 Substance used in brewing
36 King of Latium (Class. myth.)
37 American Indian
38 A legislator
40 Guide
41 An odd job of household work
42 Ordinal number
44 Discontinue
45 Allude
46 Periods of time
49 Born
50 Pronoun
57 Thong
58 Short blast, as of a horn
60 Collection of facts
61 Agitate
62 Weird
64 Delays
67 Persian governors
69 Follows after
70 Leaves of a calyx
72 Crops of birds
73 He who was hanged on Mordecai's gallows
74 A note of Guido's scale
76 Scold persistently
77 Oust
78 Sofa (variant spelling)
81 Thin, narrow bar of wood
82 Eldest son of Noah
85 Of small number
87 Corded fabric
90 Perform
92 Partake of reality
94 Sloth



Answer to last week's puzzle

P. S.—*Properly* SPANKED

As Dictated by TONI, JR., *to* ANTOINETTE DONNELLY

(Reading time: 4 minutes 57 seconds.)

Pictures by DOROTHY HOPE SMITH BARLOW

"Listen to this!" she said to Mom. "He IS rich—"

DEAR WORLD:

I wish I had a beau. If I had a beau I'd get a letter. I'd get a fast letter. It'd come in an envelope with red, white, and blue stripes on it. An airy o' plane'd bring it. It brings all Gypsy's fast letters. With XXXXX's at the bottom. They're for when you get through reading the letter and all the pos' scrips. P. S.'s, that's what Gypsy calls them.

I wish I had a beau so I'd get a letter every day—like Gypsy. But I don't know where to get a beau like Gypsy. She says there is no more like him. He is u-neek. I said what's that? She said u-neek. So I said is he? And she said yes. I didn't know what she meant anyway, so it didn't matter if she said yes or no. We were just talking. She was reading her letter with the red, white, and blue stripes on it, also the one with the XXXXX's at the end after the P. S.'s. Pretty soon she came to a place where she laughed out loud.

"Listen to this!" she said to Mom. "He *is* rich—"

And Mary said has he got an auto-mo-bile? And I said has he got a house with a park around it?

"Honest, he's TOO rich"—Gypsy was talking to Mom again.

"Listen," she says. "But I won't read it all to you—only parts."

And Mom said, "Oh, let's have it all, Gypsy." Gypsy laughed and said, "You WOULD like to hear it all, wouldn't you?" And Mom said sure she would. So Gypsy told Mom that there wasn't anything in Bud's letter that a gentleman wouldn't write to a lady, but if she read it all out loud some of it might sound silly. And Mom said to go ahead and not mind her. She was silly herself when she was seventeen. And God bless the seventeens for granting the priv-i-lege.

"Dear Gypsy," Bud wrote. "I was so glad to hear from you that I was overcome with joy. I thought you had forgotten me when you didn't write Tuesday. But your Wednesday and Thursday letters came O. K. So I'll forgive you. But don't ever think for a moment that I'll forget you. By the way, how is your new flame? I mean the fellow that took you to church Sunday? Don't try to kid me that he is a cousin. You may think I have a steady flame. But really she is just a good friend and nothing more. I don't think that if I can't have the one I want (can't you guess who I mean?), I'll ever go steady with any one person. I hope you'll write real often as it cheers up a lonesome little boy whom nobody loves. I am busy in the office here trying to forget everything. Yours Always and Forever, BUD."

"He's got such a wonderful way of putting things," Gypsy told Mom.

"Hasn't he?" she says. And Mom said, smiling, "Yes, wonderful."

"Listen to this P. S.," Gypsy told her. And Mom said, "Oh, is there a P. S.?" And Gypsy said yes, ALWAYS. She wouldn't like a letter that stopped sudden without one. That would be like saying good-by without looking back to wave.

"Well, what was it he waved at you in the P. S.?" Mom asked Gypsy.

And Gypsy said, "You know that girl he had to take to the picnic that time he got sick eating her sand-wich-es? Well, he had to take her to the club last night, and listen to what he says:

"'Two bucks a person for cover charge. That makes it quite stiff, doesn't it? Of course, if a fellow had the RIGHT GIRL with him it wouldn't seem so stiff. Can't you guess who I mean by the RIGHT GIRL?'

"Doesn't he put things too wonderful?" Gypsy said to Mom again. And Mom said yes, too wonderful.

People think I get mushy letters from boys, Gypsy told Mom. But you can see for yourself, she says, how sensible Bud is. Listen to what he says in the next P. S.

"Oh, there's another P. S.?" Mom asked. And Gypsy said yes, always. There's always two and sometimes three.

"Hope you become the First Lady of the Bright-Lighted Stage of the World," Bud said in the second P. S. "Isn't that a wonderful am-bi-tion or des-tin-a-tion to wish you? But maybe if you became it you wouldn't recognize me."

And Mom said that was pretty gen-er-ous from a boy who didn't ap-prove of Gypsy wanting to go on the stage. And Gypsy said yes he was generous. That was his great fault. And she wished he wouldn't be so generous about taking Adelaide to picnics even if he felt it was his duty.

Mary and I didn't listen to any more P. S.'s. We got out our storybook where the stories are better. We asked Gypsy to read to us. But she said NO she had to write a letter. She was going to write Bud right away so he'd know she hadn't another flame. Also, that no matter how great she became she'd never forget him. Also, she had to finish Sam's letter.

So we just looked at the pictures. Gypsy wrote her letter to Bud. She wrote six pages. And she put it in the envelope. She didn't seal the letter because she said if she waited a little while she'd think up more to say. She'd go and take her dancing lesson and perhaps have something else to report. Only we didn't know she said that till after.

So when she went for her dancing lesson Mary said Gypsy forgot to take her letter out to mail. So I said let's mail it for her. When we went to get it we saw it was open. And Mary said maybe she wanted to put in a P. S. So I said I'll do it. There was another page on the desk with a lot of writing on. So Mary said that is a pos' scrip. And I said I'll put it in the envelope here, and then we'll take the letter out to the mail box.

I'll put it in the envelope here, and then we'll take the letter out to the mail box.

WHEN Gypsy came back she said she had some news to put in Bud's letter. She saw a boy on the street who looked just like him and her heart almost stood still. But the letter was in the box. We told her we mailed it for her so it would go fast. Then she said, "Where's the page I started to Sam?" So I told her I put it in the envelope I mailed. It was a P. S. I told her.

Mom had a hard time bringing Gypsy to. She was crying high-ster-ikly. And pretty soon Mary and I were crying high-ster-ikly, too. But not for the same reason. Gypsy was crying I don't know what for. And Mary and I were crying because Mom said she'd give it to us on our pos' scrips every time we touched letters that didn't belong to us.

Next week in Liberty you'll read how Toni and her Daddy saw a parade. Toni enjoyed it, but her Daddy—well, read it and see.

New Tubes Do It

YOU can give new life and energy to your radio by replacing all the old tubes with correct, modern Cunningham Radio Tubes.

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the SHAMPOO *plus*
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A Strict Requirement In

Word Golf

SOME of the indoor divot diggers, apparently not realizing the importance of having the last word of a WORD GOLF hole carry some suggestion of the first, devise problems in which such unrelated words as FINE—WIND, BOOK—MEAT, or LIGHT—CANDY are used. In many instances these holes are otherwise workmanlike and interesting, but they cannot be considered because of the one important defect. Note this week's holes, in which combinations such as TERSE—SHORT, DENSE—HEAVY, and so forth, are employed. They are a reliable guide to good WORD GOLF form.

One more admonition: See to it that at each stage of your problems you confine yourself to words of reasonably familiar usage, and remember that obsolete and foreign language words are not acceptable.

LIBERTY will pay $5 for every *original* WORD GOLF hole that it prints, and you may submit as many as you wish, but unaccepted contributions cannot be returned.

Address entries to WORD GOLF, LIBERTY WEEKLY, 247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Following are six prize-winning holes. See if you can beat the indicated par on any of them.

MRS. V. M. BROWN
Dorchester, Mass.

P	O	U	R
O	O	Z	E

H. W. MANLEY
St. Louis, Mo.

D	E	N	S	E
H	E	A	V	Y

JANE CRILLEY
Tampa, Fla.

W	O	R	M
S	I	L	K

M. F. CAMPBELL
Los Angeles, Calif.

F	O	U	R
F	I	V	E

MRS. J. R. EDWARDS
Scranton, Pa.

S	H	O	R	T
T	E	R	S	E

RUSSELL BAKER
Omaha, Neb.

W	A	L	L
R	O	O	F

Answers to Last Week's WORD GOLF

FLAG	FLASK	CRANK	COLD	SCOWL	SPEAK
FLAT	FLANK	CRACK	HOLD	SCOWS	SPECK
FEAT	BLANK	CLACK	HELD	SLOWS	SPICK
PEAT	BLINK	SLACK	HERD	FLOWS	SPICE
PERT	BRINK	STACK	HERO	FLOWN	SPITE
PORT	DRINK	STARK	ZERO	FROWN	SUITE
PORE		START			QUITE
POLE					QUOTE

ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 24

1—The Roman emperor, Augustus Cæsar.

2—See pages 34 and 35.

3—H_2O, denoting two parts hydrogen and one part oxygen.

4—A worm that feeds on and destroys blossoms of the cotton plant.

5—The Colorado River.

6—The river Thames.

7—Three.

8—The dividend.

9—They were cast into a fiery furnace, but emerged unharmed.

10—Michigan.

11—The fiber of an Asiatic plant, used for making fine fabrics.

12—Twenty-eight.

13—The telephone.

14—In a reformatory the idea of restraint, as in a prison, is subordinated to that of moral and mental improvement.

15—The Mississippi River.

16—Bark of the oak.

17—Francis Joseph I, Emperor of Austria.

18—Jonathan Swift.

19—Mean solar time measured from the meridian of Greenwich, England, adopted as the basis of standard time.

20—A proposed universal language, invented about 1879 by Johann Martin Schleyer.

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We strive to be accurate, but cannot guarantee impossibility of omission or error in the above Index.

And Now—Jewels with Sports Clothes

By

MARY BRUSH WILLIAMS

THE flow of drawings from Paris demonstrates anew a good old thesis. This is that it doesn't matter so much what the things are the lady wears as it does how she wears them. Above all, just now it matters in what combination she assembles these parts. You would say she brought them together, for the moment, in the most inappropriate of mixtures, outstanding among which is a combination of diamonds, and, for that matter, of emeralds, rubies, sapphires, and pearls (true or false, but usually the latter) with tweeds. The more the near jewels and the coarser the matter of the costuming, the smarter the ensemble as a whole.

You would naturally ask whether this was the proper wearing apparel for one's shopping, one's business, and one's marketing, or for one's social appearances, and the reply is that it ranks as the smartest of ensembles for all of these and every other activity up to the time of the dinner hour.

Dressed in a very sportsmanlike sweater, topping a skirt of somewhat refined material, preferably silk or tweed, the two held together by either a long coat or jacket of whatever goods the skirt is made, the whole thing acting as background for circles of bracelets as well as strands of necklaces, the Parisian woman (that about as often as not means the American woman in Paris) is arrayed for the smartest of luncheons or so-called teas, which are usually cocktail parties, and any other sort of festivity the times afford.

This dress of light weight wool has a white background decorated with red and blue squares.

Under a yellow sweater bordered in gray and yellow is worn a sports skirt of gray and yellow wool.

A deep shrimp pink sweater is worn over a dress of beige wool spotted with shrimp pink dots. The dress material is repeated in the handkerchief scarf knotted on the right shoulder.

An evening dress of unaccustomed line, in powder blue taffeta trimmed with a pouf and some pink rosebuds.

Apropos of this subject, an artist writes from Paris in a letter just received with the accompanying pictures, "A costume worn by our hostess at the week-end party in the country was like the third model, and was in deep *crevette* (or shrimp) pink as to sweater, with a beige and crevette dotted dress accompanied by a triangularly draped handkerchief scarf of the same material.

"The Reboux hat of complicated cut was of beige, and a huge diamond arrow was thrust through the crown in a manner that did its part in contributing to the highly sophisticated air of the ensemble. The shoes were from London, and were what are called Prince of Wales sandals. These, with the use of bracelets of beautiful diamonds, made the costume of great importance, although it was so terribly simple."

This from Paris but re-enforces our comments of another, recent week—that a sophisticated simplicity was the thing to strive for. The particular frock described here, aside from the larger fashion features it embodies, is of interest to us because it would make such an excellent dress for our week-ends in the country or any outings we might take until very late in the season, or through the winter with appropriate modification in coloring.

A new form of suède, or something simulating it, for hats is on the verge of bursting out in a perfect panic of popularity, if no plans or tastes miscarry between now and the later season. The hat in the large illustration is frequently made in that material, and it is very smart to have such a headdress match one's shoes as well as hand bag in color and material, and all of them should have at least the look of being suède.

OUR first design is a dress that is excellent to carry the tricolor effect that Chanel is sponsoring. For the moment she advocates red, white, and blue, and these are the shades of the present model. The outline of the frock is so good, and the blocking of the colors so sensational, that the whole thing could be repeated later on in different combinations of material and tints. Even now it is made in kasha or lightweight flannel in preference to silk, and is laid out in red and blue squares on a white ground.

The sweater blouse has a tight belt that holds it firmly to the hips, and the skirt is plaited around the hips closely. The fitted hipline with a flare below it is the feature of the moment in silhouettes. The hat is of gray felt covered with long hairs of red and blue. It is made with a brim that is short in front and goes down in the back, and, as the artist comments in his note from Paris, "It is terribly chic."

The three sports dresses we have deliberately assembled to illustrate the sameness in all daytime costuming. Sports clothes with jewels until six is the rule in Paris for dressing correctly.

The next costume is a very chic model in yellow and gray. The hat is of yellow angora with a gray ribbon arching around the crown. The sweater is of solid yellow, with a gray and yellow border at the neck, sleeves, and bottom. The skirt is in a woolen material of gray mixed with yellow, and is plaited all around.

There is something about plaits that is very appropriate to sports clothes, and all of the women of all the nations agree on one point, which is that they regret to give them up. It is in excellent style to have them circle the skirt.

This costume comes from London. It is very smart now to affect English costuming.

The accompanying evening dress is one refreshingly new in all of its details. It is of powder blue taffeta, and the *pouf* is saucy and characteristic of the house of Paquin, which made it. The little bunch of pink roses tucked in the back of the décolletage is intriguing.

Two Americans in PARIS

By BETTINA BEDWELL

Paris, July 16.

I HAVE lately been witness to two shopping forays on the Paris *grande couture*—limited and unlimited. Two well known American women, both right in the focus of the public eye at the moment, have been selecting their Paris costumes. One of them has the unlimited wealth of the Orient to scatter on finery, and, it is said, a neat fortune of her own in American dollars. The other, who is still as young as movie stars claim to be, has fame unlimited, but no great amount of money. The clothes they have chosen here have stepped out to the click of the cameras of the world. And they have proved—both of them—that when it comes to clothes, the American head is set firmly on two good shoulders, and is not easily turned to foolishness by public praise and adulation.

I am speaking about the former Nancy Ann Miller, the Maharanee of Indore, and Helen Wills—" Miss Poker Face "—who is as much loved on the east side of the Atlantic as she is on the western shore.

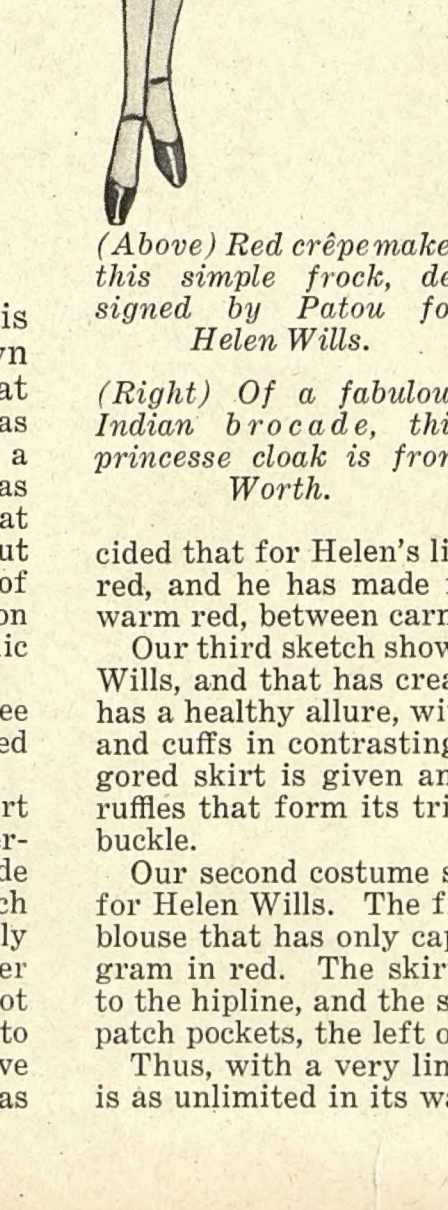
I don't know whether the ex-Maharajah of Indore promised to support Miss Miller in the " style to which she was accustomed "; but he certainly hasn't done it, because the new Maharanee is living just outside Paris, in St. Germain-en-Laye, in a kingly château the like of which doesn't exist in the " land of the free." And the poor thing has only seventy servants and a supplementary bodyguard of forty to keep her from going into the two-acre kitchen and making an omelet and hot biscuits for her lord's breakfast. Her husband, it seems, wishes her to go on being the American girl he married, and so she has put her native East Indian costumes away in rosewood and moth balls, and has come in to Paris to get herself the last word in French fashions.

With unlimited money to spend, the one-time Nancy Ann Miller has gone right back to the Paris couturier who supplied her clothes when she lived in Seattle—Worth. She did one thing, however, which no *cliente ordinaire* from Seattle would ever have done, and that is, she brought to Worth some priceless brocades from India, that were to be fashioned by his genius into costumes for the Maharanee.

Usually, a Paris grand couturier does not fashion clothes from the customer's material. He scornfully sends you to the little dressmaker around the corner. But with such fabulous fabrics Worth was enchanted, provided he had the say-so about lines and so forth. He very wisely cut into the marvelous white and gold brocade and fashioned it into a princesse coat, a line about which you will hear more later.

(Extreme left) Rose crêpe brocade makes this simple afternoon frock from Worth, created for the Maharanee of Indore.

(Left) A two-piece sleeveless tennis frock of toile de soie, with a sweater of white angora.



(Above) Red crêpe makes this simple frock, designed by Patou for Helen Wills.

(Right) Of a fabulous Indian brocade, this princesse cloak is from Worth.

This coat is illustrated in our fourth sketch, exactly as it appeared when the Maharanee walked out of No. 7 Rue de la Paix with it. It is made very simply, fitted gracefully above the hips and flared below, with a small tailored collar, over which the Maharanee wears a white fox fur, the head eliminated and a tail placed at the two ends. This line is particularly suitable to the long-limbed American girls, and very few others can get away with it.

FOR the frock which the former Miss Miller chose from Worth, she selected a French brocade in rose color, patterned with small dots in raised satin. This frock is shown in our first sketch. Except for the unusual arrangement of triangle-pointed tiers on the skirt, and the two-pointed yoke and bands on the blouse, this would be just an ordinary straight line dress. But " a hair line ofttimes divides the false and true " (with apologies to Omar). It is these notched tiers and bands that make this frock a Paris creation. Every one is edged with georgette pipings.

The two other costumes illustrated show the very special and distinguished Paris chic achieved by Helen Wills, who, with a very limited purse, has none the less got out of Paris styles that leave their mark on the rest of the world. Miss Wills followed the precedent of Suzanne Lenglen in going to Jean Patou. He is *" un homme tres sportive "* himself, and there is no one on the earth who knows so well how to costume the athletic sportswoman.

Patou not only knows line, but he is one of the few who can hand out color and do it supremely well. He decided that for Helen's live brunette complexion the very shade would be red, and he has made for her the loveliest of town costumes in soft, warm red, between carmine and scarlet.

Our third sketch shows the red crêpe frock that Patou made for Helen Wills, and that has created a furore here. It is the kind of dress that has a healthy allure, with a simple blouse, having collar and front band and cuffs in contrasting material, but in the same tone. The straight gored skirt is given an unusually graceful line by the curved plaited ruffles that form its trimming. The straight narrow belt has a silver buckle.

Our second costume shows the tennis frock ideal, designed by Patou for Helen Wills. The frock is made of toile de soie—silk linen—with a blouse that has only cap sleeves, a simple turnover collar, and a monogram in red. The skirt is plaited with deep plaits which are stitched to the hipline, and the sweater is of white angora with five buttons and patch pockets, the left one being monogrammed in red.

Thus, with a very limited capital, Helen Wills achieved a chic which is as unlimited in its way as the most expensive in the world.

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